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CHRONICLES FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

FAMILY LETTERS OF
BLANCHE BUTLER AND ADELBERT AMES

Volume I

CHRONICLES FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

FAMILY LETTERS OF
BLANCHE BUTLER AND ADELBERT AMES

Married July 21st, 1870

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

1861–1874

Compiled by BLANCHE BUTLER AMES, 1935

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1957

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DEDICATION

The publication and distribution in libraries of *Chronicles from the Nineteenth Century* may render it possible for descendants to learn, if they should so desire, something of the characters and lives of their progenitors.

TRUTH IS BETTER THAN FICTION

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INTRODUCTION

Bay View, Gloucester, Massachusetts
September 1*st*, 1935

All Alone!!!

Children, grandchildren and great grandchildren are away, intent upon various duties and amusements.

My self-imposed tasks are all finished and I must try to pass the hours away. For want of something better I will try to commune with myself and fix the thoughts on paper. How they keep changing in regard to the publication of the family letters I have saved through so many years! With patience they have been taken from the old envelopes and chronologically arranged. My primary object was to leave descendants a record of their forebears of which they may justly feel proud. But as I read over these chronicles of a past century they seem illustrative of conditions that do not exist at present and can never return. Telegraph and telephone now take the place of letters, except occasionally, and daily life is not depicted in writing.

In my mind the question arises again and again to be renewed for various reasons. Would it be well to publish these chronicles? Would the examples of fine lives and lessons taught benefit anyone? Are the historical records of any value? The answering thought is "Yes."

What are the objections? The exposure to public curiosity, gossip, and criticism of the sentiments and daily life of the dead, who if living would not allow prying eyes and thoughts in their affairs. Because they cannot act for themselves am I justified in acting for them? I do not know.

It is difficult to separate, in thought, the dear ones who lived half a century ago from the unknown restless peoples of the present day. However, humanity remains the same and impelled by the same desires and ambitions, and those who long since ceased to care for the joys and troubles of this world cannot be disturbed by what takes place here. Any imagined objections of those departed to certain lines of action here might be considered as negative. Death the great nullifier will in due time settle these doubts as far as I am concerned.

But there is another constantly recurring thought. How far am I actuated in the proposed publication by a desire for public self-expression? I have been mother of six children who will love and cherish my memory, I have no doubt. Scrub woman Mary Flynn can claim as fine a record.

Am I actuated by a silly desire to have a posthumous distinctive entity and capture an ephemeral renown as the writer of some letters which in themselves have no especial merit? I must be frank with myself and acknowledge that, while refusing to consider that I stand at the gateway of death, I am inclined to enjoy, in thought, a hope of becoming a personality together with my father, mother, and husband.

Blanche Butler Ames

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THE AMES ANCESTRY OF ADELBERT AMES IN AMERICA

I. Generation, Capt. Anthony (Eames) Ames (qv);—1595/96–1686, from Eng., was a proprietor of Charlestown, Mass., 1634; removed to Hingham, 1636, to Marshfield, 1650; dep. Gen. Ct., 1637–38, 43; capt., Hingham mil. company, 1644–45.

II. Son, Justus Ames, b. 1626 in Eng.; d. 1697; m. Mehitable Chillingworth.

III. Son, Anthony Ames, b. 1663 of Marshfield, Mass.; d. 1739; m. Elizabeth—(d. 1711/12).

IV. Son, Ebenezer Ames, b. 1711; m. 1740/41, Margaret Barstow (b. 1725); removed to Fox Island; to North Haven, Maine after 1747.

V. Son, Mark Ames, b. 1742, of Vinal Haven, Me.; d. 1823; m. Priscilla Howland (1746–1796).

VI. Son, John Ames, b. 1782, of N. Haven, Me.; d. 1861; m. 1805, Hanna Perry (1784–1867).

VII. Son, Captain Jesse Ames, b. 1808, master mariner, removed to Northfield, Minn., 1861; d. 1894; m. 1832, Martha Bradbury Tolman (1813–1904).

VIII. Son, Adelbert Ames, b. Oct. 31, 1835; Rockland, Me. d. April 13, 1933.

THE BUTLER ANCESTRY OF BLANCHE BUTLER IN AMERICA

I. Generation, Mr. Nicholas Butler, b. ——; d. Aug. 13, 1671; m. Joyce Baker.

II. Son, John Butler, b. ——; d. 1658; m. Mary ————.

III. Son, Capt. John Butler, b. 1652, d. 1733–1738; m. Priscilla Norton, daughter of Nicholas Norton, b. 1610; d. 1690 and Elizabeth, d. 1690.

IV. Son, Malichi Butler, b. ——; d. ——; m. Jemimah Daggett.

V. Son, Zephaniah Butler, b. 1728; d. 1800; m. Abigail Cilley, b. 1740; d. 1824.

VI. Son, John Butler; b. May 17, 1782, d. March, 1819; m. July 21, 1811, Charlotte Ellison, b. Feb. 4, 1792; d. Oct. 4, 1870.

VII. Son, Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, b. Nov. 5, 1818; d. Jan. 11, 1893; m. Sarah Jones Hildreth, b. Aug. 17, 1816; d. April 8, 1876.

VIII. Daughter, Blanche, b. March 2, 1847; d. ——.

ADELBERT AMES and BLANCHE BUTLER

Married July 21, 1870

Issue:

1. Butler Ames, b. Aug. 22, 1871.
2. Edith Ames, b. Mar. 4, 1873.
3. Sarah Ames, b. Oct. 1, 1874.
4. Blanche Ames, b. Feb. 18, 1878.
5. Adelbert Ames, b. Aug. 19, 1880.
6. Jessie Ames, b. Nov. 2, 1882.

LETTERS from and to ADELBERT AMES
1861 — 1870

PREFACE

Adelbert Ames, second son of Captain Jesse Ames and Martha Bradbury (Tolman) Ames, was born in Rockland, Maine, on October 31, 1835. After attending the public schools he was appointed from that state as a cadet to the West Point Academy in 1856. He was graduated on May 6, 1861, ranking fifth in the class. With the rank of Second Lieutenant, he was assigned to the Second Regiment of United States Artillery. On May 14, 1861, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and assigned to the Fifth United States Artillery. This battery was known as the "West Point Light Battery" in command of Captain Charles Griffin, and was the first to enter the city of Washington. Up to the First Battle of Bull Run he was engaged in drilling the artillery volunteers gathered at Washington for the defense of the national Capitol. At the Battle of Bull Run on July 21, 1861, the Battery took an active part. In this engagement Lieutenant Ames was severely wounded, but refused to leave the field until he was too weak to sit upon the caisson, where he had been placed by the men of his command. For his services in that battle he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery and brevetted major for gallant and meritorious services. After his recovery from his wounds, on October 1, 1861, he was placed in command of Battery A, Fifth United States Artillery.

Most of the letters of the following group were written to his parents, Captain and Mrs. Jesse Ames, who had moved from Maine to Northfield, Minnesota.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *October* 3, 1861

DEAR PARENTS: We have not heard from you by letter yet, but have been waiting patiently. Mr. Spaulding arrived today with your glass and pistol. I was much pleased with both. I am in hope they will some day do me a good turn. Uncle Jere[1] wrote me about the appointment of John T.[2] to a position in the Army. He spoke in rather disparaging terms. So the matter must hang fire for the present. The leggins you brought were received. They proved to be just what I wanted. My leg is well[1]—I ride my horse at all times without inconvenience or harm.

---

[1] Uncle Jeremiah Tolman.

[2] John Tolman Ames, brother of Adelbert Ames.

Now, for *news*. I am in command of the battery I was drilling when you came here. I shall retain the command during the war. The Captain has been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on Gen. McClellan's staff. I shall still be a Lieutenant commanding the battery. It was given unsolicited. Gen. Barry, Chief of Artillery, came to see me at sunrise last Sunday morning for the purpose of telling me the gratifying news. He says he will insure me the command during the war. So I shall not have to ask my native state to do anything for me now. As I received this position as a free gift from my superiors I shall exert myself more strenuously if possible than had it come by force. "Ames' Battery" will make a noise if I can have my way. With the exception of my friend Kirby—a peculiar case—no officer of my experience has ever been given the command of so important a force as this. It is truly a great compliment to me. But as I told you, I shall show them I am equal to the task.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp Duncan, WASHINGTON, D.C., *December* 4, 1861

DEAR PARENTS: I received a letter from Father a day or two ago that really he ought to be ashamed of—and you, Mother—you appeared to endorse it. No. You cannot persuade me from writing you by such a letter—I love you too much. The reason I have not written you before is simply because since the twenty-fourth of last October I have been forty miles down the Potomac river on the Maryland side—opposite the blockade—and receiving few of the letters sent, I was aware we had no mail communications with the world. You speak of writing to me frequently—I believe I have received but *one* letter from you.

I brought my battery back to the city recently, where I shall probably remain until an advance is made. My health has been excellent, and I have been laboring very, *very* hard. I am improving my battery greatly. A few months and it will be as good as any. The news is of no moment now—Congress and war matters divide the attention of the nation. Everything appears favorable to our side. I am perfect master of my battery and am in hopes to make it tell when we go into the field. My lameness has all passed away.

---

[1] Recovered from wound received at the Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. In this engagement, Lieut. Ames, in command of a section of two guns of the battery was shot through the thigh. Captain Griffin ordered him to go to the rear. This order Lieut. Ames did not obey. At first when the battery changed its positions Lieut. Ames was able with the assistance of his men to mount and dismount his horse, but later in the day when his wound stiffened and he could not sit his horse he was put on the cannon boxes with a cannoneer as a supporting pillow. Thus conditioned he led the battery under direction of Capt. Griffin over the rough and plowed ground to its last position where men and horses were shot down and guns lost. He was carried to the rear by his men to find painful transportation back to Washington.

Am glad to learn you love, or like, some place besides Rockland.[1] I would suggest you think well of a subject before you follow John's advice in it—John will read this, and so I say it to him, because his schemes sometimes fail. Wellington, without remarkable qualities, showed his superiority by continued *successes*. John we know sometimes changes before completing his designs.

Give my love to John and his wife, also to your grandchildren. How long do you intend to remain in St. Paul, and how comes on the hunting? Shooting at birds is not so exciting as shooting secessionists. John must stay with his wife and family—if he were not married he might have engaged in the war. Shall expect to hear from you once a week, and notwithstanding your unkind note shall write you as often as my duties will permit. Now don't waste any more such letters on me. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, D.C., *December* 21, 1861

MY DEAR PARENTS: My battery is progressing finely. At Camp Hooker in Maryland my men were frequently under fire, and I hope when they meet the enemy they will not disgrace me. Heretofore they have displayed the proper spirit, and if I have influence they will hereafter. Wherever I have been I have labored very hard and have received the credit of it, too. Gen. Hooker, who commanded in Maryland, expressed himself very sorry at the departure of my battery from his command. He told me he would apply for me as his "Chief of Artillery." In such a position I should have commanded *three* batteries. But as I have not heard from him I presume he was not successful in his application. Here, my battery surpasses many much longer in the service, and I get the credit. You must not think me vain or foolish in this telling you about myself—for if I do not speak of myself you will not hear of me.

---

[1] Rockland, Maine, the former home of Captain Jesse Ames' family. He had lately retired after an active life as the Captain of his own ships which he sailed to ports in all parts of the world. Mrs. Ames accompanied him sometimes but for the most part she remained at home caring for their two boys, John and Adelbert.

The Maine delegation treat me very kindly. Vice President Hamlin, his wife and daughter have come out to camp expressly to see me and repay my call. I am in hopes I may retain the kind feelings and confidence of my numerous friends. Capt. A. C. Spaulding arrived from Rockland recently with many messages for me, but I have not yet seen him. He met Uncle Jere in Rockland—so Mrs. H. informed me.

I am going to a wedding on Christmas Eve, and to another on the 26th. Neither of them, however, is to be my own. In both cases I am to act as groomsman for a couple of my friends. In both cases there are to be eight or ten bridesmaids and of course as many groomsmen. We have had any number of marriages here among young people of the Army. In fact, a perfect mania appears to have seized them. In this general assertion I except myself. Such a step in such a time as this impairs a young officer's usefulness and advancement, so it will be a long day before we shall entertain any ideas of the kind.

I have some money on hand, and if you want any please send me word and you shall have three hundred dollars if you wish it.

Please direct your letters to Lieut. Adelbert Ames, Commanding Battery "A" 5th Artillery, Washington, D.C.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and that you will not accuse me of neglect, I remain,

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp Duncan, D.C., *December* 31, 1861

DEAR PARENTS: Here is New Year's Eve again, and as the case has been for the last five years, I am deep in military matters. We are living in camp. I have been accustomed to severe winters, so that I do not mind my present exposure. With a stove in my tent and a buffalo robe as a blanket I manage to live quite comfortably. All of my men have stoves in their tents and live as snugly as I do.

Your letter of the 24th was received this evening. I am glad to hear you are contented and happy. I imagine Father is mistaken in his ideas about the annihilation of the banks. However, I think the present a good time to make purchase in real estate. The war necessarily reduces the prices of everything not military and not necessary for the prosecution of the war. If the war continues a year or so, as it probably will, much better bargains can very likely be made with the hard cash.

I received a letter from Aunt Mary. All are well at home. At present I have no correspondent down east. But today I received a letter from Miss Lucy McLean, inviting me to resume our suspended correspondence. What could a young gentleman do under the circumstances but comply.

Last evening I passed in the company of Senator Morrill and Congressman Rice from our state. They are friends of mine I think, and will do me a favor perhaps if I should ever see fit to ask one. Brig. Gen. Williams, Gen. McClellan's Adjutant General, is a friend of mine. I called on him today to get him to speak to Gen. McC. about a matter in which I am interested—that is, to get a graduate of W.P.[1] to be ordered to my battery. Gen. Williams promised to do all he can. In fact he attempted the same thing for me once before and with readiness undertakes it again.

It is expected by some that our forces will advance before long. One thing is certain, and that is if our forces in Kentucky march down into Tennessee we must fight or lose all the honors of the war. Being a military man, I have nothing to say at our delay. I presume it is for the best. Everything appears to be for the best—even our defeats.

I am laboring as hard as ever, with the slight variation of acting as groomsman at marriages of my friends.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp Duncan, D.C., *January* 14, 1862

DEAR PARENTS: I did not write you last Sunday but take a few moments from my papers to do so now. I have been and am very busy on my Quarterly Returns. In these papers I have to account for every part of the property in my hands—horses, guns, etc., etc., and for which I am responsible. It is of consequence that I have them all right, otherwise I must pay for differences. Congress is making some noise here just now by attempting to reduce the pay of officers. It may be doing much good by its investigating committees, etc., but as it is opposed to the President and our military leaders about military matters I think it may do some harm.

No one is more anxious for an advance than I, when our leaders see fit to order the movement. In fact, I am very anxious to go into a battle and whip our enemies, yet I have sufficient confidence in our commanders to wait without murmuring.

---

[1] West Point.

I shall be able to send you two hundred dollars, and shall immediately take the necessary steps to send it to you. Tell John T. that as yet I have done nothing for him and that he must not expect I can do much. Tell him also not to induce you to expend your money West, and then leave you to serve the government. In such a case you would be truly desolate, for how could you be happy living on a farm alone with Mother?

John Brown named a boy of his Adelbert Ames a few days ago. Complimentary. I had a letter from Ira Merritt a few days ago. He was well, but anxious to improve his condition in the military line.

Give my love to all. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

Camp Duncan, D.C., *January* 21, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: I have not heard from you for a week or so. But I imagine you are well, as usual, and enjoying the uniform weather of Minnesota, hunting, and so forth. Father, if you kill any animals with fine furs, I hope you will preserve some of the furs for me.

Tell John that I was conversing with a gentleman yesterday who had seen the President and I was informed the President stated all the places in the Army are filled. So he will have to put away the idea of serving in the Army for the present.

We have heard of a victory in Kentucky, and if Burnside's Expedition is successful happy results will follow. All is quiet near us, and no movement will be made for the present. In fact the roads are so bad that no advance is possible. For the last week it has been raining, and as a consequence the roads are merely mud holes.

I have had no news from Maine since I wrote you last. I wrote to Aunt May but she has not answered my letter.

Nothing of consequence has transpired with me during the past week. I might except, perhaps, the disturbances at night that I have to endure. A large *rat* has taken possession of my tent—I ruling supreme during the day, and he during the night. He treats me very badly—wakes me up at night, runs through the mud and then drags his tail over my pillow, walks on my letter paper, makes his bed on me and pokes his nose into my private affairs, a course of conduct decidedly unkind, I think. I do not do so to him. For his rudeness I am feeding him—bread and butter spiced with arsenic.

When you do write, tell me about our relatives on the Island.

Father, why not get Uncle David to join you at the West? Make a family settlement.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp Duncan, D.C., *January* 29, 1862

DEAR MOTHER: Whom should I see in my camp day before yesterday but Father. I was delighted, but was disappointed at hearing you had not come on with him. He arrived safe, and in fine spirits. He stays at Mr. Parson's where you stopped when here in October, rather September last. Yesterday we went to the Patent Office, where we saw Capt. Spaulding. With his assistance Father found out something about the patent of the land he thinks of buying. The matter was not fully investigated yesterday, but will be this forenoon. The impression received was that a patent had been forwarded to the person who pretends to possess the land.

Father thinks of starting for the East tomorrow morning. Last evening Father and I went to the President's levee. There was a perfect jam. Father enjoyed it much, but thought the Eastern ladies much finer looking than those he saw at the levee. He is anxious that I should write to you, fearing you may be anxious about his welfare.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Battery "A" 5th Arty. Camp Duncan, D.C., *March* 4, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: I received a letter from you a few days ago—the first one since Father's return *from* the east. I was very glad to learn he succeeded in his business; and that notwithstanding the mud and wet, he had a pleasant time in Washington.

The disagreeable weather has not yet fully left us. It cannot continue much longer. Everything around us indicates a movement soon. Nothing definite is known, however, by me. We are all under marching orders.

The Maine delegation, headed by Hamlin, but without Senator Fessenden, waited upon the Secretary of War and requested that Hiram Berry be made a Brigadier General. The secretary informed the delegation that hereafter the generals were to be selected from those who do well on the battlefield. Berry will probably be made, if anyone is made from our state. This request by the delegation gives him the inside track, making his road very clear and plain.

I called on S. C. Fessenden the other day, but did not find him in. I heard that Tilson is going to Ship Island with Butler's expedition.

Yesterday I saw a friend who has just returned from Richmond, where he has been retained as a prisoner. He appeared to think that the bitter animosity we hear so much about at the South is felt only by the higher classes of society and that the middle and lower classes were indifferent or partly sympathizing with the Union. They are certainly much depressed by their reverses. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

Battery "A" 5th Arty. Camp near FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, *March* 11, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: We left Washington D.C. yesterday afternoon on our way to Manassas. Today we went into camp after completing one fourth of a day's march. The cause is the evacuation of Manassas by the rebels. Now, our commander does not know what we are to do. Whether we are to advance or return. This abandoning that bugbear of a place, Manassas, relieves many anxious hearts at the North. You, of course, know all the general news—of what is doing north, south, east, and west—so I will not say anything about it.

My health is excellent—my command now numbers over one hundred and fifty. As it is, it will probably be a long time before we get on the field. Those around me thought I looked disappointed when I heard of the evacuation of Manassas. What the enemy is to do I cannot imagine. The war is, in my opinion, drawing to a close. These continued reverses must of necessity dishearten the rebels. They *must* yield sooner or later. Our Northern army is better disciplined, more numerous, and more persevering than our hot-headed neighbors at the South. So, my dear parents, do not feel anxious about us. Perhaps I may not be in another battle *this* war. If I felt certain that every fight I went into was to be to my advantage I might express some disappointment at the enemy's recent retreat. It is, however, glorious news to our country.

Give my love to John, his wife and family; and ever remember your son always does his duty, hoping thereby to make his family happy, that he ever has their joy and pride in view. Rest assured I shall not act rash or reckless.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Battery "A" 5th Arty. Camp near ALEXANDRIA, VA., *March* 17, 1862

DEAR BROTHER: Your recent letter was duly received. You still believe "we of the West" are more courageous than we of the East. Well, John, I have no particular desire to make you think to the contrary—even if I could. If *we* have an opportunity to fight, you will then gather facts by which to judge. Bull Run, you must remember, was an exception after the troops were panic-stricken. Before that they fought well. You must know, the best European troops have time and again been panic-stricken and fled in the most disorderly and cowardly manner. The bravest men from the most early periods have suffered in the same way. Please be charitable, and judge after the war. I do not want to believe all that was brave in the East has gone to the West.

I wrote Father from Annandale, a little village in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House. Since then we marched to this place, and are now awaiting transports to move to some point down the river. In fact, the greater part of the Army of the Potomac has assembled around this city for shipment to some point from which I presume we will make a straight line for Richmond. I am well situated, and content. I am under the impression that we shall not have very heavy fighting for the present.

Yesterday Chas. Conant, Fairfield Walker and Leonard Rankin called on me. They like soldiering very much, and notwithstanding their "Eastern cowardice" are anxious to meet the enemy. Col. Berry has been made a Brig. Gen. and Capt. Walker is to be Colonel of the 4th Me. Regt. Vols.—Carver, the constable, to be Lt. Col., and young Smith from Waldoboro or Wiscasset to be Major.

I am surprised to hear Sister Nellie say you *order* her to write me. She says "I must obey." That she should not want to write me is not so startling, but that you should compel her to do what is so unpleasant to her is, to say the least, very *unhusbandly*.

Give my love to Father and Mother—and tell them I shall not be under fire for a week or two at least. With love to all, I am, *Your affectionate brother,* ADELBERT

"In March, 1862, Capt. Ames started for Richmond, Va. under Gen. McClellan. When being stationed at Yorktown he fulfilled the duties of an engineer officer upon some of the works in addition to those pertaining to his rank as a battery commander."

Extract from Adjutant General's Report of Maine, Vol. 1, 1864 & 1865.

Battery "A" 5th Arty. Camp near WINFIELD SCOTT *before* YORKTOWN, VA.,
April 18, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: I have not received any letters from you since my arrival here, some two weeks ago. Everything is very quiet with us for the present. I have not yet been under fire. I do not know when I shall be—not soon, I think. The weather is delightful, so warm that we have to keep in the shade to be comfortable.

I am not permitted, or rather orders forbid all persons writing about military operations in the field. I can only tell you we are to have a siege here. Of this I am not certain; it is simply my opinion.

I believe I told you in my last that I saw many friends among whom were our Rocklanders.

I have been a little sick with the diarrhoea, but my doctor—our Brigade surgeon—cured me in a few days. My health is excellent, I take quinine daily to keep away chills and fevers.

Last night I received yours of the 23rd of March. You wish to know who my Lieutenants are. The senior Lieutenant is a Pennsylvanian, Chas. P. Mahlenberg. His father is quite a celebrated physician. His brother was our Minister to Brazil. My next is J. Gilliss. His father is a Captain in the Navy and has the observatory at Washington, the place filled by Lt. Maury before he seceded. The third is one G. W. Craft, a Pennsylvanian. They are good young men of the ordinary stamp, but not the best of officers. I am rather harsh and severe with them at times.

Herewith I forward a letter I received last evening from Thomas Tolman. You will find by perusing it that his father, Uncle Jere, made a mistake when he expressed the opinion that Thomas would do better at West Point than I did.

Yesterday I called to see Gen. Berry, but he was out. There I saw some of our city boys—Leonard Rankin and others. They are all in fine spirits.

Tell John the Western troops did not do so well at Pittsburg—a kind of Bull Run affair, although they succeeded the second day. Some of the Iowa and Ohio regiments did not come up to the line.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp at CUMBERLAND LANDING *some 8 or 10 miles above* WEST POINT, VA.,
May 14, 1862

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have not received a letter from you for some time. Recently I had one from Nellie wherein she stated you had gone to pay a visit to H. C. Lowell. She did not say whether you went in a sleigh or on snow shoes. As the last remarks you made about the country referred to the snow and cold, I presume no change has transpired.

Since the evacuation of Yorktown we have been moving slowly towards Richmond. I have as yet seen no fighting. If the rebels are to give us an opportunity to test the fighting qualities of Eastern men, I think they will between here and Richmond. It is possible, however, that they may retire South, giving up Virginia without a struggle. The country here is level, offering many good fields for the grand tragedy so many are expecting. The only difficulty is that caused by small streams and ravines. In the vicinity of such streams are impassable swamps. The consequence is we have to move up under such fire as they may see fit to pour into us. The Chickahominy is the only considerable river between us and Richmond. We all have the greatest confidence in Gen. McClellan—politicians notwithstanding.

I am well and content. A successful battle here will soon terminate the war. I have no idea *we* shall be repulsed. It is true I thought the same when I went to Bull Run—still I think so now.

Give my love to all. Hoping I may soon see the end of the war, and my own family circle complete, I am still,

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp near NEW BRIDGE, CHICKAHOMINY RIVER, VA., *June* 3, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: I was glad to receive news from you a few days ago. It had been some time since I had heard from you. So you are to settle in Minnesota? I hope your farm will be sufficiently fertile to support you. I expect after you have tried the experiment you will wish that you were elsewhere. I hope not, however. Now that you have a large tract of land, why not get some of our relatives out with you? By such a step you will be less lonesome than you otherwise would be.

I must express my disappointment at my success, or because of want of success thus far; notwithstanding the many minor fights that have taken place since we started I have not been in one. And what is worse, I probably shall not get into any. I do not think I could be in a more secure place than I am now. This is a large body of artillery and when in position nothing can stand before it. So although there may be a little danger while taking a position, it will be but momentary.

My classmate, Kirby, I understand handled his battery in a most admirable manner yesterday or the day before.

We feel certain of success when the grand attack takes place. Of course I do not know the cause of our delay here, but my confidence in Gen. McClellan leads me to believe it is all for the best. We cannot possibly wait a week longer if we attack with our present forces and do not wait for reinforcements.

I believe you will hear of our occupation of Richmond before you receive this. Give my love to John, his wife and family.

With much love, I am,

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Camp near CHICKAHOMINY RIVER, VA., *June* 15, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: As usual nothing out of the ordinary course of events has transpired with me. I have not been in any of the engagements that have taken place here. And I think it very doubtful if I have the fortune to be in any. I am quite disgusted with my own ill luck. I might as well be in St. Paul as here, so far as fighting goes. I know very well that our command is very important and quite necessary—none perhaps more so—but to me as one individual it is anything but satisfactory.

Tell John T. that there is a Mr. Olcott in one of the batteries near me. Last evening he told me he was in some banking house—Dana & Smith, or Dana & somebody else—as clerk. He spoke very kindly of him, and wishes to be remembered.

By the way, I was informed recently that I was engaged to Miss Julia Hills! I was quite surprised to hear it, as the thought never crossed my mind before. I suppose by what I heard that I have to thank Aunt Nancy. She evidently takes malicious delight in circulating improbable stories about her relatives.

Father, you remember Col. Riker whom you met at Mrs. H.? He was killed at the battle at Fair Oaks.

I shall write you again soon. It takes a letter six days to go from here to Washington. That I suppose will cause a letter to Minnesota to be ten or fourteen days on the road.

All goes well with us. *Your affectionate son*, ADELBERT

After taking an active part in the Peninsular Campaign in July, 1862, Major Adelbert Ames rendered efficient service at the battle of Malvern Hill, Virginia, June 29–July 1, for which he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel having been brevetted Major at Battle of Bull Run.

War Department, Adjutant General's Office
WASHINGTON, *August* 14, 1862

SPECIAL ORDER *No.* 190 (*Extract*)

3. 1st Lieutenant Adelbert Ames, Topographical Engineers, has leave of absence until further orders, to enable him to take command of the 20th Regiment of Maine Volunteers.

* * * * *

By order of the Secretary of War
E. D. TOWNSEND, *Assistant Adjutant General*

Head Qrs., Army of the Potomac, August 21, 1862

Lieutenant Ames is authorized to leave this Army for the purpose of accepting the command of the above named rgt.

By command of Maj. Gen'l MCCLELLAN
S. WILLIAMS

"When the Twentieth Maine Infantry regiment was recruited and mustered into service on August 29, 1862, Ames, who had been promoted to the rank of Colonel, was appointed to its command, with Lieutenant Joshua L. Chamberlain next in command.

"With the exception of Colonel Ames and the Major the officers and men were without military knowledge or experience. The regiment was hurried to Washington, where, under the efficient training of Ames, it was made ready for service in the field and became one of the leading regiments of the war. It was assigned to the Third Brigade of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, then under the command of Major General Fitz John Porter.

"The regiment saw its first service in the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862." Extract from 65th Annual Report of the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy.

Hd. Qrs. 20th Me. Camp on Potomac near SHARPSBURG, MD.,
September 21, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: We had hardly arrived in Washington before we were ordered up in this direction to join McClellan. We were present at the battle of Sharpsburg, but did not get under fire. We were ordered to move to different places, but the order was countermanded before we arrived. Day before yesterday we were under fire fording the river. We were ordered back again. Our loss was but three men—i.e. our regiment. I must not discuss our late battles.

What of promotion? Have you learned anything? I did not see Hon. W. P. F. as I expected when in Washington.

We are in 3d Brigade, Morell's Division, Porter's Corps.

I am lying on a bundle of straw in the sun. I will write again soon. My love to all. *Your son,* ADELBERT

Hd. Qrs. 20th Regt. Me. Vols. Camp near ANTIETAM FORD, MD.,
October 10, 1862

MY DEAR PARENTS: Today I received a letter from you of the 28th of Sept. As for being in the battles in this vicinity I have to say—my officers think we were in (a little at least) but I do not think we were in enough to speak of it. It is true we supported batteries, one of which was my own—"A" of the 5th Arty. We crossed the Potomac near Shepherdstown where there was quite a little fight. We only had two wounded. Since that time we have been doing picket duty and drilling. I do not image we shall have much fighting very soon. At least my regiment will be disciplined when we do.

Gen. Berry still urges (or pretends to) my advancement. Whatever may be his motives, he aids me by word, by praise at least. I shall aid him all I can in my position.

Times are becoming more and more stormy every day and the more friends we have the better. Everything indicates a reign of the military. We of the military must be awake. The fall election will be the crisis for the present. The feeling at the North between the two parties is becoming very bitter. The President must be supported. His best supporters should be rewarded.

I was glad to hear you succeed so well farming. Have you taken any steps about getting Uncle David out with you? Had you not better try to do so this fall? Could he not teach school there this winter? Or are you all so barbarous as not to feel the necessity of learning?

Give my love to John T., Nellie, and the children.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Head Quarters, Centre Grand Division, Army of the Potomac
Camp near WARRENTON, VA., *November* 16, 1862

To his Excellency
The Vice President of the United States

DEAR SIR: Col. A. Ames of the 20th Regt. Me. Vols. desires preferment and if not inconsistent with your views, I desire to communicate to you my *anxiety* to have him promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

Young Ames was of my command last winter, in charge of a Battery, and I assure you gained my esteem and confidence by his intelligence, zeal and devotion to his duties.

Since he has had the honor to command a Regiment he has displayed no less capacity and excellence. He is now of my Division and it would give me great satisfaction to have him advanced and *to exercise that rank in my command.*

I know of no officer of more promise, and should he be promoted I feel no doubt but that he will reflect great credit upon himself and his State. You will have no cause to regret any assistance you may be able to render this young officer.

Very respectfully I have the honor to be
Your friend and servant
(*signed*) JOSEPH HOOKER, *Maj. Gen'l.*

Head Quarters Brig., November 24, 1862, *Camp near* FALMOUTH VA.

Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN
Vice Pres'd't. U.S.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SIR: The death of our friend, the Lamented Gen. Jameson, makes a vacancy in the list of Brig. Generals from our State. I have looked over the list of Cols. from Maine and among them all, I find no name that stands higher than that of Col. Ames of the 20th. I am well aware that his appointment to a higher position at this time may be considered hurried and premature by some—still in the present emergency of our country such considerations should not avail. Col. Ames is a soldier and a good one. He has already won a name, by his bravery and skill on the battle field, that any man may well be proud of. That he will bring to the position that he aspires to, as much skill as any man could from our state, I have no doubt. He has the benefit of an excellent Military education, is brave, intelligent, intrepid, and devoted—and is also an excellent disciplinarian.

I feel that in recommending Col. Ames for promotion to fill the vacancy alluded to, I am doing that which is for the best interests of the service and that which will be for the honor of our State, should he ever lead his Brigade in battle.

I am Respectfully Your Obdt. Servt.
(*Signed*) H. G. BERRY, *Brig. Gen. Vols.*

Letter from Adelbert Ames to his parents. First part of letter missing.

I have greatly improved the condition of the Regiment. I like my Lieut. Col. very much. He is my best officer. My Adjutant has proved himself a good officer. At the battle of Fredericksburgh[1] my Regt. did better than any other in the Brigade.

I will send you a copy of a letter Gen. Hooker gave me for the Secretary of War. He gave me a similar one to Hon. H. Hamlin, but it was not quite so strong.

Up to the battle of Fredericksburgh I have been somewhat disliked by my men and officers, but at that battle the feelings in the Regt. changed completely. I was the only Colonel in the brigade who went in front of his Regt. and *led* his men into the fight. All of my men who were killed and wounded (thirty-six) were in rear of me when struck. My men now have confidence in me; and the battle taught them the necessity of discipline.

Litchfield makes an excellent Quartermaster. He is faithful and true to me. I like him very much.

We will not have a battle here for a month or so at least—if then. I hope I will be promoted before any movement in the army. Edgar Crockett was in my tent today. He is a sergeant in the Sharpshooters. I am informed that he is an excellent officer, rather, soldier.

I hope you will write me oftener. My mind is now running on promotion and I feel somewhat unsettled until the question is decided. Write often and do not let my letters influence you in the number you send me. Love to John, Nellie, and nieces. Tell them to write me. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

Hd. Qrs. 20th Maine. Camp near FALMOUTH, VA., *January* 10, 1863

MY DEAR PARENTS: A letter from Father was received a day or two since. I was glad to hear you are all well. Father wishes to know if I have any money to aid Uncle David with. I have over four months pay due me which amounts to over eight hundred dollars. The money I can draw at any time; if you will tell me how to forward it I will do so for your own use and that of Uncle David. As I might wish for money it might be well not to invest all unless you could lend me some if I should ask for it. Though I do not think it probable I shall want any. By the way I wish you would send me receipts for what I have given you since entering the Army. If you have invested it, of course you will give me a reasonable percentage for its use. Here is business for you. You see I am looking sharp for my own interests. It is asking too much to require a man who fights to furnish money also. I will aid Uncle and let him pay me one of these days after he has had time to reap the benefits of my aid. I do not think you had better speculate much unless you are very certain of results.

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[1] December 13th, 1862.

I consider my chances for promotion very good. Gens. Hooker, Howard, and Berry have given me very strong letters. Gov. Washburn has written to the Secretary of War, and aids me all he can. In a letter to my Lieut. Col. he said I ought to be a Major General and furthermore that I would if the war continued any length of time. Think of that—from our Governor. Hamlin has promised—the Morrills are in my favor, and all goes on swimmingly. I know there is many a slip between the cup and the lip—yet I am very hopeful.

My Regt. has an excellent reputation. I cannot ask for better success than what I have had. Many of my officers I have been obliged to make resign.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Head Quarters 1st Div. 5th Army Corps, April 5, 1863

Maj. Gen'l. HOOKER

GENERAL: I beg leave to call to your favorable attention to Colonel Ames 20th Maine—Col. Ames was at the First Battle of Bull Run where his gallantry won him the special notice of all commanders and his services at Malvern Hill are well known—To add to all he is able and ambitious and has that pride as a soldier which always brings successful results.

I Am, Gen'l., Your Obdt. Servant,
CHAS. GRIFFIN, *Brig. Gen'l., Comdy. Div.*

20th Regt. Maine Vols. Camp near FALMOUTH, VA., *April* 20, 1863

Maj. Genl. BUTTERFIELD, *Chief of Staff*

GENERAL: In my conversation with you this morning I seemed not to have conveyed the precise impression I designed.

The object of my visit was not to complain that my Regiment was to be detained, but convinced of the necessity of that, to ask that if possible I might be enabled to participate in the active operations about to commence, in some position where I might be of service.

Maj. Genl. Howard knowing the circumstances of the case has, unsolicited, given me the enclosed letter, with directions to present it in person, to the General Commanding, with explanations.

I have taken the liberty to rely on your kind interest in addressing you, and leave it to your judgment whether it would be expedient to bring the matter to the notice of the General.

It seems unnecessary for all the field officers of the Regiment to remain in charge of a hospital camp, especially when it is earnestly recommended by the surgeon that as few officers as possible should be thus detained.

If Genl. Howard's views are not practicable, is it possible for me to be permitted to serve on the staff of some general officer until the Regiment is fit for duty.

You, General, will surely understand and appreciate my feelings in being prevented from taking into the field a Regiment upon which I have bestowed so much care, and in whose efficiency I have so much confidence and pride.

It would be some relief in the meantime, if I could be permitted to render such personal service as your judgment may suggest.

I have the honor to be Most Respectfully,
Your Obdt. Servt.,
A. AMES, *Col. 20th Regt. Maine Vols.*

(*Enclosure*)

Head Quarters Eleventh Corps, Army of the Potomac, April 19, (1863)

Major General HOOKER

GEN'L: You probably know Col. Ames, 20th Maine, Griffin's Division, to be one of our most able and efficient officers.

Owing to a circumstance which he will explain,[1] I believe it is decided to leave his Regt. behind when the Army marches. He begs for some position to enable him to go on in such contingency. If there is a Brigade for him in the Army I know of no officer who would command it better.

Therefore I recommend him to you for temporary or permanent rank.

Gen'l. Griffin believes him his best officer.

Since Gen'l. Barlow's assignment I have no eligible Brigade. Otherwise I would ask for him.

Very Respectfully,
(*Signed*) O. O. HOWARD
Maj. Gen'l.

(*Endorsement on outside of letter*)

April 21, 1863

(*Colonel* ADELBERT AMES)

DEAR COLONEL: The Genl. seems to think from Dr. Letteman's report that your Regt. will be able to move. In the event of this not proving to be the case I will try and get you an opportunity to render service with the marching column. Should it prove that your Regt. is to remain behind when the order comes you have permission to ride over here and report the fact to me at the time. *Hastily,* BUTTERFIELD

On the 20th of May 1863, "Col. Ames was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers when he was a little over twenty-seven years old, and hence became known as one of the 'Boy Generals.' His next service was at Brandy Station, Virginia, the beginning of the Gettysburg Campaign, where he commanded a detachment of infantry in support of the cavalry under Pleasanton against Stuart's Confederate cavalry on the 9th of June, 1863. General Pleasanton, in his report of the battle, says:—'The marked manner in which General Ames held and managed his troops under a galling fire of the enemy for several hours, is entitled to higher commendation than I can bestow.'

"At Gettysburg, General Ames rendered gallant and efficient service, first as commander of the Second Brigade, First Division

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[1] While in camp before Fredericksburg in the winter and spring of 1863, the members of the 20th Maine Regiment were inoculated with the small pox instead of being vaccinated as a protection against it. As a result the regiment was rendered unfit for duty, and it did not participate in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d. Col. Ames, however, having offered his services as volunteer aid, served in that campaign under Gens. Meade and Hooker.

of the Eleventh Corps. After the wounding of Barlow, Ames succeeded him in command of the division. The position of the Eleventh Corps in the First Day's battle at Gettysburg was an exposed one and was rendered untenable by attacks of largely superior numbers on both flanks and front. General Ames in his report says:—

" 'At this time General Barlow was wounded, and the command of the division devolved upon me. An order was received from General Schurz, or one of his staff, to occupy the outskirts of the town, but soon another order came to fall back through it. In that movement many of our men were taken prisoners. The hill in the rear of the town was occupied after passing through it, and in this position the division remained during the following days.

" 'On the evening of the 2nd, an attempt was made to carry the position we held, but the enemy was repulsed with loss. Colonel Carroll, with a brigade from the Second Corps, rendered timely assistance of the Union line on Howard Avenue. The position is now marked by the statue of General Barlow and regimental monuments.'

"The hill referred to in rear of the town is East Cemetery Hill, at the foot of which the new line was held by Ames. This line is now marked by Wainwright Avenue.

"During the retreat of Lee's Army from Gettysburg, General Ames was engaged at Hagerstown, where in support of Kilpatrick's cavalry, his forces succeeded in entering Hagerstown, and capturing over one hundred prisoners." Extract from 65th Annual Report of the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy.

Part of letter from Adelbert Ames to his parents.

August, 1863

I forgot to tell you that the officers of the 20th (Maine Regiment) have now in hand an elegant sword, sash, and belt which they are awaiting an opportunity to give me. The sword is very elegant. It has some fine carbuncles on the hilt.—It was made to order, and all cost some two hundred dollars.

At the battle of Gettysburg the Regt. behaved most gallantly, and no one Regt. did such signal service as it did. After the three days' fight I was riding over the field in front of our works with Gen. Warren of Meade's staff. Passing some troops I found soon that cheering and swinging hats in the air were being given for one of us. As Gen. Warren was one of the heroes of the day, I thought it was for him—he told me it was for me. I soon found it was the 20th. They gave me three times three. They will do anything for me.

Your son, ADELBERT

General Ames ordered to Department of the South from the 11th A.C., Army of the Potomac, to participate in the Siege of Charleston, S.C. In obedience to orders he left Virginia on August 6, 1863.

Hd. Qrs. 2d Brigade, Gordon's Division,
August 9, 1863. *On board Steamer S.R. Spaulding*

MY DEAR PARENTS: A day or two since I left the Army of the Potomac with my Brigade, and am here on my way to *Charleston, S.C.*

Before starting from the Army I had put in an application for a leave of absence, but this movement prevented, so the time of seeing you has been delayed. I have received a beautiful sword, sash, and belt from the officers of my old Regt.

In great haste, with much love, I remain,

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

Hd. Qrs. My Brigade, MORRIS ISLAND, S.C., *August* 20, 1863

MY DEAR PARENTS: I wrote you from Newport News (Hampton Roads) Va. nearly two weeks since, and informed you that this place was our destination. We arrived after a very pleasant voyage of two days. The weather is very hot, but living on the sea beach as we do, we have a sea breeze during the day, which while cooling the air makes it more healthy.

You are somewhat acquainted with this harbor, I suppose. Well, my camp is near where the lighthouse used to be on this (Morris) Island. In fact, all of the camps are crowded down on this end of the island, the rebels hold the other end. We are acting against Forts Wagner and Sumter. The Navy as yet, since my arrival, has done but little. In course of time I believe we shall succeed in taking or destroying both of these forts.

Frank Wyman was in a Rhode Island Regiment stationed in this Department, but as it is at Hilton Head, some seventy five miles from here, I have not been able to see him.

The draft has taken place in some states recently.—I wish to know if it has in Minnesota, and if so has John T. had the ill or good fortune of being drafted? If drafted, what is he to do? Go or remain at home?

I have had no news from down east, and am in utter ignorance of the events transpiring there.

Your affectionate son, Adelbert

The following report is in General Ames' handwriting, although not signed by him.

Hd. Qrs. 2d Brigade, U.S. forces South end Folly Island, S.C.,
October 3, 1863

Captain: In compliance with orders I submit the following report.

This Brigade left Warrenton Junction Va. late on the afternoon of the 6th of Aug.—and arrived at Alexandria the same night. On the following day it left Alexandria and arrived at Newport News, Va., on the 8th. Here it disembarked. On the following day, the 9th, it reembarked and early the next morning went to sea. On the morning of the 12th I reported to Gen. Gillmore on Morris Island, S.C. That evening the troops were landed on this island. On the 15th one thousand men were sent to Morris Island for duty in the trenches. They returned on the morning of the 19th, the same day the whole Brigade was ordered to that island. While there all the men fit for duty were for days in the trenches performing the usual duties of troop in sieges.

On the 28th the Brigade came to this island where it has since remained.

The hardships suffered while on Morris Island were great. Few had tents such as all the other troops on the island had. It was difficult to obtain the means of pitching the shelter tents when relieved from duty at the front.

Early in June this Brigade left its camp near Falmouth, Va., marched into Pa., were engaged in a three days battle at Gettysburg—marched back to Warrenton, and came to this Department, having in the first instance started without knapsacks and having little else than shoes supplied them up to their arrival here. In this destitute condition, unacclimated, exposed on the sand to the hot sun, rain and wind, many became sick and all suffered.

I enclose the list of killed and wounded.

Except for two interpolations from the 65th Annual Report of the Association of Graduates of the U.S. Military Academy, and a letter to his parents, the following are notes made by General Ames concerning his activities in the year 1864.

Remarks	Commands, Dates, Etc.
Department of the South	Hd. Qtrs. 2d. Brigade, Folly Island, S.C. Feb. 22d, 1864
After battle of Olustee, Fla.	Feb. 28th, 1864 at Jacksonville, Fla. Comd'g Division (District of Florida, Dept. of the South) March 30th, 1864 (Same as preceding) April 20, 1864, Transferred from District of Florida
Ordered from Dept. South to Va. to join Army of James	April 24th, 1864. On board Transport "Fulton," at sea—few hours sail from Hampton Roads, Va.
Under Gen'l. Butler 10th A.C. Comdg. by Gillmore	Hd. Qtrs. Div. 10th A.C., Gloucester Point, Va. April 27, 1864
Before sailing up the James River	Hd. Qtrs. 3d. Div. 10th A.C. Gloucester Point, Va. May 4, 1864
After landing at Bermuda Hundred.	Hd. Qtrs. 3d. Div. 10th A.C. Two miles from Richmond & Petersburg R.R. May 7, 1864. Hd. Qtrs. 3d. Div. 10th A.C. Camp near Richmond & Petersburg R.R. May 11, 1864. May 19, 1864 (Same as preceding)

"On May 29, 1864, two divisions of the Eighteenth Corps and Deven's and Ames' Divisions were sent to Cold Harbor where they cooperated with the Army of the Potomac in the terrible battle that began immediately on their arrival." From the 65th Annual Report.

Remarks (*continued*)	Commands, Dates, Etc.
Part of movable column sent to join Grant at the White House, Va.	Hd. Qtrs. 3d. Div. 18th A.C. Camp near Cold Harbor, Va. June 9, 1864
Senior Generals had joined the Command and I was crowded down to a Brigade.	Hd. Qtrs. 3d. Brigade 2d. Div. 18th A.C. Before Petersburg, Va. June 25, 1864 July 3, 1864 (same as above) July 10, 1864 (same as above)
Gen'l Martindale my immediate Division Com'dr. left. I took his place.	Hd. Qtrs. 2d. Div. 18th A.C. Before Petersburg July 19, 1864 July 21, 1864 (same as above)

"After Grant crossed the James and began the siege of Petersburg, the troops under Ames were in line of battle near the mine which exploded on July 30th. This operation was a failure and failed to accomplish anything decisive after a great loss to the Union forces. When the Court of Inquiry on the mine explosion was held, General Ames appeared as a witness." From the 65th Annual Report.

To Captain Jesse Ames
Cannon City, Minnesota (*about July 30, 1864*).

. . . Lincoln is not a fit person for the Head of this nation in its hour of trouble and grief. He evidently has not the *nerve* or brain needed by one in his high and responsible station. If I had an opportunity to vote I should vote for some other candidate, not Fremont, who would insist upon a vigorous prosecution of the war. We, here, think Mr. Lincoln has prostituted his authority and responsibility to the vile purpose of self-aggrandizement—his re-election. And in doing so the military status of the country has fearfully suffered. This last, I know.

In my last I wrote you that I might succeed in getting home on a leave of absence next month, but this far there is no indication that I shall succeed. The thought is a pleasant one, and I naturally humor it. Let come what may, it will probably be for the best.

Recently the 2d and 10th Corps went to the north side of the James river and have met with some little success. The 5th Corps went around to the west side of the city of Petersburg to see if it was possible to force their works. I heard the cannonading this afternoon, but as no word has been received in relation to the matter I think our efforts were unsuccessful.

Unless the people sustain and reinforce us we shall not meet with success. I cannot tell you how depressed and sad I feel in consequence of my belief that the Northern people are to show themselves unworthy the liberty won them by their Fathers.

Please give love to Mother, John, Nellie and the children.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

REMARKS (*continued*)	COMMANDS, DATES, ETC.
	Hd. Qtrs. 2d. Div. 18th A.C. Before Petersburg, Va. Aug. 13, 1864
	Hd. Qtrs. 2d. Div. 18th A.C. Near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Aug. 27, 1864 Sept. 1, 1864 (same as above)

Was absent on leave latter part of
Sept. and first part of Oct.

Hd. Qtrs. 1st Div. 10th A.C.
Before Richmond, Va.
Oct. 11, 1864
Oct. 16, 1864 (same as above)

Hd. Qtrs. 2d. Div. 24th A.C.
Army of the James
Dec. 10, 1864

"When the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were consolidated to form the Twenty-fourth Corps, General Ames was in command of the Third Division of the corps and took an active part in the capture of Fort Fisher, the loss of which was a severe blow to the South. . . .

Two expeditions were fitted out and attacked Fort Fisher. The first was not a success and withdrew. The second was successful and resulted in the capture of the Fort and the evacuation of Wilmington by the Confederates. The Fort surrendered on January 15, 1865. General Ames led the land forces in both attacks." Extract from 65th Annual Report of Association of Graduates of West Point.

"For gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Fort Fisher, N.C., General Ames was brevetted major general of the United States Volunteers, January 15, 1865, and for meritorious services in the field during the rebellion he was brevetted major general of the United States Army to date from March 13, 1865. To date from July 1, 1863, Ames was brevetted colonel in the Regular Army for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Gettysburg." From "Civil War Papers," pp. 291–295.

Major General Ames was also a participant in the operations against Wilmington, N.C., and again in the movement upon Raleigh under Sherman. (*April 13, 1865.*) *He was in command of a division, 10th Corps, until July 28th, 1865, in North Carolina. From September 5th, 1865, to April 30th, 1866, his command was in the District of South Carolina.*

Columbia, S.C., *January* 4, 1866

My dear Parents: Father's of the 17th ult. has been received. He speaks of a planing machine. In a recent letter to John I discussed that subject, but I now feel that I am not a proper judge in such a matter at such a distance from you.

What I then said I still adhere to on the ground that this new business will be fluctuating and uncertain and because you now have as much business as you can attend to—more, for that matter. For truly the keeping of accounts is the very life of monied transactions. You appear to think it necessary to invest one or two thousand dollars in this machinery because certain parties threaten to do this thing or that if you do not! I have yet to learn it is necessary to enter upon any business under the spur of compulsion. If it is not profitable you would not consider it for a moment—if profitable it comes in the class of a thousand and one schemes by which you can make money; but as you cannot engage in *all* you make selections. *You* anticipate a crash in the financial world before long—will this be one of the best ways for preparing for it?

My advice is, let these men who wish this done by you, assert what they will do, buy the machinery; then, if they desire, lease this extra wheel to them for a year or two or three. If they are not willing to do this let them do as they please, and by and by when you get the ship in trim with everything taut and snug and with good steerage way, you can with greater safety than before steer for shoal water or sail in the vicinity of breakers.

Now, you want a house, lots, buildings, etc. And I say make yourself comfortable so far as possible as you go along—do not get all where one accident might ruin you. I think you ought not run in debt in this manner and at this time. Delay for a few years and in the meantime look with satisfaction upon the prosperity you could now conveniently control and direct to your own house.

I do not wish to reflect upon John T., but when he had his own head he did not succeed. He explains his failures—all failures can be explained, but success is success. The fact is, I am so far from you that I fear his failures may have become chronic. And after all, I have no doubt stronger arguments can be advanced *for* than I have offered *against.* I do not pretend to know.

Here is another bit of advice—get if possible one of your nephews to aid you, one in whom you can rely. So far as I know Charley Allen would be competent to run the saw mill, etc. This would carry Aunt May to you, which would be a very fortunate event. I know Frank Wyman will do very well, perhaps better than any other relative. Try him. Perhaps some of the *Ameses* on the island would be ready to try the West—which by the way is to be the ruling section of this country. Please write at once and get a relative upon whom you can lean. If you succeed he should have a good chance, etc.

Aside from the Rockland papers I have had *no* news from Maine of late. My few correspondents in R. owe me letters. No changes have taken place here. Everything is much as since I came. I do not think that I shall be relieved at once. I intend when mustered out to get a year's leave of absence and try Minnesota, unless I obtain such rank in the regular army as shall cause me to decide to be a soldier for life.

My health is excellent. Please give my love to all.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *January* 14, 1866

MY DEAR PARENTS: Recently my letters have simply been repetitions of each other on business matters. However interesting such questions are to me, and they are very interesting, I do not propose to continue the subject here.

Let me ask Mother what she thinks of the plan of the house in Harper's Magazine to which I called her attention. I have been considering it somewhat and think many improvements can be made in it. I am of the opinion that you are too anxious to build. I think it would be well to delay building until you can put up a house satisfactory in every particular. Such a house as I would like you to have, you cannot afford to build this year. It is quite possible that my ideas on this subject are rather more expensive and perhaps more impracticable than yours. If you do build I hope arrangements may be made in the plans, etc. so that by and by additions may be added. I asked questions about the expense of putting up a *stone* house, but received no answer to this and the other questions. I will simply ask now what amount are you willing to put in a house? I shall feel much interested in it if I decide to leave the army and live with you. Of course I am now much interested in it, but shall be more so if I am to have a room or two with you. Will Mother give me her ideas on this subject? Until you do build, can you not hire? If I go to Northfield I shall spend much money in the furnishing of the house.

Has John settled up the books for the first year? Three or four months are a good margin for *one* year. I cannot help asking if you cannot find some new iron for the fire?

I have not heard from Uncle Jere for some time, and up to today feared he was sick; but a letter from Julia Hills makes no mention of such a condition and I inferred he was well.

She spoke of Aunts May and Nancy, saying the latter was looking better than she had been for a long time. Uncle Oliver was a clerk in the P.O. Their own family was well. Rockland was becoming interested in lectures. How extensively she did not say.

I fear the "city fathers" are not such as would be likely to make our old home one of the literary centers of our country. In fact I am of the opinion that this love of improvement is quite spasmodic in its nature; and that before they are alive to the fact they will be back to their old and customary amusements. A seaport town like that is not a good place for the education and improvement of youth. I realize every day the injury done me by my limekiln and sailor companions. One might as well think of handling pitch without being soiled as to give a boy the liberty of that city and expect him to grow to manhood and not be unfavorably influenced.

I see one hundred and twenty-two general officers have been mustered out but I am not among them. Due more to my locality, I think, than any other cause—undoubtedly wholly to it. So here I will stay for some months longer.[1]

Tell John to sell my land whenever he thinks best and never mind my abuse—also keep the books as they should be kept, for by such a leak as results by not doing so, the ship will sink.

I can let you have one thousand dollars if you wish it. Tell me how to get it to you.

Love to all. My health is good.

Your affectionate son, ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *January* 27, 1866

MY DEAR MOTHER: It is now near the end of the second month of winter and I am still here with no prospects of an immediate departure. I am as much in the dark as to my future movements as I was last fall. Probably I shall remain here till next spring when I shall visit you. The weather will be much milder than at present and I shall less feel the change.

I was surprised to find I am retained in the service when so many have been mustered out. I do not wish to remain longer than April or May next—if I am retained after then I may ask to be relieved.

I see by the papers that the Army will be increased by 57,000 men. The chances for me are not so good as I expected they would be. For promotions, rather appointments, in eight of the new regiments will be given to the Invalid Corps, which I suppose means disabled soldiers, and to them only; the officers of ten regiments will be selected from those who have served with colored troops, and again the officers of ten other regiments are to be taken from the volunteers. The officers of the other regiments are to be selected from the regular Army. By this change I think there will be eighteen Colonels and eighteen Lieutenant Colonels to be appointed. Viewing the case dispassionately I am forced to the belief that my chances for a Colonelcy are very shadowy; then for a Lieut. Colonelcy somewhat more substantial though not too much so; and as for a Majority I much doubt if I will continue in the army with so slight a reward for my services of the past five years. I will take anything they choose to give me while I am debating in my own mind what I shall do, and nothing will bind me after that time if I decide to try civil life.

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[1] General Ames was one of the few volunteer generals who were retained on duty for a year after the war ended.

I had a letter from Thos. Tolman a day or two since. He is in Austin, Texas. I have heretofore attempted to engage him in a correspondence, but find him much like the rest of our blood—willing for it if someone else has the laboring oar. I gave him a mild reproof. I doubt much if he has the good sense to take it kindly!

A letter from Uncle Jere informs me of his well being. By a letter from John R. Brown I hear of the death of Alfred H. Kimball. He said that Kimball had many old and unsettled accounts, and that much excitement was caused by his sudden departure.

My health is good, as usual. I take but little exercise when I should take much—but I do not do as I should, wherein I am supposed to differ much from many of my acquaintances.

My life is very monotonous. I see no society; that is, I go into none for the very simple reason that the people here do not like the Yankees, and the Yankees do not like them. I pretend to study law, etc., but am of the opinion that I make but slow progress. I shall come to it bye and bye.

What have you concluded about the house? Really I hope you will not build till you can put up a very good house.

Love to you all. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *February* 11, 1866

MY DEAR MOTHER: Time flies so rapidly that spring will be with you before I can—and it is possible that summer may also.

I find myself utterly incapable of making any plans that I can carry out with any certainty. So henceforth I will leave all to time.

I have just returned from a walk through the city. When I came there were but two or three stores, and these but a short time established, but now there are rows of small wooden shanties, much after the style of those in a new mining locality in a gold country: and here and there a respectable brick building where more goods can be sold than there is money here to buy. I believe Sherman's Army did not leave standing a single place of business. As this was the heart of the rebellion, we may regard the punishment it has received as retributive justice.

While taking my walk I met a Mr. Caldwell, about the only consistent Union man in this section of the state, and went with him to his house to see a circular put forth in the fall of sixty—calling upon all to organize preparatory to some movement to be made in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, if elected to the presidential chair. They styled themselves Minute Men, and the company organized in this city was undoubtedly the first military organization of the thousands which have for the last five years roamed so ruthlessly over this country.

It was a year ago day before yesterday, that this city saw its most valuable part disappear in flame and smoke, leaving lonely chimneys, tottering walls, and ashes to remind it of what had been. Fire still burns in the hearts of the people here; and our star-spangled banner or our country's uniform are only needed to fan the flame into wrath.

(*Remainder of letter missing.*)

COLUMBIA, S.C., *March* 4, 1866

MY DEAR PARENTS: Last week I sent you a letter I had received from Frank Wyman. He will join you at any time, and seems quite eager to try western life. I believe you will find him a very valuable acquisition as an assistant and confidential agent, besides the pleasure of his companionship as a relative.

Realizing as I do the fact that some of my correspondents are not quite as prompt as they might be in their business matters, especially when pen, ink and paper are necessary, I advised Frank, in my reply, not to delay after the 1st of April, even though he should not hear from you; but at all events to start at that as the outside limit. I do not know when your river will be open to St. Paul. I told him to go by the way of St. Paul if the river should be open, if not by the way of Winona and Rochester. Of course he will find the way, but I think you had better write him at once.

What do you think of the present political agitation in Washington? What is the sentiment of your state? I must confess I think President Johnson is nearer right than the majorities in the two branches of Congress, in the present issue. Yet, I fear he will go too far in his reconstruction and too soon relieve the South from the debt its action during the past four years has brought upon itself. Most truly, the politics of the day is deeply interesting.

By the papers I infer that the majority of the general officers of volunteers will soon be mustered out. So my long intended visit to you will not be much longer delayed. Certainly in two months my services will be no longer needed here. At the expiration of that time I shall resign my commission in the volunteers if in the service. In May or June at farthest I shall be with you.

My health is excellent. We are having beautiful weather—much like our own weather in the last of May or first of June.

Affectionately your son, ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *March* 24, 1866

MY DEAR PARENTS: John must be wholly exculpated in the statement made as to the earnings of the mill. I do not recall what he said. It is doubtless one of my own mistakes; some of my arithmetic.

I suppose if you had a house Aunt Mary might go to Northfield and live with you and take her son Charles with her. Is this the state of the case? Does she delay till such times as you may have a house to take her into? I received a letter from her recently but she does not speak of going West.

Today the thought occurred to me that it would be well for you to build a house to be occupied by you for a time only; and that it would be well to delay building the *nice* house on your large lot—the house we have been talking about so long. In a few years you may be better able to build such a house as I think you should. When you can, the first house you can rent or sell. If you do decide to build this season, I would not put the house on the lot you have bought for the *good* one you will erect one of these days. This idea has presented itself to me, and I submit it to you for whatever it may be worth.

Since writing you about Frank Wyman I have not heard from you. As I then told you I directed Frank to start by the end of this month, even should he receive no letter from you. But I hope he has, and that he is ere this on his way. He is honest and reliable, and deserves—or will, at our hands—all we can give.

Today I received a letter from Uncle Jere. He says all our friends are well except Aunt Nancy, and of her he says, "She is quite sick, though I hear her physician thinks he can help her." The only interpretation I can put on this is that she is in great danger—at least so much that her physician expresses a qualified hope that he can restore her to health. He gives no intimation of the nature of her sickness.

He says it is thought that A. H. Kimball has not left enough money, property, or not more than enough to pay his debts! Certainly this is a sad commentary on his abilities! He has, all his life, been engaged in business, having begun life with, in that part of the country, a fortune, and with no particular reverses he shakes off this mortal coil a beggar! The fact is Rockland is not the place for the cultivation of the highest qualities of head or heart. A hum-drum life like Kimball's spent in a store, over a stove or pipe, in a sickly atmosphere, seems to be the fate of businessmen there; which is enough or ought to be enough to dwarf the faculties of all but the very best. I can only say I am glad our little family is beyond those influences. Whatever disadvantages may be upon us we have, I believe, escaped the greater.

Uncle Jere counsels against my leaving the Army. He puts his objections on the *position* and *pay* of an officer. There is much truth in what he says. I shall not act unadvisedly, but take time for a careful consideration of the reasons for and against.

How does John get on with his accounts? If he will only wait a month or so, Frank Wyman will make his advent among you and relieve him of his fearful task.

Love to all, ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *March* 24, 1866

DEAR FATHER: I do not think you will meet with any accident by the water this spring. You know you *will* look—not only that, but *will keep* looking—at the dark side. In your last you seem to be arriving at the conclusion that the mill has been a fortunate purchase. I think we should act by the best light we have or can command; and even should we sometimes make mistakes we should not permit them to make us unhappy. But I cannot believe you will vex yourself, and those around you. Come weal, come woe, this investment has been made and now you must stand by it. And this you should do manfully and without seeing the evils which are coming upon you, and shutting your eyes to the benefits. What is still worse, you thus make those around you miserable. Knowing this unhappy trait of your nature, I now speak of it.

I have sent John Brown $1500, being the sum I have saved up to this time. I shall get him to convert it into gold to be used by me during the next year in my travels. I shall want in all some $2500 or $3000 *in gold.* Do you think I can raise such a sum?

Although I have frequently spoken of money and mill matters of importance to you I have failed to get a satisfactory answer. I will desist for the present.

I shall not stay here after the end of May if I can help it. Unless I am mustered out by that time I shall resign my Generalship. I do not care to try another of these hot summers here. Last year I was a sufferer to no little extent by the continued hot weather; and since my system is less able to endure the like again I shall get away before the sun gets high.

Would it be an improper question, should I ask how my part of the mill has done, and what it owes me—or I owe the firm? As you so carefully avoid giving me the figures I am beginning to question whether we have any accounts kept at all!

My health is excellent. And I look forward to the not far distant day when I shall see you, with much pleasure. In your next you had better tell me what route I should take to reach you. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

COLUMBIA, S.C., *March* 28, 1866

MY DEAR FATHER: By the last mail I received a letter from you which was written for Frank Wyman. As you send no explanatory note with it I presume it came to me by mistake, and that he has received the one intended for me.

In my letter to you you may see I told Frank to start for Minnesota by the end of this month, unless he heard from you, and you counselled otherwise. So you see he will have left where he now is before this letter could reach him. However, I shall send it and trust to chance.

Am well. *Your affectionate son,* ADELBERT

Columbia, S.C., *April* 10, 1866

My dear Father: The letter intended for me but sent to Frank Wyman has just reached me. I have been pondering long on your business. The details are carefully kept from me or are not known by any of my correspondents. I cannot learn enough to express an intelligent opinion.

If John has not time to keep our books up, why does he act as agent for Mr. Chamberlin, or anyone else? I should think John above all others should know the disadvantages of having too many irons in the fire. I will not discuss the subject. But it seems to me that your affairs are in, or soon will be in, a sad muddle. I pray you do not let anybody touch your money, flour, grain, or accounts, for if you do they will make beggars of you. My faith in your ultimate success receives sad blows with every letter you send. All this results from the pitiable ignorance in which I am kept.

In a few days I shall go to Charleston and take command of that part of the state. This change is caused by the muster-out of Gen'l Devens, who has been in Charleston up to this time.

On the 10th of next month—May—I shall if possible get a twenty days' leave of absence and go North, not to return here again. At the expiration of the leave of twenty days, I shall—if I can, get a year's leave, the first month of which I will spend with you—then go to Europe—and return in time to spend the last month or two in Minnesota.

If I can do as I wish with my own precious body you will see me in Northfield by the end of May; but other people's consent will be necessary and a failure to obtain it may delay me and defer my plans.

I shall write you frequently now and let you know of my movements so far as I can anticipate them.

Love to all. *Your affectionate son,* Adelbert

On April 30, 1866 Gen. Ames was mustered out of the Volunteer Service.

Columbia, S.C., *April* 23, 1866

My dear Father: Yours informing me of the injury to the mill-dam is before me. I regret the accident very much—but we have but one thing to do, and that is to *repair damages* as soon as possible. Do not for a moment think of selling that property. It will prove a gold mine to us by and by.

We should feel grateful, as I do, that the mill itself did not go downstream with the ice. My advice is to go on with repairs and *next time* we shall know how to guard against a freshet. Frank Wyman is perhaps with you now. I presume he has his money with him. Will not the Insurance Company pay you something for these damages? I have about two thousand dollars in John Brown's hands, which I intended to use for my trip to Europe; but I will bring you one thousand dollars of it to enable you to make repairs. This money I shall expect refunded by the end of the year, so that I shall have the means of living. I do not think it advisable to change my plans. In fact, if I get *the* money it will not be necessary.

I shall see you in about a month when we can consult. Write and tell me how much money you wish from me, and send the letter in care of J. R. Brown—No. 5 Countin Ship, etc.

Your affectionate son, Adelbert

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Brooklyn, N.Y., *July* 18, 1866

(*From* Adelbert Ames)

My dear Parents: I am just at the present writing at John Brown's house and take a few minutes to write you and beg of you to forgive me for being so negligent about writing since I left you. I know I deserve all the unkind things you may see fit to say about me—but listen to my explanation.

I reached *W.* in good time, where I remained till the 2d of July, when I came here and went to Maine. While there I saw about all our relatives and friends. I was there but three days, one of which was spent at Rockport.

By giving Uncle Nat Crockett five dollars, I induced him to go out in the Bay and find Uncle David Ames and inform him of my presence in R. The next morning he came and I had a good chat with him. Next Sept. or Oct. he will go to Minn. to see the country. I knew you intended to pay his way out, so I told him I would pay his way out if you were not prepared to do so, etc. I gave Charley Allen $50 to go to you, with the understanding that he is to return it to me if he stays and can. And if he does not like it there, I will give him money to return and it all will cost him nothing. All this to get him and Aunt Mary out with you.

All our relatives were well. Uncle Jere much better than usual—but I will write more fully next time. Now I am as I have been since I left you, very much hurried for time.

I wish you or Mother had told me how you are getting along about the mill with John. You knew that was a point upon which I thought much and about which I had no little anxiety.

Tomorrow, the eighteenth, I shall sail for Liverpool in the Inman steamer "City of Cork." (*Rest of letter missing*)

General Ames was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in the 24th United States Infantry on July 20th, 1866.

On leave of absence from the Army for one year General Ames traveled in Europe and England from August 2nd, 1866 to June 6th, 1867. He interested himself in observing the equipment and training of foreign armies, studying languages and sight-seeing. He was received at the Court of St. James and at the French Court of Napoleon III. He kept a detailed diary of this period. In August, 1867, General Ames reported with his Regiment for duty in Mississippi.

"In the work of 'reconstruction' necessitated by the new order of things at the close of the war, the South or the southern part of the Union was divided into five districts under an act of Congress providing for a temporary government. Each of the districts had a general officer in command sustained by military force. Mississippi was among the last of the states to adopt the conditions of reconstruction, and on July 15th, 1868, Gen. Ames was appointed provisional governor of this state by President Grant. Eight months later, on March 17, 1869, his command was extended to include the Fourth Military District." (*From a Capitol Press Bureau, Inc., release.*)

Headquarters Fourth Military District, Department of Mississippi
Jackson, Mississippi, *October* 28, 1869

Brevet Major General James B. Fry
Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of the South

General: I have the honor to submit the following report, in obedience to instructions from headquarters military division of the South, of the 20th ultimo.

I assumed command of this district on the 17th of March last.

Being provisional governor of the State, which demanded my presence at the State capital, and to facilitate the discharge of the twofold duty devolving upon me, I applied for and obtained permission to transfer the district headquarters from Vicksburg to this point, which transfer was made on the 30th of March.

At that time the command consisted of the Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, which had been ordered to be consolidated with the Eleventh United States Infantry, and two companies of the Fifth United States Cavalry.

On the 24th of March, in compliance with instructions from the War Department, these companies were relieved from duty in this district and ordered to the department of the Platte.

The Eleventh United States Infantry, having arrived in this district, was consolidated with the Thirty-fourth on the 12th of April, since which time the Sixteenth Infantry, the regiment formed by the consolidation, has been the only organization in the district.

The employment of troops, beyond the ordinary routine of post duty, has been confined almost exclusively to expeditions into the country for the purpose of arresting lawless characters who had been guilty of murder or other serious offenses, by which were endangered the safety of persons and the quiet of communities.

By the numerous reports at these headquarters it appears that the disturbances and lawlessness have their origin in political animosities, and the incapacity or unwillingness of many to recognize the change, resulting from the late war, in the condition of the freed people.

A prevailing sentiment in many sections of the State has been that the whites who entertain political sentiments different from the community should be driven therefrom, and that the blacks should be, if not deprived of rights undeniably theirs by law, at least seriously curtailed in the exercise of them.

Supported by public opinion, a few men, in defiance of the law, commit murders and outrages. Civil officers are unequal to the task of bringing such violators of the law to justice. The assistance of troops is demanded.

Guarded and protected by their neighbors, their arrest becomes very difficult. The parties injured, or their friends, rarely undertake to aid the civil or military authorities; if so, hesitatingly, and, if possible, secretly. Under such circumstances the protection of persons in their lives and property is impossible.

The cases are not numerous where violence has been offered the regularly constituted authorities, and in those instances the acts were committed generally by individuals, who nevertheless were secreted and shielded by the people.

One of the most deliberate and cold-blooded cases of the kind was the murder, in the streets of this city, of Brevet Major J. G. Grans, chief commissary of this district.

At the present time, on the eve of an election, the disturbances are increasing in number, and, if possible, more serious in character.

By General Orders No. 33, dated April 27, I authorized all persons, without respect to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, who possess the qualifications prescribed by the laws heretofore in force in this State, to act as jurors.

By the exercise of this prerogative the freed people will be able to protect themselves from much oppression and injustice, which will finally result in a forbearance on the part of the whites, and a security to themselves and their property which could not otherwise be obtained.

In the months of July and August seventeen supernumerary officers reported for duty. They have been attached to posts for company duty, or detailed as members of courts-martial, or military commissions.

The reports of the chiefs of the staff departments are inclosed herewith. Also, a return which exhibits the strength and disposition of troops in this district at the end of September.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Adelbert Ames,
Brevet Major General, U.S. Army, Commanding

The following quotations from the Annual Message of the President of the United States, 1869, make clear the national policy of Reconstruction under which General Ames acted.

"Seven States which passed ordinances of secession have been fully restored to their places in the Union. The eighth, Georgia, held an election at which she ratified her constitution, republican in form, elected a governor, members of Congress, a State legislature, and all other officers required.

"The governor was duly installed, and the legislature met and performed all the acts then required of them by the reconstruction acts of Congress. Subsequently, however, in violation of the constitution which they had just ratified (as since decided by the supreme court of the State) they unseated the colored members of the legislature and admitted to seats some members who are disqualified by the third clause of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, an article which they themselves had contributed to ratify.

"Under these circumstances, I would submit to you whether it would not be wise, without delay, to enact a law authorizing the governor of Georgia to convene the members orginally elected to the legislature, requiring each member to take the oath prescribed by the reconstruction acts, and none to be admitted who are ineligible under the third clause of the fourteenth amendment.

"The freedmen, under the protection which they have received, are making rapid progress in learning, and no complaints are heard of lack of industry on their part where they receive fair remuneration for their labor.

"At the March term, Congress by joint resolution authorized the Executive to order elections in the States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, to submit to them the constitutions which each had previously, in convention, framed, and submit the constitutions, either entire or in separate parts, to be voted upon, at the discretion of the Executive. Under this authority elections were called.

"By the act entitled 'An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States,' passed March 2, 1867, it is provided in the first section thereof that the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas shall be divided into five military districts and subjected to military authority; and in the second section, that to each of the said districts shall be assigned, as commander, an officer of the army not below the rank of brigadier general.[1]

"The third and fourth sections of the act specify the powers and duties of district commanders, making it their duty 'to suppress insurrection, disorder, and violence, and to punish, or cause to be punished, all disturbers of the public peace,' etc. etc.

"The fifth section prescribes the manner in which, and the conditions upon which the rebel States may be restored to their normal relations to the national government, and fixes the contingencies upon the happening of which the preceding sections shall become inoperative in said States respectively; upon the happening of which military control in said States shall cease. This section is as follows, viz:

> "SECTION 5. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That when the people of any one of said rebel States shall have formed a constitution of government in conformity with the Constitution of the United States in all respects, framed by a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens of said State

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[1] Under this section of the act, General Ames was assigned to the Fourth Military District of Mississippi.

> twenty-one years old and upward, of whatever race, color, or previous condition, who have been resident in said State for one year previous to the day of such election, except such as may be disfranchised for participation in the rebellion, or for felony at common law; and when such constitution shall provide that the elective franchise shall be enjoyed by all such persons as have the qualifications herein stated for electors of delegates; and when such constitution shall be ratified by a majority of the persons voting on the question of ratification who are qualified as electors for delegates; and when such constitution shall have been submitted to Congress for examination and approval, and Congress shall have approved the same; and when said State by a veto of its legislature elected under said constitution, shall have adopted the amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed by the thirty-ninth Congress, and known as article fourteen; and when said article shall have become a part of the Constitution of the United States, said State shall be declared entitled to representation in Congress, and senators and representatives shall be admitted therefrom on their taking the oath prescribed by law; and then and thereafter the preceding sections of this act shall be inoperative in said State: PROVIDED, That no person excluded from the privilege of holding office by said proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall be eligible to election as a member of the convention to frame a constitution for any of said rebel States, nor shall any such person vote for members of such convention.

"It will be observed that, after prescribing the terms of restoration, it provides that when they shall have been complied with by any one of the States to which the act applies, said State shall be declared to be entitled to representation in Congress, *and Senators and Representatives shall be admitted therefrom on their taking the oath prescribed by law, and then and thereafter* the preceding sections shall be inoperative in said State.

"I respectfully submit that by this language the actual admission of Senators and Representatives is made a condition precedent to the abrogation of military authority; that the action of the two houses of Congress in admitting members was provided for as the final recognition of the restoration of the States; and that, until that recognition by the law-making power, unless subsequent acts have changed, modified, or repealed this act in this respect, the powers conferred on district commanders may be exercised.

"The supplementary acts of March 23 and July 19, 1867 to my apprehension have no bearing whatever upon this question; they in no degree modify or change the act of March 2 in respect to the time when, or the conditions upon which, the first four sections of that act become inoperative.

"The act of June 24, 1868, the only remaining act which relates to the government and restoration of the rebel States, seems to have been passed mainly in pursuance of those portions of the fifth section of the act of March 2, 1867, which provide for the submission to and approval by Congress of the constitutions formed for the several States, and for a declaration by Congress that the States are entitled to representation.

"It contains a conditional approval of the constitutions formed for certain of the rebel States; and then, reaffirming one of the original conditions of restoration, provides that after the ratification of the fourteenth amendment by the legislature of said States they shall be entitled and admitted to representation.

"In this there seems to be no departure from the original act; that act also provided that when the prescribed terms and conditions should be complied with the States should be entitled and admitted to representation; but it made the cessation of military control dependent on the actual admission of senators and representatives, and the act of June 25 leaves this matter where the original act placed it.

"The plan of reconstruction contemplates five great steps: 1st, the formation of a State constitution; 2d, the approval of that constitution by Congress; 3d, the ratification of the fourteenth amendment; 4th, the declaration by Congress that the State is entitled to representation; and 5th, the final act of recognition, the admission of senators and representatives on their taking the oath prescribed by law.

"When all these steps are taken the powers conferred on military commanders cease to exist; until then they may be exercised."

Under the reconstruction laws of Congress, General Ames ordered an election to be held November 30, 1869, and the Mis-

sissippi Legislature to be convened January 11, 1870. An unexpired term for United States Senator, dating March 4, 1869 existed. General Ames was elected to fill the vacancy, and as Senator from Mississippi, he went to Washington to represent the state in the sessions of the 41st, 42nd and 43rd Congresses.

NORTHFIELD, *April* 5, 1870

MY DEAR SON: When the cars came at half past five, John got a paper that gives us the first knowledge that a seat had been given you in the Senate. We congratulate you on this great event, and hope you will be able to do your country good. Before you are great responsibilities. May God ever direct you in the right.

We are all well, except John's little boy. He has been quite sick with the measles, but he is much better now. John intends to move on the Thorpe place this week.

The ice has gone out of the river without any harm to the mills. We had a large crop of snow this winter. It melted without rain, which was very satisfactory.

The papers say you are engaged to be married to Miss Butler. We suppose it is all a hoax, as had it been so you would have informed your parents before you had the public.

It is a long time since we have had letters from you. You have not answered your Father's letters. Please write us often. It is dreadful to be kept in suspense so long.

Hoping this will find you well, and God will ever protect you.

From your Mother, MARTHA AMES

NORTHFIELD, *April* 22, 1870

MY DEAR SON: We received your letters telling us of your engagement. We feel it is right, and anyone that you love, your Mother will love. I did feel a little disappointed, as since we moved in our house I thought we should have a long visit from you, that you would enjoy our house and its surroundings with us. Now I fear your mind will be elsewhere, but it is right, may God bless you and those you love.

Nothing of importance in the way of business. Every thing appears to go well with the mills. We are making a garden. The weather is fine.

Come and see us. We will be so glad to see you, and those you wish to bring with you.

From your affectionate Mother

NORTHFIELD, *May* 4, 1870

MY DEAR SON: Last week I received some garden seeds from you. Since then, your kind letter of April 27th. Your Mother and John have written so frequently that I could think of nothing new to write. I assure you we most heartily congratulate you in your success in obtaining your seat in the United States Senate. Likewise your engagement to Miss Blanche Butler. We trust she is all that your fancy paints her, and we shall be very happy to see you and your wife here as soon as your official duties will permit of your coming.

As you have not said anything about your health lately we fear it is not so good as we wish it might be. We think it would be a good thing for you to make a calculation while in Minnesota to go up North for a few weeks on a hunting excursion.

John T. is very anxious to see you, and thinks of going to Washington soon. We have so much to do it is very difficult for him to leave for so long a time. We, so far, have been doing a very fair business. Not so large a margin as sometimes heretofore, but we are making a very fair profit all the time. You seem to think $40,000 is a large price for our new mill. I think so too, but we have done the best to get our money's worth that we could. By the time we put in two run more of stone, and get the dam built, it will cost forty-two or three thousand dollars. The four run in the mill have cost more than eight thousand each. We can put in two run more for one thousand dollars a run each, but we do not think we shall put them in until you come here.

We have had the finest winter and the earliest spring, and to present appearances the most favorable-looking season for good crops that I have seen in Minnesota.

Your affectionate Father, JESSE AMES

LETTERS from and to BLANCHE BUTLER
1860 — 1870

PREFACE

Reminiscences of her family written by
Blanche Butler Ames
and
Harriet Prescott Spofford

"A Gracious Woman Deserveth Honor"

Sarah Hildreth was of pure New England ancestors nearly all of whom were in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, many serving the Colonies in positions of trust and importance.

Her father, Dr. Israel Hildreth, was direct in descent from Richard Hildreth of Chelmsford through Major Ephraim Hildreth who gave, from his ancestral acres, to the town of Dracut the cemetery where lies buried the writers of these letters.

Dr. Israel Hildreth was a man of unusual literary attainments. He lived on a large farm in Dracut and practised his profession in the surrounding towns. This farm is now a part of the City of Lowell and the old house with its wide spreading elms has given place to many streets and crowded sidewalks.

Dr. Hildreth was a fine elocutionist and a gentleman of the old school to whom purity of diction and fine enunciation were evidences of culture. In the long winter evenings, he read aloud to his wife and children and they became conversant with the classics and the best authors of that period. Two or three times each season the neighbors would gather in the hall of the farm house to take part in and listen to theatricals of which Dr. Hildreth was very fond. This hall was on the second story running the length of the house over two rooms beneath and on one side and end were built-in benches, upholstered with red grogram cushions, upon which the limited audience could be seated. Here were rehearsed and delivered many recitals and plays.

As the children grew old enough each had a part to learn for the general entertainment and their father drilled them thoroughly for the performance.

Sarah, the second eldest of six daughters and one son, soon showed talent in acting and elocution and absorbed all her preceptor could teach. The desire to go on the stage was the natural result of such environment and instruction. At first Dr. Hildreth opposed, but his daughter won his consent on condition that some good actor should come to the farm and teach her for six months. This arrangement was carried out and later Sarah went to Brooklyn to stay with a married sister and made her debut as "Marianna" in "The Wife." In 1843 she was engaged for the leading lady of the New National Theatre, where she opened as "Roslind" in "As You Like It". She also performed star engagements in Charleston, Louisville and Cincinnati.

In spite, however, of the success she had achieved, the home training that had helped to make her a fine actress had also unfitted her for the profession. One of her contemporaries, an elderly actress, said to her, "You will never be content with the stage for you will find only disillusion and disappointment. You have ideals and high purposes and the majority of those with whom you will come in contact are not thus actuated." Whether this would have proved true can only be surmised for May 18th, 1844 she married Benjamin Franklin Butler.

The falling apple blooms carpeted the farm roads and at the wedding feast was served one of the last salmons caught at the old farm Fishing Pool on the bank of the Merrimack, where at one time they were more than plentiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler lived for five years where now is the center of Lowell, but after the death of their first born son they bought in 1850 the home from which each passed out to return no more, Sarah Hildreth Butler in 1876 and General Butler in 1893.—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

In the unbroken routine of home and business life for seventeen years "days, months, and years in dream-like unity flowed silent by".

Mrs. Butler was occupied with household, children and friends. She always continued her study of Shakespeare and gave great pleasure to those who were privileged to hear her read.

A law office in Boston as well as one in Lowell and attendance through all grades of militia service compelled Mr. Butler to work many hours a day. An early breakfast to take the seven o'clock train to Boston, back for supper at six, to the Lowell office in the evening, home at ten, where he found his wife waiting for him and a second supper ready to be enjoyed by one who had labored twelve or more hours.

After the birth of her youngest child Mrs. Butler did not entirely regain her former health and while never an invalid, the lack of perfect physical vigor and its consequent mental depression is shown from time to time in her letters.—BLANCHE BUTLER AMES

Surprisingly the author gives no details of her early experiences in her Preface. Instead, she chose to present her family background.

Blanche Butler, the oldest child of General Benjamin Franklin Butler and Sarah Hildreth Butler, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 2nd, 1847. She attended the public schools until, in her thirteenth year, her parents decided to send her to the Academy of the Visitation in Georgetown, D.C., which was considered, at that time, to give its pupils excellent instruction.

The first letter of the following group was written by General Butler to the Directress of the Ladies, making final arrangements for his daughter's entrance to the Academy.—EDITOR

LOWELL, MASS., *August* 8, 1860

The Directress of the Ladies,
Academy of the Visitation,
Georgetown, D. C.

MADAM: You may remember that on my way to Charlestown Convention we had some conversation as to placing my daughter in charge of the Ladies of the Academy of Visitation.

Upon consultation with her mother I have determined so to do, if you will receive her. We propose bringing her to Georgetown in the last week in August.

Will she need to bring her former school books, or will such as are desired be furnished by the Institution? What books of reference, dictionaries, if any, will she require? May I trouble you for information upon these topics as to them your circular is silent. BENJ. F. BUTLER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, D.C.
September 1, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: The boy came this morning with the note Father left at the hotel, and I sent a few words to the telegraph office by him.

I am well, and think I shall like it very much. The day you went away I went into the place where we heard the girl play on the harp and one of the Sisters asked me to play but as I had not taken my music out of the trunk I could not, so I tried to read some notes and the Sister told me I should have to go through the instruction book again, as I had been learning to play by ear and not by notes.

There is not a great deal of ambition among the girls here. There are five girls in the Latin class, but I do not know their names yet. After you went away I went into the little room next to the entry, and then we went down to dinner.[1] If I write any more I shall cry, and I want you to excuse the writing, as the girls keep knocking the desks. BLANCHE

September 7, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: Sister told me that I had better write to you. But I do not have time to write but once a week and then I must do it in the writing class.

The first thing we do in the morning after the bell rings at quarter before six and we get dressed, is to go to Mass. We stay there three quarters of an hour. The first time I went to Mass the smell of the incense made me sick and I had to get up and go out. But that was on Sunday. They only burn incense on that day. Then we go down to breakfast, and from there into the study room. Stay there an hour and a half, then to class room to recite the lessons. By the time we get through it is time to go to dinner. After that I go to practice and stay at it half an hour. Then to class room to study our lessons, then to recite them and to writing class. Then we all go up to the farm for half an hour, then to supper, to study again for another hour and a half. Then there's a recess of about three quarters of an hour, then to prayers, then to bed.

I have been sick, Mother, and am now as weak as a little cat. I have ten studies besides reading and writing and music. May I leave off Astronomy, Mother, or do you want me to study it? I must close now, Mother, to go to my French class.

Kiss Paul and Benny[2] for me, and yourself and Father too. The next time I write I will give you a list of my studies, but Astronomy is the most unimportant one. Please come on when Father does.

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[1] Convent Bill of Fare, Breakfast—Coffee, fresh bread, no butter. Dinner—Roast, vegetables, bread and molasses. Supper—Tea, stale bread, butter. Dinner on Sundays and Fridays—Apples, corn cloggers, ginger bread.

[2] Blanche's brothers, Paul, born in 1852 and Ben Israel, born in 1854.

They have taken my blue dress and black silk apron for the uniform, and it is just what they want, so you see that I have not enough dresses. I am in the first class in writing; in the section of the second in my English studies. I am so glad because you will like it so much.

You must write, Mother, and you would have done so before, if you knew how much I long for a letter from *home*. I am really going to close now. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 11, 1860

MY DEAR CHILD: You must have received my letter mailed last Wednesday before now. Yours of the seventh came this morning and without an hour's delay I hasten to answer it.

Why were you sick? and so weak? Is it homesickness? I wish to know if you have any disease like dysentery, headache, or sickness at the stomach. I regret very much that I had not stayed with you for a fortnight, that I might have known something of the difference of climate between the two places. I am afraid you are doing too much after your summer of idleness. Leave off Astronomy, or anything else until your health is fully established. I am pleased to hear that you are well advanced in some of your studies, but so anxious about you in regard to other things that I cannot well content myself.

I shall go on with your Father, certainly, perhaps before. In the meantime I must know every particular in regard to your health. Write me about what days you were sick after I left you, how long, and if you were confined to the bed, or obliged to take medicine. If you should be sick hereafter, so that medical advice is necessary, I wish to know it at once, and should like the most experienced physician in Washington to attend you.

Your Aunt Laura[1] wrote a few days later, and Philip[2] I think has written also; this will relieve your loneliness in some degree. Write to me every week, trice a week if possible, if only a few lines. You shall not want for letters from home. I think of you always. *Your Mother*, SARAH BUTLER

September 15, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: I received your letter this noon, and Sister gave me permission to write to you in writing class.

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[1] Laura Wright Hildreth, Mrs. George Howard Pearson, Mrs. Butler's youngest sister.

[2] Philip Reade, son of Rowena Hildreth, Mrs. Henry Reade, the oldest sister of Mrs. Butler.

I suppose that travelling made me sick. I was taken on Tuesday with a little sickness at the stomach, but I did not mind it much until Wednesday when I felt worse and was sick. I should not have written that if it had not been that you told me to. So I went over to the Infirmary and Sister Margaret gave me some medicine which I suppose made me sick and weak too. I was sick a week, no not quite a week, five days. It was very hot the first week, but it grew suddenly cold, and I have taken a bad cold in consequence, but am now getting over it and feel as strong as can be, but I cannot dance. It tires me all out.

I am now going to tell you what we do every day. First, in the morning at quarter before six the bell rings, and everybody must get up who has not asked permission to lie in bed the night beforehand. Well, I get up, put on my shoes and stockings first, then my underclothes, then my combing jacket, and wash myself, throw out the water into a tub that stands in the middle of the floor, wipe the bowl with a great towel and then comb my hair, put on my dress and by that time the bell rings for prayers.

But I cannot stop to tell you any more, as the bell has rung for French class.

Do not be uneasy, Mother, for I am well now. Do not let that letter I wrote to Florence[1] trouble you. Come on with Father, sure.

BLANCHE

September 15, 1860

MY DEAR CHILD: Florence came today with your letter.

What do you mean by saying you have something in particular you wish to tell me, but do not like to by writing? I shall go to Washington, no doubt, with your Father, but this may be something I ought to know before. If it is anything of your health, you should at once inform the Directress, and write to me, *whatever* it may be.

There may be some things connected with the school strange or disagreeable to you. Or your food may be different from what you have been accustomed to. That I expected, and to some extent desired, as I have often thought you were living too richly for your age. If there is abundance, when your feeling of homesickness is over and the cool weather sets in, your appetite will make plain living acceptable.

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[1] Florence Hildreth, daughter of Mrs. Butler's brother, Fisher Ames Hildreth and his wife Lauretta Coburn Hildreth.

Or you may feel overtasked with study, or think you have too little exercise after your summer of freedom from all tasks and rambling among the flowers and groves, idle as the birds. But you know this could not last. And the next few years must be most precious to you. For in them you are to gain the knowledge that will make you an agreeable companion, and an accomplished woman.

Do not have any mysteries. Write to me precisely as you would if your letters were not examined. Your teachers will not object to it. Their rules are always the same. And when they have done their duty, your writing that you are happy or unhappy will not displease them, as that is beyond their remedy. I write all this, that you may write freely, knowing that I can do more to put your mind at ease than any other person, if I know your cause of disturbance.

September 19th

I had written thus far, Blanche, when I received your letter. It relieved my fears for your health in some degree, though I do not understand why it should fatigue you so much to dance. It was to your health then, was it not, that you referred, when you wrote there was something very particular you wished me to know, but that you would not write it? Answer me that in your next letter. You must write to me everything about your health, always, that seems to you unusual or different from what you have been before. Remember this.

Mr. Clemence will call on you soon. Tell him anything you wish me to know of the school, or write it, if you prefer. I shall send your writing desk if he can take it.

You cannot know how much we miss you, and how anxiously we look for letters from you. Do not fail to write once a week.

Your Mother, SARAH BUTLER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, D.C., *September* 16, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: The marks have been read out, and I have drawn in everything except History and Composition. If we miss two lessons in a study we cannot draw for the ticket, so you see that we have to be very good and study diligently. But most of the girls have the advantage over me because they do not study Latin. I should have drawn in History, but you know that I was sick and missed a lesson and had not sufficient time to make it up.

I do not have any out of door exercise except on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, because I have to practice when the other girls go up to the farm. No other girls in school do it, except a day scholar and one boarder and she does not study either French or Latin. Of course it is not pleasant to be so, but I cannot have it fixed any other way. To be sure we have an hour at noon, but we cannot go up to the farm.

When Mr. Clemence comes on I shall not send any message, but I have something to tell you when you come on that will surprise you.

You must tell Florence that she might as well leave off music if she does not learn the notes perfectly, and Mr. Harrison will not teach them perfectly. I am very sorry to say that all the money that has been paid for the last two years for music lessons for me has all been thrown away, because I have begun again as though I did not know a note. Good-bye, dearest Mother. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, September 17, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: This letter will not reach you until Friday, as it has to be corrected, and afterwards copied.

In the letter that I wrote yesterday I began to tell you what I do every day, and I got as far as "By the time I am dressed the bell rings for us to go down to prayers." We must do this without speaking. After prayers, Sister Loretto reads out the names of those who practice during Mass. So I go up to the music passage and practice till the bell, which is half an hour. Then I go down to breakfast, and from the breakfast table to the study room, stay there an hour and a half. But every other day I have to go to Latin during morning studies, and so have to take extra study at night. Then I go to the class room and stay two hours. Then to arithmetic class for half an hour, then to the study room to put away my books.

Then Sister Bernard reads out the names of those who practice from the dinner table and the letters are given out and prayers are read, and then the bell rings for dinner and we all go down in our ranks and go into the dining room in couples, and then grace is said and we eat dinner. Then from the dinner table I go to practice for half an hour, then come down and have half an hour to walk about the playroom. Sometimes I study during recreation. At two o'clock the bell rings for French study, which lasts an hour, then we have writing class for half an hour, then we can all go and get some bread without any butter, then to French class and at five o'clock we go to the study room to put away our books, then we go up to what they call the farm.

The space that the girls are allowed to go in is about as large as that part of the lawn that is down by Mr. Norcross's, but it is large enough for me, for by the time that I have got there I am so tired that I cannot run, and scarcely walk, although it is but a little way. We stay there quarter of an hour, then down to supper. At six o'clock our night studies begin, which last an hour and a half. I have to study longer, sometimes. Then we have an hour's recreation, then to bed. But as we leave the room we must make a curtsy to the Sister that has charge of us.

That is all the recreation we have, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

I study History, Ancient and Modern, Geography, Botany, Astronomy, Mythology, Philosophy, Familiar Science, besides Latin, French, and Music. So you see I have sufficient to occupy my time. I cannot write any more now, so goodby *dearest* Mother. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, September 22, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: The letters have just been brought in, and I have three, one from you, one from Florence, and one from Phil. I must now answer yours. The reason that it fatigues me so much to dance is because we do not have exercise enough —a quarter of an hour out of doors perhaps three times a week, or sometimes only once, as it depends on the weather, is not enough;—when it rains we can only walk up and down the play room. I have not had a good run since I have been here, and it seems so strange that I cannot run about just where I please. Sister Bernard, the directress, is very kind to me. She brought me some peaches when I first came, and kept a small basket of apples in the library for me, and she gives me flowers now and then. You asked me to tell you if it was in regard to my health that I wrote. It was, but it is nothing, as I told Sister about it, and she told me it was from traveling. I should not have written this, if you had not asked me.

Please tell Phil that I shall not be home until July unless you change your mind and take me home. I should be delighted if you would.

I think that I could get the prizes in all my English Lessons if it was not for my Latin. It takes me out of morning studies, and I have to study it in the evening studies and my other lessons have to go without study. I wish that I could leave it off.

As to his having that picture, you must decide yourself.

Please tell him what I study, and also that he must tell Sarah Hunt that I cannot write to her, as we are not allowed to write more than once a week, and then I must write to you.

Write often dearest Mother. BLANCHE

GEORGETOWN, D.C., *September* 25, 1860

MY DEAR MADAM: I know that you must feel very anxious about Blanche, but I hope that you are not uneasy. She is doing very well, and some time must be allowed her to become accustomed to the change which she finds in everything.

The day after you left, she complained of a sort of seasick feeling and said she feared she had taken cold at the hotel. The Doctor saw her the next day. He gave her some slight remedy, and for a day or two she seemed languid, and I think *homesickness* was more the cause of her bad feelings than any real indisposition. Time passes so quickly here that the hours allotted for recreation seem to her only quarters. She misses the beautiful green house with all its lovely flowers, and the freedom from school duties which she enjoyed for some time, as I think she told me that she had not attended school for some months before she came here. I told her that she could give up any of the studies of her English classes if she found that she had too much to do, but I think that she continues them all except the Grammar.

Rest assured, my dear Madam, that every attention in my power shall be bestowed upon her, and let me beg of you not to be too anxious about her. With great regard and respect,

S. M. BERNARD GRAHAM *of the Visitation*

LOWELL, *September* 29, 1860

MY DEAR CHILD: I have been delayed in writing to you by Bennie's illness. Last Monday we went with a small party to Tyng's Pond and took the children with us. It grew chilly before our return, and that with over-eating gave Bennie a severe sickness that has kept me anxiously tending him day and night the remainder of the week. He is now out of danger, and will soon be quite well.

Today I received your letter, together with one from the Directress, which gave me great satisfaction. I believe, Blanche, there is no place, apart from home, where you would be more kindly cared for, than where you are. If you were now at home we should be obliged to send you somewhere, and we were satisfied, and are, that we chose well. You must consider, my dear, that wherever you are, the next few years must be devoted to study. And you would find the consequent confinement as irksome in one place as another.

Do you know, you have not said one word to me of your companions? I should be glad to know the names of those you are most pleased with. And if they are pleased with you. The little world you are now in, with all the details of chatting, studying, eating, drinking, walking, and sleeping have more interest for me than all the outside world together. So you see the smallest items will be agreeable.

Are your dresses suitable? That is, sufficiently like those of the other pupils? And will you have enough for the present? Perhaps if you should ask, the Directress would let you have a "good run" sometimes, about the grounds this fine October weather, if it is needful for your health. But of this I cannot be sure, as their rules must be nearly the same for all.

You ought by this time to be well acquainted with some of the young ladies. Interest yourself, my dear, in all that surrounds you, and be cheerful and active as possible. That every day may find you more contented and in perfect health is the earnest wish of your Mother.

P.S. I have written these last lines, on account of your Mother's eyes being too weak to see. LOTIE[1]

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *October* 8, 1860

MY DEAR MOTHER: I received your letter, and one from Phil last Wednesday. You must tell him that he must not write any more such letters, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself, for I cried all Wednesday afternoon. Tell him also that I shall receive letters from no one but Harry and himself. Now I will stop giving messages and begin to ask and answer questions. Perhaps you think that because I do not write, that I am very homesick. I am very well contented, but I would give anything to get home to see all the old places and all my friends. The idea of seeing you for half an hour would delight me *infinitely*.

What did Sister write to you that gave you so much satisfaction? I think I shall be as well cared for here as at any other school that I know of. But I think that when I see you, you will decide to have me stay here two years. By that time I shall be in the second class and nearly all the girls leave in that class. Then you will send me to New York for a year, then I shall be through with school. If I do not gain all the prizes you must not be disappointed because I do not think that I shall have more than three at the greatest, and perhaps not any, for it is a long time to look forward to.

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[1] Laura Wright Hildreth, sister of Mrs. Butler.

You asked me to tell you something about the girls. There are very few girls here that I like. I do not think that I ever saw such a strange set of girls gathered together. One girl here, Sue Major, has been to Lowell and says that she likes the place very much, but it is ten years since she was there. I am the only girl here from the North, and the girls make fun of everything that I do, and the way that I pronounce my words. I like Emma Chapman the best of all the girls here. She came from Richmond, Virginia. The other girls do not seem to like me very much, though I do not know the reason why.

My dresses are as suitable as those of the other girls, and I think I shall have enough. Sister told me to go up to the farm every day at one, and stay till two, so you see that my time for practice is better so than to have it like the other girls, for they have but little more than half an hour.

Good-bye dearest Mother. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, October 15, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: What is the matter with your eyes that you cannot write? They were not very weak when I left home, and why was not Father going to write to me for two months?[1] He will be here before that time. How long it is before you all are going to come to see me. I mean how many weeks, for I count them and even the days. I hope that it will be some time about Christmas, as I do not want to stay in school during the vacation. Nearly all of the girls go out either to Washington or to some of the towns near here, with their parents or relatives.

My dresses are getting too short for me. There are very few girls in school taller than I am, and they go sweeping around with their long dresses, tripping up every other minute. I expect that mine look very strangely up to my ankles, but they will have to stay so till I have some more made.

Is Paul growing any? I shall expect to see him quite a tall boy when I get home. I wish that I could see him and Bennie, and *kiss them good.*

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[1] This reference is to a letter, the first of two, from General Butler to his daughter published on pages 2–4, Vol. 1 of "The Private and Official Correspondence of Gen. Benj. F. Butler," 1860–1868. A large number of other family letters are included in the five volumes of this publication.

I have nothing that I *can* write about, as I do not like to write *everything*, but I shall have so much to tell you when you come that I am afraid that I shall not remember all. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 15, 1860

MY DEAR CHILD: I must not longer delay writing, though my eyes still trouble me, or the days will run into weeks, and you will think I have forgotten my promise to write to you very often. I think by your letters you are getting stronger, though you do not say so, and the *hour* kindly given, I see pleases you very much.

The weather is growing cold with us, and even as far South as you are there must be quite a change. When you are out, walk about briskly and get as much exercise as you can. If you sit down you will be very sure to take severe colds. You must learn to be careful for yourself, now you are away from home. If you find you require more flannel, it must be purchased there. The houses I should think would not be as thoroughly warmed as they are here, where the cold is more intense.

Do not be troubled about the prizes. I am sure you will do well when you feel contented and get fairly to work. The girls will like you better when they know you longer. Do not mind what they say of your pronunciation and by no means adopt theirs. Yours is usually clear and correct. Let it remain so. There is but one way to speak the English Language correctly, and thus far you have been well taught. I am pleased with your writing, and it is growing better too, with almost every letter. For myself I shall be obliged, I fear, to have someone write for me if I am troubled so much as of late. If my eyes are weak, they look eagerly for your letters and will be able to see that yours are sent, Dearest. SARAH BUTLER

Academy of the Visitation, October 22, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: I have received your letter, and Mr. and Mrs. George[1] and Mrs. Eli have been here to see me. I was so surprised when Sister Alice came and told me that I was wanted in the parlor. Mrs. Eli told me that Mr. Eli had gone to

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[1] Probably Captain and Mrs. Paul R. George, long time friends of Gen. and Mrs. Butler.

Harpers Ferry with the boys, to be gone three days, when Father called to see him, and when he returned and saw Father's card he went to the National Hotel to see him, but they said that he had left. Mrs. Eli is going to send her daughter over to see me on Saturday afternoons.

I am perfectly well now, but want to see you so much. Mr. George said that he would tell you to write only once a month, but I could not stand that, for every night when I go to bed I count the days to see when I shall get a letter.

I think it must be as cold here as it is at home. Sister Bernard has her hands full, trying to keep the girls from sitting down out of doors. I do not think I shall want any more flannel, but I dislike to have my shirts washed here, for they turn so yellow.

I think that I should be contented if it was not for Latin, and I do not see but that I shall have to study it next year too. However, that is a time too distant to speak of.

When you come on, Mother, please bring some nice soap, for though I clean my teeth night and morning, the soap or something turns them black.

Your devoted daughter, Blanche

Lowell, Mass., *October* 31, 1860

Dear Child: Mr. George came to see me on his return home. He says you are looking very well, and that you have grown taller. I questioned him a great deal, and he gave a very good account of you. Your name he said was first in your French class. He thinks you quite cheerful, and doing very well.

Mrs. Sam Wyman was here to visit us last week. She renewed her invitation for you to spend the vacation at her house in Baltimore. But the difficulty will be the want of an escort. I can think of no one to take charge of you on the journey. It is possible we may go to Washington at Christmas, though by no means sure. If we should, of course you will be with us. Is your vacation a week or a fortnight? Perhaps the Directress might know of some person to take charge of you to Baltimore, if we should decide to have you go. I must say, if it were not too dull for you I should rather prefer you should remain at school than visit strangers to you.

The Nesmith girls are at Concord, and Carrie Richmond at Westford. All of your friends inquire for you whenever I see them.

Paul and Benny are very well contented to go to school and do not ask to stay at home very often. My eyes still trouble me. I have for a time given up reading and sewing, and walk more than I did when you were at home. Write to me every week, and remember I think of you always. MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, November 5, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: You must not think that, my name being first on the French Tableau, I know much about it; for I was in the beginners' class, but have been promoted, and am now in the sixth class. Though I try to do well, sometimes I am very unhappy, particularly when I find that I cannot do as well as I wish in both Latin and English and when I hear the unkind remarks of the girls; but I think that I am pretty well contented.

I shall be quite disappointed if you do not come on here at Christmas, for I do not care to go to Mrs. Wyman's, neither do I like the idea of staying here. The Christmas vacation is a little more than a week. If you do not come Christmas you can send me a box of presents and sweet things. The girls here are getting boxes of eatables all the time, such as chestnuts, jellies in bottles, oranges, hams, etc. I should not object to having some of the currant jelly and blackberry preserve and sweet pickles that are up in the china closet at home. You could pack them up in straw, so that the bottles would not break. Perhaps you think that I would eat so much that I should get sick, but I know too much for that. You see that if I was to stay here Christmas I should miss a great many good things such as we have at home. Do not say that you do not know what to send, because you can send anything and the girls have a place to keep it in.

I must close now. Give my love to all at home.

BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, (*November,* 1860)

DEAR MOTHER: I am going to write to you about my health, as Sister Mary Margaret said that I had better tell you, if you were very anxious. She told me to come to her every evening and morning to take some pills. I believe that they are called iron pills, though I am not sure.

I do not think that I know any more about Latin now than I did when I first came. I can never have a decent lesson in it, as we have no given time to study it, only every spare minute that I can take from my other studies. I do not think that I shall study it next year, but take drawing and singing lessons instead. My dresses are all too short for me, and Sister at the Wardrobe told me to write and ask you to let me have two made here.

The girls will not believe that I am not fourteen. They say that I must be fifteen or sixteen. It is the same here that it is in every school that I ever went to. I am the youngest girl in the class but I ought to be ashamed of myself for not being higher in Arithmetic. Some large girls here cannot say to the seventh line of their multiplication table without making a great many mistakes, but this is not because they are not taught here but they were not made to learn it before they came here.

I received your letter on Saturday afternoon and was delighted to hear that you are coming on. As to Latin, one teacher said that she would shorten the lesson but she only did it for one lesson and then made it longer than before. The next letter that you write you must tell me all about grandmother, as I suppose that you will hear from George.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *November* 7, 1860

DEAR CHILD: I am obliged to vary my days for writing on account of my eyes. I can use them sometimes with less difficulty than at others. The trouble is not loss of vision, but an intense pain in the eyeball when I use them much.

Your going away from home troubled me very much, but we must both get reconciled to it. I am very glad you are growing more contented. If we are satisfied altogether, Florence will go with you next year.

The Nesmith girls come home every Sunday and Mary weeps still because she is obliged to go back. So that being near home does not seem to help the matter at all. But you will look at it, dearest, from a better point of view—not merely to get through the time, and have done with school, but that you will study carefully, for future use and be what I desire to see you, a highly educated and accomplished woman. Remember that no exertion of your teachers can ever effect this without your own most earnest labour. If you find your lessons too long, after you have tried your best—Latin, for instance, as you wrote of that—say so to your teacher. No doubt she would prefer half the lesson, well studied, to an imperfect recitation. You must never think that because the lesson is long, that you are not even to try to get it. That will never do.

George Butler[1] is in New York and will be here in a day or two. He is to make application to get into the Army for his exploits among the Indians. He will be in Washington, and we also, I think, somewhere about Christmas. When I wish to hear that no one has tried more than my daughter to please her Mother.

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *November* 19, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: I wish that you would tell me what is going on at home. Is Father going to have a fountain on the avenue, and a pond down behind the barn? How does the green house look? I suppose it is one mass of bloom. I would give anything to be there. When you come on I want you to bring me some Passion Flowers. I suppose that you will consider this a very strange request, but you can bring the flowers if you put sealing wax on the ends and put them in some cotton in a box. I should not care if you put some other flowers with them, but the Japonicas will not be in blossom until January, and of course you will come before then.

I hope I shall not forget about the flowers before I go home. You cannot think how much I miss them. It looks so bare here without flowers, and the trees are all stripped of their leaves. The sun seldom shines clearly here and there is always a fog. We have had nothing at all to put me in mind of the Indian Summer at home. It is here very much as I should imagine it to be in London.

I have not forgotten any of those things that you told me to do before I left home, and I am very careful not to stoop over and I think that the bone is growing in on my neck.

We are going to have a Fancy Ball, I believe Thanksgiving night. I wish you would tell me what character to take. I think I shall be a German peasant girl, but am not certain.

I must close now, as Sister wishes to correct the letters in class. Give my love to all. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, D.C., *November* 26, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: You have not written to me for a week, at least I have not received your letter, and I begin to think that you are forgetting me.

We went out in Georgetown last Saturday to see a Panorama. It is the first time that I have been out since I came here.

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[1] Son of Andrew Jackson Butler, General Butler's brother.

It is very necessary for me to have two more dresses, for I really have nothing to wear. It may seem strange, for you thought that I had plenty, and I should have if they had not taken my blue dress for a uniform. I shall be a Yankee girl in the Fancy Ball, and wear a short black skirt with a dark calico dress and a checked apron. I do not know how to fix my hair, but I think I shall do it up in "pig tails" as the girls call them. It is not a pretty character to be sure, but Sister Loretto gave it to me, and all the girls have funny characters.

Please tell Sarah Hunt I have not forgotten her, although I have not kept my promise of writing to her. Tell her that I shall miss the old swing on the hill this coming Spring, and the nice times we used to have picking violets. The weather is very cold here now, for the river is frozen nearly half way over, and I judge by that that the thermometer stands many degrees below zero.

I was penanced last Saturday for talking in class, and so you see that I have lost my ticket for this month, and I do not think that I shall try for my honor.

Give my love to all at home, and kiss Benny and Paul. Tell all my aunts to write to me, so that I can have letters often. BLANCHE

Academy of Visitation, December 3, 1860

DEAR MOTHER: I received Father's letter last Wednesday and I am very sorry to hear that your eyes are no better.

My vacation begins 21st of December and ends on the 2nd of January, so you see that we have nearly two weeks vacation. You cannot think with what joy I look forward to it, only twenty-three days before I can see you. As for my health, it is very good generally. But my ankles are so weak that I cannot run across the play room without putting them out of joint.

Before Father's letter came I went down in Georgetown and bought me a dress. I know that you will say what does that child know about choosing a dress. But I am not considered a child here, and besides one of the Sisters went with me. I spoke to Sister about having them let down, but she said that there was no letting down to them.

This is a queer place, for you cannot say anything but what it is heard by every one of the Sisters. I told somebody, I cannot remember who it was, that I did not know any more about Latin now than I did when I first came, and my teacher heard it and would not let me draw for the ticket because she said that I had openly avowed that I had not learned anything.

I must close now, as my time is nearly up. Good-bye dearest Mother. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, January 7, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: Here I am again trying to make up my mind to study like a "Trojan," and to please Sister Augustin. But I want to ask you about the embroidery—you forgot to say anything to Sister Bernard about it, or to ask her when we had Distribution, and I want you to write, and tell me whether I shall take it or not.

In your letters you never say one word about politics. I suppose that you think it will take my mind from my studies. But I think that it would do me good to hear something now and then, besides the stories that the girls get round; and you must tell me something about yourself. Easter comes on the 31st of March and Lent on the 3rd or 15th of February, I am not certain which. Did you get very tired on your journey home?

Katy Irving is Washington Irving's niece, so one of the girls told me. Some of the girls are so certain of going home that they do not intend to study. That will make no difference with me however. *Your ever-devoted daughter*, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, January 14, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: We were examined on Saturday, so I could not write to you in my letter book, and I thought a fortnight too long for you to go without hearing from me; so while you are snugly in bed I am writing to you.

You must tell Florence if she wants to go into the second class next year, she must be very careful about her composition, as that is almost the only thing that determines the classes, and if she studies composition and when you come on in Sept. *you* tell Sister Bernard that you would like to have her put in my class I think that she will do it, for I know that Florence could learn the lessons there very easily.

I have not entirely gotten over my cold yet. You will remember, if you look over my last letter, that I told you that some of the girls did not intend to study because they thought they were going home. I suppose that Sister Bernard must have read it, for she talked to the girls the next day in the study room.

Please write your letters the old way—they are a great deal better, and I do not want you to tell me any news, except to ask Father what he thinks about Civil War.

I have not missed my examination lessons as yet. There goes the breakfast bell, and I must stop. Give my love to all at home.
BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, January 28, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: The examination is over at last, and I will try to write a decently long letter, for I have not had any time till now. We have been examined in all the lessons of the class except Composition and Botany. The only thing that is left is Music, which I expect will take place in a week or so. I received your letter last Thursday, and Wednesday I commenced embroidery. Sister thought I had better commence on black broadcloth, and so I have begun a pair of slippers for you and a pair for Pa.

You may be sure that the sweetmeats were very nice, but I did not have time to eat them in recreation, so I had them put on the table. Are you going to send me that barrel of apples you spoke about? I told one of the girls that you were going to send me a barrel, because they were decaying, and she said she would like half a barrel of decayed. Do you think that I write very coldly? Sister thinks I do.

Just think, five more months to stay here before I can go home to see you all. I want to see you so much. We shall soon commence regular lessons and then I hope the time will fly very fast, for when I think of home and you, and Paul and Benny and the Green House, it almost sets me crazy. It snowed all day Saturday and the sleighs were flying past on Sunday.

Do you think that Grandma will stop here on her way home? It would make the journey a great deal longer. Give my love to Pa, and tell him that he must write to me although I cannot answer his letter.

Your ever-devoted daughter, BLANCHE BUTLER

Academy of the Visitation, February 4, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: I received your letter last Thursday and was surprised to hear that it was so cold at home, for it has not been cold enough here as yet to freeze the river. Who was at the skating match? I mean, who were the skaters? You must have caught a nice cold staying up at the pond so long.

The examination is over and my report was very good. I drew the tickets in Latin, Arithmetic and in French Conversation. Sister was kind enough to let me draw in music.

The time seems so long since you went away. I wonder if Mrs. Douglas found out who you were. The Basses and Mollie Gowin went to see me the day you left. I suppose you remember hearing me speak of them. I am not discontented, but I want to see you all very much. Sometimes I wish that they would have Civil War, if I could go home.

We had a holiday last Tuesday, and the girls had the minstrels. They had on all kinds of dresses, and horse hair for wool, their faces were all blacked up and they had guitars and other musical instruments. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, February 11, 1861

MY DARLING MOTHER: What is the matter with you all at home? I have not received a letter for a week and a half. Are you sick, or what is the matter? I could not content myself, only I suppose that you are very busy fixing for Grandmother.

The fourth of March will soon be here, and I expect that there will be a great deal of excitement in Washington; I heard that the ladies are leaving there already. Please write and tell me if there will be Civil War, or at least what you think of it.

What are they all doing at home? Did you receive my letter and tickets last Thursday? How are Paul and Benny? I suppose that Benny was delighted with his sled. Has Paul learned to skate yet? I hope that he has not hurt himself on the ice, for I remember that I fell down a great many times when I tried to learn, but after he once gets the balance he can get along nicely. You cannot imagine how I want to go home. I hope something will happen that will make me go. I wonder where I shall be next Easter. I wish that you would come on again at that time. BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation

DEAR MOTHER: I received your letter last Thursday, and the day before one from Pamela. I have nearly finished my slippers, and then I shall work a toilet set on white moire antique silk with chenille.

We were examined in Music a day or two ago, and Sister Blandine said that I had improved very much and has put me in another class. You have forgotten that I told you that I could not learn drawing, because if I did I should have no recreation as we go to drawing class from one till two and that is all the time I have to myself during the day, except at night, and then only half an hour, and besides I could not go out to walk. You must not think that all the girls receive tickets, for there is only one ticket given for one thing in class, and when two or three girls do equally well they draw for it.

Do you think that you will be on here Distribution? If you do come you can hear the girls sing, and I should feel so strange to go home with a stranger.

Your ever-devoted daughter, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *March* 11, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: You must not feel anxious because you did not receive a letter from me last week, as I went out with Uncle on Monday. He came over quite early in the morning, and we had breakfast at Clay's Hotel, with the Misses Bean, and we stood on the balcony all the morning and saw the procession go by; then Uncle took me up to Mr. Baker's and there he decided that I had better go to the Ball; although I was not at all anxious to do so. Carrie Bean lent me a white muslin dress, which with a cherry sash, white gloves, a cherry and white fan, a pair of white kid slippers with little rosettes on the top, completed my outfit. We went about half past nine and returned at half past three. As I refused to dance every set but one, ate a very light supper, I did not experience any ill effects from it excepting a slight cold, which you know was impossible to avoid.

Please send me the other six yards of muslin so that I can have the dress made with a double skirt, and if you do not think it worth while to send, you can give me permission to get it here. As we cannot wear hoops at the Distribution, it looks much better to have a double skirt. Send at the same time some valenciennes lace to trim the capes with, as we cannot have low necks.

I received the apples and you may be sure they were very welcome. I will send you the tickets I received this month in class. *Your ever devoted daughter*, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, March 31, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: I received Father's letter last Wednesday and was delighted to hear that all are well at home. I also liked his advice with regard to Latin very much, and I shall study it this year without any hope of a premium.

You are always so anxious about my health that I suppose I must tell you that I am very well in every letter, for I have not been really sick since I have been here. The bumps are beginning to come now, so I am going to stop eating butter.

Please tell me what to do next in embroidery. I have made two pair of slippers, a mouchoir case, and two pincushions. I intend to make a glove case, and then you must tell me what to do next.

We have had a nice time this vacation, but when we go to play prisoner's base and raise the gates as high as the sky, Sister rings the bell and says that we shall tear our clothes, so we have to stop. I think that the more we run the better, and it does not make much difference if we do tear them a little.

The climate is so different from ours here. The apple trees are putting out their leaves, and the peach and cherry trees are in full bloom. I have a good many hyacinths that the girls have given me, and the violets will soon be in bloom. I wish that I was at home to get some out of Wyman's woods, but we cannot get them there until the middle of May, so you see the climate here is a whole month sooner than ours. Good bye. I must stop now, as I wish to study some, and believe me

Your ever-devoted daughter, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, April 8, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: The vacation's all over and we have all commenced to study again. It is nearly time to go home now. You cannot think with what pleasure I look forward to that time. Where are we going next summer? I mean, what excursion was it that Father spoke about? Please write and tell me what you are doing, and what you are going to do.

I do not think that I shall stand examination in Music from *my Aunts* as *you* say, for I do not think they deserve to be called so when they do not take enough interest in me to write. The marks were read out on Wednesday and I received three tickets, one in embroidery, one in *Latin*, and my conduct ticket which I did not deserve, for one night (I cannot imagine what was the matter with me) I was laughing with one of the girls during prayers and Sister saw us and sent my companion out of the room but she told me afterwards that she would have sent me if it had not been my first offense.

But I am going to try in earnest. This month I drew in a good many of my other studies. Next month the last examination commences and I hope to be able to say all of my lessons without missing.

Mrs. Eli came over the other day with a lady from Exeter, N.H., but you know what a bad hand I am to remember names, and as this one did not happen to strike me particularly I have forgotten it. Mrs. Eli sent her love to you.

Your ever-devoted daughter, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *April* 16, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: Time is rapidly passing and soon I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all at home once more.

I hope that they will have Distribution before the Fourth of July, for if they celebrate it here as they do at Lowell and Boston, I should like to be on my way home at that time; for we should go through New York and I am sure they ought to have a great show there. But perhaps they are not as patriotic here as there, for the New Englanders you know are famous for patriotism. I look forward with great pleasure to my journey, for I think I know every little town on the route, so that I can say at every one I come to I am so much nearer home.

Are you going to have a strawberry party when I get home? You could have it on the third day after I arrive, and then it would be my welcome.

My letters seem to be getting shorter and shorter each time, but I will make up for it sometime by telling you all I omit to write.

If you have any spare time this spring, please make me some under clothes, as my supply has nearly given out, and I do not want you to have anything to do when I get home. You can make them to fit Aunt Lottie in every way, for if they fit her I am sure they will me.

Dear me, I suppose that I must be a young lady soon. I declare, I wish I was not so large. It is so troublesome to put on ladylike airs, for they are all put on with me. I feel like a little girl and I am going to act like one when there is no one to look at me. But when there is I must draw down my face, wearily shut my eyes, and keep up a constant cough, for you know that it is not fashionable to be without a cold.

Your ever-devoted daughter, BLANCHE

A letter dated April 24, 1861, from Blanche to her father, printed on Page 36, Vol. 1 of "the Private and Official Corre-

spondence of Gen. Benj. F. Butler" shows the unsettled state of affairs for the girls at the Academy.

As there was fear that the rebel forces would occupy Washington, Blanche was taken from the Academy of Visitation to Annapolis, May 3rd, 1861, where her father, General Butler, commanding Massachusetts volunteers, had established his headquarters.

Annapolis, Maryland, *May* 3, 1861

Dear Mother: Here I am safe and sound at Annapolis, with Father and Aunt Harriet[1]—in a great big house with a beautiful little garden with some flowers all in bloom. The house is furnished neatly but plainly, and everything is as comfortable as can be.

We have a great many visitors, and I do not think it dull at all. The broad bay, shining in the sunlight, with lots of little steamers gliding over its surface, the soldiers with their many-colored uniforms, present a scene that is not soon to be forgotten.

We have the nicest servants here that you ever saw. They are all blacks and do their work very well. Auntie has but little care, only giving orders for what she wants, and we have it cooked in the best way.

I think that you had better come on, even if it is only for a change, and to stay a week or two. There is not the least danger here, for it is my opinion the Southerners have very few soldiers in arms and are standing on the defensive side. They do not care to engage with the seventy-five thousand men called for by President Lincoln, and so will keep themselves at home.

Aunt Harriet says that she will go home and keep house while you are away. You had better take Paul with you, as it is a very healthy place, the salt water of the bay coming up within a few hundred yards of the house, so that it is nearly equal to a watering place; and you know what pleasure it would give him to be with four thousand troops. He would nearly jump out of his skin for joy.

You ought to come on Father's account. He would be so much happier if you would, and you know that Aunt cannot stay here long, so Father will be left without anybody to keep house for him.

You can take Bennie and Hattie[2] over to Aunt Susan's[3] until

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[1] Harriet Hildreth Heard (Mrs. Franklin Fiske Heard), sister of Mrs. Butler.

[2] The daughter of Mrs. Heard.

[3] Susan Hildreth Webster (Mrs. William Prentiss Webster), sister of Mrs. Butler.

Aunt Harriet gets there, for she will start when you arrive, and you will have the pleasure of my company while you stay. There is not any danger in traveling, only a little delay at Philadelphia and Havre de Grace. You will have a very nice time, and you had better come.

Do not believe half the stories that you hear. They are nearly all false. Jeff Davis, who we heard at the convent a month ago was coming to take Georgetown, has not done so yet, and the latest news from that distinguished secessioner was that he was at Richmond alone to transact some business. I do not believe that either of these reports is true, and there is no credit to be placed in a hundred just such other ones.

Governor Boutwell was here the other night, and said that he would call and see you to tell you the state of things.

The reason why Auntie and myself did not go on with Uncle Reade was, not having heard from you, we were afraid that we should pass you on the way. BLANCHE

Belvidere Hill,[1] LOWELL, MASS., *May* 15, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: We are all well and doing nicely. I know that this will be the first question that you ask. It is vacation now, and Florence is staying with me. I still continue to practice my two hours a day, but I wish that you were here, for as I am alone with Aunt Harriet I must keep on my dignity and so I cannot have a very good time. If you were here I should feel more free, and go out more.

Thursday, May 16

We received two letters from you through the politeness of Mr. Crane, and of course we were delighted to hear from you. I should judge from your letter that we have not painted Annapolis in too glowing colors, for you seem to like it very much.

Don't you want me to come on bye and bye to keep you company? You must be very lonesome there without any other ladies, but still you have gentlemen enough to make up for them. I hope you will not stay there all summer, for what sort of a vacation would it be for me to be away from you all the time? I might as well be at school almost. I have fully experienced within the last two weeks the feelings expressed in the old song "What is home without a Mother," and certainly anything but agreeable.

My time is taken up entirely with practice, writing, and drilling my company. By the way you do not know, I suppose, that I am the Captain of a Company of Belvidere girls. I shall send some dispatches by Paul to Father, begging him to send for us.

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[1] Name of General Butler's home in Lowell.

But I think I have spent time enough talking about myself and my wishes, so I will change the subject to something of more importance. We can have Paul ready by Friday and he will go on with Mr. Crane. Please tell Aunt Lottie that Mrs. Shedd asked four dollars and eighty-seven cents for cutting her dress and plaiting the skirt. Aunt Harriet says that she has done nothing but buy things ever since you went away, but she thinks that things will become more settled bye and bye. The more the place is curtailed the better pleased she will be.

I received a letter from Sister Bernard and she sends her love to you. The school is not broken up. It was all a false report. A great many girls are there now, and she will commence the examinations next week.

Your devoted daughter, BLANCHE

Camp Belvidere, May 16, 1861

Genl. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

DEAR SIR: Please to send for my company at the earliest time possible, because as we received orders to hold ourselves ready at a moment's warning, we have been organized nearly two weeks, and the men are really spoiling for a fight.

We are equal to the 7th New York regiment—as we are comprised of persons from the highest families in the city and *of course* we shall not be asked to put ourselves in any *great danger*. Hoping that you will send for us soon, I subscribe myself,

Captain B. BUTLER

Belvidere Hill, May 26, 1861

DEAR MOTHER: Mr. Clemence arrived today and brought Aunt Lottie's letter. We were all delighted to hear that you were going to Fortress Monroe, as we thought it would be better for Father to have you with him. Still, of course, we were very much disappointed that you did not come home, but we are willing to sacrifice our own pleasure for that of other people.

The news came today that there had been a battle at Sewell's Point.

Please tell us what men to send away.[1] We have Charlie,

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[1] Arranging household for absence of Mrs. Butler and for the uncertainties which lay ahead for General Butler.

Jerry, and Burleigh, the latter can do all the work that is to be done with one man. Jerry I think had better go, as Charlie is very anxious to stay and on many accounts he would be of more service to us. The horses will be turned out on Tuesday. We keep the "old white" so that we can ride out sometimes.

If there is any opportunity we will send Paul's other suit, as he will be sure to want it if he stays there long.

Give my love to all. Tell Paul that Benny does not seem to miss him very much, as he makes a companion of Hattie and the two go to school together. Kiss Father four dozen times for me and tell him that I am afraid that I shall have to disband the company if he does not send for us soon. They say that the Butler Rifles are really in great want of food, and Uncle Webster is trying to get all of my Aunts to give something. Write and tell us how much you and Aunt Lottie are willing to give. The city government will do very little for them on account of the name. They have thoughts of disbanding if someone does not help them.

Mr. Pearsons came here this evening with the report that Uncle Jackson[1] was killed and that we were telegraphed to that effect; but as we had none, and he had no belief in it, we have no fear that it is so. He wished us to say that at a flag raising at Whipples Mills he made a short speech, and nominated Father President, at which the people set up the greatest hurrahing and shouting that he ever heard. There were present about two thousand men.

Your ever devoted "Little daughter" Blanche

Belvidere Hill, June 6, 1861

Dear Mother, Father, Lottie & Paul: After going down to Lowell for three or four nights in succession, at length we received the pleasing intelligence that you had all arrived safe at Fortress Monroe. At the same time we heard that Father was to be sent back to Baltimore and that Major Gen. N. P. Banks would take his place in Virginia, so all of your washing and cleaning has come to naught, except that it will save Mrs. Banks and the little boy that must have his tea, a heap of trouble. We do not believe all of this to be true.

Sunday we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. George Pearsons over to Dracut, and he did not look at all like a man who had shown the white feather.

We have now pertaining to our household two dogs, an old white horse named Charlie and two small pigs. The two dogs took the cat the other day, one by the head and the other by the tail, and pulled the poor cat in two. We were all up stairs when it happened and witnessed the same through the window. Aunt Harriet turned blue, red and purple. We thought she would faint. Hilda ran down and struck Hugo with a stick over the nose, whereupon the beast gave her a look as though he would eat her up, and snatching the cat away from Major, rushed off into the woods with it.

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[1] Andrew Jackson Butler, brother of General Butler.

We have been expecting that Major Clemence's would come up and tell us the news, but as he has not been here yet I think the news that he will bring will be rather like the bread that we had at the convent.

Aunts Susan, Lauretta, and Rowena are deep in the mysteries of dressmaking. They all have gored dresses alike, with black velvet trimmings, buttons, etc. etc., but Aunt Susan has got ahead of the rest as hers is finished and has been worn several times.

Mrs. Captain Dolly Maria Hildreth Parker[1] is "In status quo." Our friends, Mrs. Edson and Lizzie, call often to hear the news. Miss Lizzie wishes to know if you have received her epistle and a bundle of shirts for the Hospital. If you have, please acknowledge the receipt of them, and by so doing you will oblige her very much.

Have you heard that splendid piece of poetry about Father commencing, "General Butler, he's a brick, And to his country true he'll stick, etc, etc." If you have not, you can ask Paul to sing it for you.

(*Strictly private*)

Dear Mother: Why are you so anxious about this war, it was destined to be from the first settlement of this New World. It is all directed by the hands of the all Powerful, who I hope is on our side.

The Southerners are sure to be overcome at last, for according to the old adage "Those who take up the sword shall fall by the sword." But I do not think you are so much troubled about the termination of the war as by what we may all lose by it. Put your faith in our Father and He will shield us from any harm that may threaten to befall us unless it should be for the best. God grant that this may not be so. But keep up your spirits and be assured that everything will turn out right at last.

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[1] Mrs. John M. G. Parker, a sister of Mrs. Butler.

Do not make fun of this and say how foolish it is in Blanche to try to write what she is not old enough to comprehend, for although I may have not expressed my thoughts very clearly (for that would be impossible) still overlook all the mistakes and take the will for the deed.

I wish I was with you, for it seems as though you would not feel so downcast if I was there. Please do not show this to anyone there, for they will be sure to make fun and if they do I shall feel it clear here and shrink away like the sensitive plant.

Your devoted daughter, Blanche

(*General and Mrs. Butler remain at Fortress Monroe.*)

Belvidere Hill, June 20, 1861

Dear Mother: You cannot imagine what a pleasant surprise we had this morning when Paul and Lottie came. They had a very pleasant journey and do not seem fatigued in the least.

We could not get the caps and things ready to send by Clemence, as he starts this afternoon at two o'clock, but we will send them as soon as we have an opportunity—and the hair oil also. Fisher and Lottie were quite seasick, but Paul ate a very hearty supper and was not sick in the least.

You had better come home pretty soon—as I am quite sure you will be homesick there without Aunt Lottie.

Your devoted daughter, Blanche

Belvidere Hill, June 27, 1861

Dear Mother: You must not be impatient for a letter, for as I have been a little sick I could not answer yours sooner.

Aunt Harriet & Lottie have been getting up a bonnet of purple silk covered with crape, white thread lace and white flowers. They think that it will be very beautiful, but *I* shall not express *my* opinion.

We had a drill the other night, and as some of the girls were absent we did not make a very great show. We had eight "speckled taters" up here. Mrs. & Miss Edson, Mrs. Carleton and daughter, Mr. & Mrs. Hovey and son, Mrs. Emerson.

There are a great many people coming here since you have been away. They seem to think the house more genial since the mistress has departed, but I suppose they think they can hear news from Headquarters direct. Besides it is grander to visit the house of a Major General of the U.S.A. than a Brigadier General of the M.V.M.

We hear that Uncle Jackson has gone to New York. Is that so? We also hear that you went to a reception given by Col. Max Weber. Did you wear your purple silk? Good-bye, darling Mother. Give my best love to Father. With a kiss,

BLANCHE

Belvidere Hill, July 6, 1861

Dearest MOTHER: The Fourth of July is over, and with it a heap of trouble and excitement. The programme of our amusements for the day was as follows: First, Florence and myself were awakened at sunrise by the roar of cannon and ringing of bells leaving us wide awake, but too lazy to get up. At last we managed to do so, and of course went to firing crackers. I had on my cambric, which was soiled, pinned up behind as the washerwomen do, and Aunt Harriet's waterproof cape. With my usual bad luck I burned only half a breadth before I knew I was on fire, but Aunt Harriet has repaired damages.

At half past eight we went down to the office and Charlie drove the children around to see what there was to be seen and to have Bennie's hair cut, then took them over to Aunt Susan's. I wish you could see Ben's hair. It is cut off within an inch of his head, but what makes it look the strangest is that it is speckled all over yellow and brown, so you can imagine how he looks. But I do not see that this has anything to do with the amusements of the day, so I will return to my subject.

After waiting in the office a little while, the procession of girls and boys came by on their way to Whipple's Grove, where the refreshments were music, speeches, and water. When Charlie came back he drove us up there and around the Cemetery and then home. In the afternoon some of the folks came up and in the evening we all went over to Uncle Webster's. About half past nine Col. Sawtel came over and said that he was going up to the General's about ten o'clock with the band; that he had not missed a night for the last seventeen years—that is, Fourth of July nights—and he thought it his duty to one who had always been his friend; that he should not come in on any account and he only wanted the house lighted up. So at ten they came and after playing a little while he made a speech and concluded by asking them to play "Yankee Doodle" as that was the General's favorite tune.

So as I have finished my description of the Fourth of July, and have used up my paper, I will now close.

Your ever-devoted Captain BUTLER

Belvidere Hill, July 17, 1861

Dear Mother: As you must be very anxious to hear from home, no matter how often, I will write although Lottie sent a letter on Monday.

You cannot imagine how disappointed Phil will be not to go for he was so very anxious to spend two or three weeks of his vacation at the Fortress so as to see, I suppose, how soldiers live and to be where something *will* be going on, for I can assure you it is very dull here, and if it were not for my Company I think I should die of ennui. I always look forward with a great deal of pleasure for Monday and Thursday evenings (these are the nights we drill). We have eighteen recruits. I read Hardie's Tactics, and shall soon be able to say the Manual of Arms off by heart.

You are coming home before I go away to school, are you not? I do not think I could make up my mind to go back to school without seeing you for two weeks at least. If you do not come on please send for me and let me come down to the Fortress. I cannot take any interest in the things at school if I do not see you and Father before I go back. Of course you have seen the catalogue which the Directress promised to send to you. Are you satisfied with my exertions? Remember that I am the youngest in my class, and in the one below for that matter. But I must "halt." Just see all that I have written about myself. I declare I must be getting quite selfish.

Aunt Harriet is well and all of the children except Hattie, who had eaten too many currants and then drank two or three cups of milk, but she is better now.

Good-bye. One hundred kisses between you and Father.

Your affectionate Captain Blanche

Belvidere Hill, July 21, 1861

As we drilled last night for the last time, dear Mother, and had a presentation I thought it my duty to write and tell you all about it. We went down to Mr. Nesmith at six o'clock and marched till nine, when your dutiful daughter presented to Sam Abbott a beautiful writing desk with the following speech:

"Lieut. Abbott: In behalf of the Stella light guard I present you with this slight token of our regard, that you may know we fully appreciate your kindness in coming from other and perhaps more agreeable pursuits to perform the duties of a drill master; and if we have not done justice to your skill and patience we cheerfully acknowledge that it is our fault and not yours. Should we be called into active service and achieve some great and glorious victory, no small share of the honor will be given to our first instructor. And from the Laurel wreaths which a grateful country may weave around our brows, we will each pluck the most shining leaf with which to crown him who first directed us into the path of glory."

In reply to this absurd little speech, poor Sam could only stammer something about being very hoarse from drilling us all of the evening, but still we must give the poor fellow his due and a great many excuses, for he did not know that he would be required to speak until a few minutes before. This part of the program being over, we went into the house and had some refreshments, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "The Red, White, and Blue"; danced the Lancers, then we went home.

I am going to have my photograph taken in my military dress (as I cannot call it a uniform exactly) and I shall send it on to Father. We are all well and very anxious to hear from you.

Your affectionate daughter, Blanche

Washington, *September*, 1861. *Friday Morning*

Dear Mother: Here we are in Washington, as we were so delayed at some of the stations on the way that we did not arrive here until 8½ o'clock last night, too late to go to the Convent, as they would all have been in bed.

I am very well. In fact, better than when I started, only a little tired. I have never travelled so pleasantly before over that tiresome route. We did not stop in Baltimore as expected, but came directly through from New York, where we stopped one day and night. Florence and myself, but with Uncle Fisher of course to take us, went to Barnum's, which is almost opposite the Astor House.

But here I fear my letter must take on an abrupt and final close, as Uncle Fisher is ready to take us to Georgetown. I shall get him to direct this letter. I shall not write again until a week from tomorrow, as by that time my things at school will be quietly fixed and I shall have forgotten my homesickness enough to think of you without crying.

Now, dear Mother, you must excuse this badly written and composed letter, as I am obliged to write on my carpet bag and with a broken pencil. *Good-bye, with a kiss*, Blanche

Academy of the Visitation, January 2, 1862

Dear Mother: Has Father started for "Dixie" yet? Or, are we to have war with our *great friend* "Old England" whose sense of honor we have so recently hurt, and so render it necessary for the troops to remain at home?

I received your loving letter yesterday, and it gave me a great deal of consolation; for although I am not homesick it is very pleasant to hear from Mother and home. Sister Stannie wishes me to take lessons in vocal music. She says I have a fine voice, and that a year or two is not enough to give flexibility to it. I told her you thought me too young, but she said that I was not, for she would be very careful not to make me sing too much and that it would be difficult for me to overcome the faults that I should acquire by trying to sing before I had had any instruction whatsoever. She will give me the Tenor in a piece for Distribution, and I have already sung some in the Choir. How it was done I will not say.

There is one objection you will make I am afraid to what I propose, that is, that I shall have to give up Latin, but I think it would be impossible for me to do justice to my other studies if I continue it, and my teacher thinks it would be difficult for me to succeed in all if I undertake so much. Singing will not take near as much of my time as Latin, because I do not have to study near as much, and so I could have that time for something else (if there is any extra). Now, dear Mother, you must not think that I wish to take singing lessons so as to be able to get rid of Latin, for I never thought of such a thing. I went over with the girls to hear them sing, and Sister Stannie asked me if I had a voice. I told her I did not know, so she tried it and said the only fault was I did not open my mouth wide enough.

I believe I love singing better than anything else; still if you think I had better keep on with Latin of course I have nothing to say except it will be a great burden. You must not imagine, Mother, from what I have said that I wish to give it up forever. Oh! No! My idea is to study it during the next vacation and recite it to Dr. Edson. Perhaps you do not believe in that kind of study, but you have not tried me yet. Please grant my request.

Give my love to Father, Grandmother and all. Take as many kisses as you can. A Happy New Year to all.

Yours affectionately, Blanche

Academy of Visitation, February 16, 1862

Dear Mother: Uncle Fisher[1] and Capt. George were here last week, and of course we were delighted to see them, especially Florence, who had not the least idea that her father was in Washington.

How long do you think that Father will stay down South? Would you not like to come to Georgetown and board near the Convent this winter? Then I could come up and stay with you every night. But I am imagining things. That cannot possibly happen.

I am trying to make up my mind to stay here during the summer vacation, as one of the girls will do the same, and I can be studying some of the lessons for the first Class, improving myself in music and singing, reading, history, etc., which you know I shall not be able to do if I go home; still I am afraid all my good resolutions will fly away when I see Florence going, and I think that I must stay. So I will not talk about it until the time comes, and perhaps you will not wish me to stay.

Florence's mother told her that Phil and Harry[2] and everybody else, I should think, have had the measles. Is it an epidemic, or what? Florence is getting in the way of study now, I believe, and will do very well.

Is the camp entirely broken up in Lowell, and what is the news? Of course, being in a Convent, we enjoy anything which comes from home.

Your most affectionate "Little Bunty"

Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, D.C., *March* 23, 1862

Dear Mother: I received the letter which you sent to Auntie, and a thrill of horror mingled with thanksgiving came over me when I read the account of the ship wreck. I almost think that you were saved by the prayers of the Sisters and girls, for many a long and earnest one followed the Mississippi on its voyage.

I shall want a summer cloak and bonnet to wear during the Easter vacation, as the girls will probably go out to walk every day with the Sisters. Can I ask Aunt Harriet to send me my bonnet, and will you tell her what kind of a cloak to get me? You will remember that I have none, and that my felt hat is too warm for this climate in April and the first of May.

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[1] Fisher Ames Hildreth, brother of Mrs. Butler.

[2] Harry Reade, brother of Phil and son of "Aunt Nina."

Please tell Father that Bishop Fitzpatrick from Boston was here, and that he sends his love and blessing.

Poor General McClellan has to take a storm of abuse from all quarters, because he allowed the rebels to escape him at Manassas. What a poor thing is popular favor, is it not? You see, I am beginning to moralize young.

Is it not warm at Beaufort, or rather, Ship Island, for no doubt you will have arrived there by the time this letter reaches you.

I only wish I were with you, but as I know that it is impossible I shall make up my mind to do well in all of my classes so that I may be able to join you next year. Then I shall have passed the "Golden hours of childhood" and I hope will be able to make some reparation for the many loving kindnesses received from my darling Mother.

Your devoted daughter, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *August* 15, 1862

DEAR FATHER: I cannot send this speech without my love with it, although my hand is so very tired I can hardly move it. Mother received your letter yesterday, and as Uncle Fisher's ship is to sail today, I have been obliged to write *my* speech very quickly. Next mail you shall have a nice long letter. Mother is growing fatter under my care, and when you see her again you will be surprised at the change in her appearance.

I showed the photographs which you sent me to Uncle Webster, and if you will believe it he was quite nettled to think you look so young.

Last Wednesday we returned from Lowell Island after a stay of a week. I could not prevail upon Mother to go. Mother sends her love. I have not time to ask the boys if they have a store on hand, to send. Give my respects to all my friends. Good-bye, with a kiss. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 8, 1862

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter came this morning. I was very happy to get it, and to know that you are quite well. You will be sorry to hear that I am very busy packing and shall start for New Orleans on Saturday. Your Aunt Maria, her two children, and I think Lottie will go at the same time. I must tell you, dearie, I start with great reluctance, and dread the voyage more than I am willing to say.

The last letter from your Father makes complaint that you do not write oftener. When I am there you must write every week. Do not fail to do this. Direct to me at New Orleans. I will write to you as often as a vessel leaves. That, I think, will be once a week.

I am glad you are studying so bravely, but do not overtax yourself and get sick. Be careful, both you and Florence, of the stoop in the shoulders. You ought to have out of door exercise every day. I hope Mr. Varnum will not call accompanied by other gentlemen. If he does do so, you are not obliged to see them. The fewer calls the better, dearie, except from nearest friends, till you have done with school and home again with me.

Oh, how I long to have done with this roving, to be home again in quiet with the family all at home. When will that time ever come? I sometimes fear we are scattered not to be gathered again under the shelter of home for a long time, if ever. But we must be patient, and hope for better times. Remember me at night, when you repeat your prayers, and ask that we may come to you again in safety, with no more necessity for going away.

MOTHER

GEORGETOWN, *October* 12, 1862

DEAR MOTHER: I began to think that you had forgotten me, when your long wished-for letter arrived. I must say that my pleasure at receiving it was greatly diminished when I saw that you were preparing to go to New Orleans. You seem so far away from me now, but when there in that warm and unhealthy climate, the distance appears unmeasurable. I am very glad, however, that you are to have company, for it will take much away from your loneliness. Father will have no more reason to complain about my not writing to him, for every week a letter shall go to New Orleans, and you and he must share the contents.

Time passes very quickly here at school. These two weeks have gone by like a dream. Oh! that it would only go still more swiftly, so that I could be with you again!

I am very careful of the "stoop in the shoulders" as you call it. I very often study my lessons walking up and down the room, and when I do this I brace myself up against the wall, so as to acquire an erect position, and then march off, much to the amusement of the girls. However neglectful I may be of your cautions and admonitions at home, here I try never to forget them. You say you hope that Florence and myself will be good friends. Excellent! Never better, and as for bickering, why we never think of such things.

Mother, you must not trouble yourself as much as you did when in New Orleans before. If you do, I shall have only the shadow of a Mother left. You ask me to remember you when saying my prayers. As if I *could* ever forget you. It is the only consolation left to me to know that the same Heavenly Father watches over us all, and that nothing can happen to us against His Holy Will.

Tell Father that I did not think my letters were so very interesting until he appeared so anxious for me to write to him. Since then I have become quite conceited. Give him my best love, and tell him that I expect all the messages I send him to be answered. *Your most affectionate child*, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, October 19, 1862

DEAR MOTHER: Another week has passed by, and you are near New Orleans now, I suppose, but so far away from me.

I have not heard from home since you left, and I fear that Aunt Harriet will not care to write to me unless I answer her letters, which I cannot conveniently do, as I have but little time to spare, and this you will monopolize, if I write you every week. However, I can send messages to her in Florence's letters and that will do nearly as well.

My music teacher says that I have improved greatly since I came back this last time, and I think so too, for I have made up my mind to learn to play, and therefore take much more interest in practicing. How silly it sounds for me to tell you all these simple little things, but I am sure even trifles concerning me will interest you more than anything I could say of anyone else.

Tell Father that I am studying very hard to please him, and when I graduate I shall expect to be called Blanchie and not "little Bunty." Give him my love, and ask him please to write me. BLANCHE

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, *October* 21, 1862

DEAR DARLING: We are here, after a voyage of eight days. Sick five out of the eight. The only funny thing I heard on the way was Percy[1] asking if it was sea butter he was eating. Oh, yes, says someone, it is made from the milk of the sea cow, tied to the bow of the ship. Percy, calfish, watched for the cow, but never caught sight of a whisk of her tail, poor boy. That will do for Florence to laugh over.

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[1] Percy Parker, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. G. Parker.

It is not so lonely here as it was last spring when we were expecting the pestilence to break out. The house we are in is very pleasant, but not like our own for beauty. Several of the staff are in the same house with us, and all together we have a very pleasant family. Your Aunt Lottie did not come with us. I told her she must write to you as often as possible.

Your Father thinks he shall be likely to hear from you now I am here. Do not fail to write a few lines, if no more, once a week. If you are out of health let your Aunt Harriet know it at once. I am writing this very hastily as the vessel is on the point of going out, and you must have word that we are safely here. I will write again this week and give you more detail of what we are doing, and everything that I think will interest you. Write me about your studies and every little incident in your quiet life. It is very interesting to me, everything you do. MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *October* 26, 1862

DEAR MOTHER: I am waiting very impatiently for a letter from you, although I know that I ought not to expect one for at least a week more. To hear that you have arrived safely at New Orleans will be a great pleasure, for I believe that I am beginning to dread the ocean as much as you do. When you write, do not forget to give me a description of Gen'l. Twigg's house, and the condition in which you found it after having been used as a bachelor's hall for three months.

Aunt Loretta told Florence in her letter that Harry went to New Orleans with you. For his health, I suppose. I am so glad that he is out of that old bank. He might just as well have been buried alive as shut up there from morning until night.

Tell Father that I wish he would come on to Washington. I want to see him so much. It will be a year in February since he bade me good-bye before leaving for the South. I shall forget how he looks if I do not see him soon, but be sure to tell him that he must not wear a beard, for if he does I shall not want to kiss him. How does he like my photographs? Does he not think I have changed since he last saw me? I am sure I did not look like them a year ago.

Tell me if you find New Orleans pleasanter than you expected. I hope so, for your sake, for I am sure the prospect you had in view was dull enough. Give my very best love to Father. *Your devoted child,* BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, November 9, 1862

Dear Mother: At last I have heard from you. The letters came just in the right time, for I have been in very low spirits this whole week, and of course they tended to cheer me up.

I cannot do as well as I wish in class, although I study all of the time from morning until night, during recreation, and even try to say my lessons in bed. Still I cannot recite them perfectly. Perhaps I have not yet arrived at the years of understanding, or it may be that I expect too much of myself, one or the other. I must say that I have fallen considerably in my own estimation, but I hope not in that of others. Do not suppose from what I have said that I do not say any lessons at all. Oh! No! I manage to say them, but not as perfectly as I would wish.

I do not know why I write you all this, Mother, knowing as I do that to complain of myself will do me no good, and certainly will give you no satisfaction, but it is hard for a schoolgirl to keep all her little troubles to herself, and knowing of none who will sympathize with me in such trifling griefs but my Mother, so I am really obliged to send my cares even to the Gulf of Mexico, but there you hear them and feel as no one else could, and that is a consolation. I should be contented, happy, and nothing could trouble me if you were only here, for then I could have someone to feel a Mother's love and interest in me, which I could not expect from strangers. But no more of this. I have talked too much of myself already. I do the best I can, and you must be content with my efforts, even if I do not excel.

Tell Father that I did not write to him during the vacations because I was afraid of making mistakes, but now my letters are corrected, and I like to write. Besides, I am more bashful before him than you, and therefore if he wishes to have my *bold* ideas he must read the letters. That remark of his about receiving plenty of them was real unkind, but as I know that he did not mean to be so, I shall not think anything about it. Tell him that half of every letter belongs to him, and that he can take that which pleases him best.

There, Mother, I have partially unburdened my mind to you, and feel much better for it. The next time I write I shall be in splendid spirits no doubt.

Your devoted daughter, Blanche

New Orleans, La., *November* 13, 1862

My dear Blanche: I received the third letter from you yesterday, and no doubt there are more on the way. There will be another steamer in by Saturday and I shall be sure of another letter from you. Are you happier at school this year than last? There seems to be so much in this world for every one to do, even young girls cannot escape it.

You ask me to describe the house we are in, but as we leave it this week I had better describe the one we are going into, which is very handsome, irregular, brown colored, willow surrounded, with a pretty garden. Inside, a fine drawing room on the left of the hall, handsome library and dining room on the right. Large, pleasant chambers over these, and a roomy wing running out on the back. When we are settled there I will describe the furniture.

It is raining here today, the first we have had since I arrived. The air was so dry and dusty my skin and hair were parched and rough. I am rejoiced to see the rain, though I may be weary enough of this too before it is over. They say it lasts for weeks, frequently, at this season.

I drive almost every day, for fear I shall grow melancholy if I stay at home. I do not always escape it, let me do what I will. Your Uncle, who has caused me so much grief, goes away the first of January. Are you not pleased for my sake? I should not have written this here, as others may read the letter. But I cannot change it now. Put the letter away when you have read it, and you need not allude to it when you write. I hope, dear child, we shall all be at home together some day, that I shall be lively once more, and foreign people cease to trouble.

I went into a lovely house night before last, where Gen. Arnold is sick. He goes North on Saturday. A part of this furniture shall be moved into the house we shall occupy after Gen. Arnold has left. We thought of taking that house, but the location is not so good as the one we have chosen, which is on the opposite corner to the offices, and Mrs. Strong will be in the next house to us. She is expected the next steamer, so I shall have more companionship.

Last week I went with Col. Deming, Mayor of the city, to visit an orphan asylum. The town is full of these charitable institutions. There were a hundred and twenty-five children. Some of these children have a sad, forsaken look, though they seem to be well cared for. The children sang and Col. Deming made a very handsome little speech. An old gentleman, Mr.

Henning, who belongs in this town, made a short prayer. The ladies who had received us, invited us to drink coffee and gave us each an exquisite bouquet and bade us adieu at the carriage with many expressions of good will and many flattering little remarks to Col. D., which he quite deserved for his neat and apt remarks.

Love to Florence and to you.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *November* 18, 1862

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Yesterday we went down the river fifteen miles to see sugar-making on a Plantation. Your Father invited the French Admiral and our own Admiral Farragut to make two of the party. There were about twenty gentlemen. No lady but myself. I declined going, but your Father insisted, and I really had a delightful day. I wish I could send you the roses the young gentlemen gathered for me. Some of them, only a great deal larger, like those flesh colored ones we raise in the green house, others a deep crimson, and the double cape jessamine very fragrant, and many, many others. I have them in my room, the perfume is so strong I set them out at night.

Our servants prepared the dinner in part. They took marketing along in the boat, wine, etc. I think the party enjoyed it very well. I should have liked it better still if you had been with me.

Now you must study to perfect yourself in French. It is a great inconvenience not to be able to speak it. Today called a sister-in-law of Mr. Toulie, who was sent North, a prisoner, last summer on the same vessel with me when I returned. This lady came to ask me to use my influence to have him paroled, as confinement is injuring his health. She brought a lady friend as an interpreter, as she could neither speak English nor I French. Perfect yourself, as far as possible, dearest, and you will not be subject to such an inconvenience.

I wish you would write if your health is good, and if you have grown any taller. Florence, I know, is striving to please her father this year, and will make good progress. Give her my love, and tell her I am confident I shall see her half a head taller in the Spring. I think of you very much, dearie, and welcome every letter you send me. Write me if you often feel weary, or if you have grown thin. With dearest love, ever your

MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, *December* 14, 1862

Dear Mother: Christmas is near at hand, only a fortnight, and it will be with us. How strange it seems when we look back, and think of all the events that have happened in this short year. Last December I was at home with you and Father, but now how far distant we are from each other. It is well that thoughts can travel over the space, and imagination picture you all, for otherwise it would be very lonely. It is my most pleasant relaxation from study to try to think of what you are doing or saying, and dreaming thus I usually fall asleep.

I am studying so hard, and all for you and Father, to be sure, a little for my own good, but I should not have the perseverance to apply myself so diligently if it were not to please you. The marks have again been read, and of the month's labors I send you the part that fell to my lot. I drew in all my studies but Grammar, and that was not because I did not pay attention, but I do not know as much about it as Julia.

Your answer to my doleful letter I received yesterday, and of course it cheered me a little, but it is no use to tell me not to study very hard. While I am here study I must the greater part of the time. "There is no rest for the wicked" and even *you* would feel badly to see me without a premium at the Distribution, but thank heaven the year will soon be over, and then I shall be able to enjoy the fruits of my labor.

You say "Do not give your lessons a thought after you retire" but that is the only way to fix them upon the mind, and on Saturday nights only I allow my thoughts to build castles, and think of you and Father.

Florence is always lively. Do not fear for her. I have not grown any taller, but look enough like a bean pole as it is.

Mother, you have no idea how I long to see you. I would give the world to see you even for one hour, not that I have anything particular to tell you, but I wish so much to behold one kind, loving face. In this large school, among these girls all of different characters and dispositions, I cannot find one for a friend, but I do not care as long as I have you to turn to. Still it is a long distance to Louisiana.

Your devoted daughter Blanche

Georgetown, *December* 21, 1862

Dear Mother: I have a presentiment that I shall see you before you receive this letter. I know not exactly why, but I suppose that it is on account of a report in circulation here that

Father is to be recalled. You must have heard it, as you speak of changes likely to be made. I only hope it may be so, if it will bring you both to Washington. I see by your letters that you have plenty of flowers in New Orleans, but that it is quite cold and the leaves are "crisped and sere". (Do you remember the quotation?) As for flowers, I have not had one for two months.

Unless you come on at Christmas, we cannot go to Washington for Uncle Fisher is going away, and of course we shall have no one to take us. However, I have no desire to go out, as I wish to study during the holidays, and it is best for me to stay here steadily during one year at least.

Florence is improving, both in ways and appearance, but has not grown taller; she is very much changed this year, and not so great a romp as she used to be. I have not grown any, but try to keep myself straight and *will endeavor to look as much like an arrow as possible.*

The Walkers are still here. You have often heard me speak of them. They cannot hear from their father, who I suppose is living without the Federal lines at New Orleans. When I think of these poor girls, compelled to remain here so many years after they have graduated, I begin to feel as if I were blessed that nothing has separated me from you for more than a year. With a kiss to you and Father.

Your devoted child, BLANCHE

GEORGETOWN, *January* 11, 1863

DEAR MOTHER: I have the pleasure of once more directing my letters to Lowell, and am happy to tell you that your predictions regarding my health have not been verified. I think my visit to Washington upon the whole, has been of some benefit to me, in several points of view.

First, my conversation with you about my lessons has made me much more reconciled to school. I am now content to do as well as I can, and be satisfied if I do not excel. Then again, I see how much an education is needed in the world, and especially how much I am in want of it.

Now, as my visit did not make me sick, but on the contrary gave me great pleasure, reviving both mind and body, I have come to the conclusion that your return from New Orleans was decidedly the thing. Did you arrive home Friday, as you expected? And how did you find the boys? Of course they were delighted to see you and Father after so long an absence.

Notwithstanding all your injunctions not to leave anything at the hotel, I did leave my net which no doubt you carried home with you. I think that partially verifies your old saying that "I should leave my head if it were not held on."

What presents did you buy for the children? I shall expect mine the second of March, which I hope you remember is my birthday, "sweet sixteen," how old I am getting. Don't you think so?

Tell Father that my French letter has not been answered yet and that I think it deserves some notice, not in French to be sure, but in English, and that he must remember that he has not written to me for over two years.

Your devoted child, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *February 22,* 1863

DEAR MOTHER: I do not know if you have arrived home yet. You left Washington Wednesday morning, I believe. If it were not for your cold and the stormy weather I should not forgive you for not having come over to see me before you left. I heard of Father's miraculous escape in Baltimore. The Sisters think that it was the medal that saved him. By the way, that puts me in mind, his Agnus Dei and bag were well worn the last time I saw them. I will send him some new ones this week or next, and he must burn the old, but keep the medal.

I had quite a pleasant time during the holidays. Practised some, read some, and made up the lessons I missed in going over to Washington, so that I really lost nothing by my trip.

What is Father going to do now? Stay at home and keep house? I wish he would, so as to be ready to take us to Europe next year. How are you pleased with the prospect of such a trip? I could finish my French education there perfectly, and save myself a heap of study at the same time. Give my love to Father and the boys. Tell him to write to me, as he has nothing else to do now. *Your devoted child,* BLANCHE

March 5, 1863

MY DEAR CHILD: Your letter came almost immediately on our arrival home. I am very glad to hear that you are in better health and spirits, and not so *over* anxious about your studies. Yet I would by no means have you become careless, or indifferent. Take all necessary exercise, be happy with the others when they are at play, and in study hours give your whole attention to it.

We stayed one night at Baltimore on our return, then in

N. York, I spent another day in shopping with Mrs. George. I bought the black silk I told you of, embroidered with white and purple. Two white dresses of marseilles for Harriet and myself, and various little articles, not worth enumerating. We will shop for you when you return from school, so do not be jealous that I bought nothing for you this time.

I thought I could not write this evening, I felt so very tired; but I know you will wonder if you do not get a letter, and I have delayed it too long already. So I write the most simple things that come to mind. I do not know when I shall ever get rested, for I have felt weary these two years.

When we came on from N. York we were obliged to stop at Worcester over night. We arrived there about nine o'clock in the evening, and were just comfortably seated, waiting for supper—when a lady, Mrs. Davis, wife of a former Governor, came in and invited us to go into a Fair, or rather a Fancy Ball for the benefit of the "Contrabands." Your Father decided to go, and in twenty minutes I was ready with opera hat, and other adornments proper for the occasion. You would think I was never tired if you had seen me dress. It was an immense crowd, and there was a great furor when your Father was presented. We walked about half an hour, and came away. The same show we have had in Lowell, but I cannot give details tonight. Love to Florence. Good night dearie. I will write again soon. *Affectionately*, MOTHER

LOWELL, *March* 11, 1863

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: For a wonder I am quite alone. The two boys have gone to bed, and your Father is down at the office.

This morning I drove over with your Aunt Harriet and the little one, to Mr. Reade's. They are to pass two or three days with Lottie.

Yesterday we had six gentlemen to dinner. Gen'l. Strong, he has received his appointment now, has been here two or three days, and Mr. Harold, whom you have not seen.

Our Fair has realized five thousand dollars, a remarkable thing for Lowell. It is for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and shows how enthusiastic and ready the people are to aid the soldiers in sickness, indeed, to aid the war in any form.

We were at the Opera on Monday night and came up after the performance; it was past one o'clock when we reached home, of course, the following day weary enough, but yet we had these gentlemen to dinner.

You know how much time I have passed alone, and found it not unpleasant. Now I rather shrink from it, I can think of so few things that are pleasant.

Do you get on well with your studies, or do they drag? You must try and do as well as you can, but do not forget the exercise. I may be on to see you again, before the Spring is over, if your Father is not sent in some other direction. With dearest love, *Your affectionate* MOTHER

LOWELL, *March* 22, 1863

DEAR BLANCHE: You think it very hard that I do not write to you oftener, and so it is, for I miss yours very much when a week goes by without one. I am glad you are so lively and that the time does not hang heavily on your hands. One month of Spring is gone already, in about three months more you will be coming home. Your request to be treated "like a young lady" seems quite reasonable, and will no doubt receive every attention from those you impress with lady-like manners.

Mrs. Webster is aiding Mrs. Edson to get up "tableaux" for the Easter sale. We shall send all the flowers in the greenhouse, as we did for the Fair some weeks ago. Mr. Parton, who wrote the "Life of Burr" and "Jackson" is here for a fortnight. You see with him and other company I have not so much time to write. Yet I will not give this as an excuse for I ought and have time enough always to write to you.

Paul went to Boston yesterday with your Father to see boys from ten to fifteen who belonged to the school of reform that is kept on board a Man of War, and they manned the yards and fired a salute, much to his delight. Today he is quite out of health, hot and feverish, but I think nothing serious. Give my love to Florence and dearest love to you. MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *March* 28, 1863

DEAR MOTHER: Tell me what Father is going to do. You said in your last letter "We may come on to see you before the Spring is over, if your Father is not ordered in some other direction." What does this mean? Where is Father going now? I am in a perfect quandary as to what is being done at home, and my curiosity is really becoming troublesome. Please gratify it next time you write.

Miss Smith, the daughter of Com. Smith, wrote to Sr. Teresa the other day, and requested her to ask Florence and myself if we would buy some pincushions from a poor loyal woman who is in distress. Of course I consented and have received the pincushion which is quite a pretty little affair. I will not send it home, as it may be lost on the way, but keep it until I come home.

This is all the news I have to tell at present, but next week I hope to be able to send you and Father some tickets of improvement. With love and kisses for all.

Your devoted child, BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, April 12, 1863

DEAR MOTHER: I received your letter yesterday, and it was quite a surprise to me, for I did not suppose that you would write so soon after your return from New York. Major Ladd called a week ago last Wednesday, and told me that you were at the Fifth Avenue, and that Father was to make a speech Thursday evening. So you see, I am kept posted in all the affairs.

I also send you a slip taken from some Washington paper and written by a Mrs. Ames, who was a sojourner at the National Hotel at the same time that we were there.

Perhaps you will remember her, if I give you a description. A tall, slim looking person, who always wore a red garibaldi, and a black peasant waist, with a profusion of stringy curls on both sides of her face, the hair drawn back from her forehead in a peak. Rather a rough complexion, a long nose, and a very inquisitive look. She made herself notorious at the Hotel, by writing about every lady there. First she began with poor Mrs. Spalding, whom she described as Mrs. Magnificence, with all her furbelows, curls, and flowers, and having a great deal more upon the top of her head then there was below it. The ladies voted that she should be turned out of the house immediately, thereupon to make up for her past conduct she attempted to write something complimentary about Father, but her imagination ran away with her upon several occasions, especially about the "white choaker" the "celery at the breakfast table" and "the two lovely young blondes, his niece and daughter", not to say anything of "the fine looking young staff officer on one side", who I have no doubt was Col. Kinsman. Ask Father to please put this into his Scrap Book, for it is too good to be lost, and I am afraid it is the only thing that Col. Kinsman and myself will ever have to hand down to posterity to testify that in our *young days* we were *good looking.*

Your devoted daughter BLANCHE

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *May* 31, 1863

DEAR MOTHER: I did not write last Sunday, because I expected Father over hourly, as I was told that he was in Washington, but the week has gone by and I have not seen Father, nor received a letter from home. I conclude that it was a mistake, and that he has not been on.

I must now tell you about my dress, for the Distribution is not far off. The skirt must be trimmed, but how I know not. You have seen the latest styles and know what is the most appropriate for a white dress. The waist I shall have made *a la mode garibaldi,* and trimmed considerably, so it is necessary that the skirt correspond. You did not say anything about a white muslin underskirt. Of course I must have one, so please do not forget to send it. If you do not get me a travelling dress I shall be obliged to wear the grey dress trimmed with black, but I cannot do without a new hat. Please send me one with my white dress. The examinations will soon be over, and if the girls go out walking I shall be obliged to stay at home, as I have nothing to wear, besides I have no hat to travel in. Mother, do not on any account forget to bring Cecil with you, for I cannot get along without her. Some one I must have to fix my hair, and she is the only one who can do it nicely.

Can't you prevail upon Aunt Susan to come on to the Distribution, not that I expect to do so nicely as to want to have the whole world present, but she has never seen the school, and I have taken a sudden fancy to have her with us. Tell her to come, if it is only to please me. Be sure to send my dress next week, Mother, or you will not give Sister time to make it. Send also some valenciennes lace. It is not so expensive at home as here. With love, and a kiss for everybody, and two for you,

BLANCHE

June 2, 1863

DEAR BLANCHE: I must write a little, dearie, though not well enough to do much. Your Aunt Harriet says you are looking very well, but quite thin. You will soon be at home, and with more leisure will get strong and fleshy.

I have bought the dress, sash, fan, etc. I wrote you this before, I think. I thought to make the skirt and sleeves, but fear I shall not get the right length. I have cut off the breadths, it can be hemmed to be long or short as you desire.

I trust the Distribution will be early enough in June for you to reach home for the Fourth of July.

Your traveling bonnet is ready (white straw trimmed with brown crape) but I do not know that I shall send it with the other articles, it is so troublesome to pack. If you have the leghorn hat, it will answer until I go on, which I hope to do for the Distribution.

It is very pleasant here now. The green house plants are all out. The horse chestnut trees and lilacs are in full bloom. Will you be as glad to get home as I shall be to see you?

Affectionately, MOTHER

GEORGETOWN, *June* 9, 1863

DEAR MOTHER: The moment that you receive this note, have the dress made, pack up your trunk, and be on here a week before the Distribution, which is on the first day of July, so you see I shall be at home by the Fourth. I have so much to talk about and tell you, that I shall not get through in less time than a week. Besides, Washington is very pleasant at this season, strawberries, cherries are ripe and green peas are to be had in abundance, so I do not think that a week will be too long for you to stay. When you come on, please stop at Willard's Hotel. It is much nicer than the National, besides three of my friends will be there, and it will be so pleasant to talk over the affairs of the Exhibition together. Please persuade Father to grant me this whim, for if he does not all my air bubbles will be blown away, and my castles overthrown.

O! how tired of work and study I am. You cannot imagine with what pleasure I look forward to the coming vacation. Every day seems a week, and I hate to go to bed as I imagine that the nights are so long. Never mind, only three weeks more.

Of course Father will come on with you. Why! I could not graduate without him. Besides, I want the girls to see him. They all imagine he is so cross and ugly, although they have never seen him. And you, Mother, must bring all your best dresses and new bonnets, so as to look pretty and stylish. You don't know how proud I am of your good looks, besides I have told the girls that you are beautiful, and don't want to disappoint them.

No doubt you think I am talking very freely, but I have obtained permission to write a private letter, so no one will see this except you, Mother. *Your devoted child*, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *June* 21, 1863

DEAREST DAUGHTER: I am at home, ready to receive you. I need not say how I long to have you with me. When I left

New Orleans it was my intention to land at Fortress Monroe, and go to Washington for you, but I was rather too early, and did not like to remain in Washington till the time of Distribution.

Mr. Kinsman will take charge of you home, Florence also. I wish you would say to him that I hope he will wait for you till the Distribution is over, if you desire it. You will then reach here in time for the Fourth and I think you and I should be better satisfied to have you stay. Mr. Kinsman's business may detain him till then, but if it should not I think he will be willing to wait a little for you. Leave your books. They are too cumbersome to bring, and you will return in the autumn. Take your music. I must hear you play and sing.

Give my best regards to the Directress and my sincere thanks for the kindness she has shown to you.

Anxious to see, and kiss you, *Your loving* MOTHER

The prizes won by Blanche were sent to her, as she was taken home before Distribution Day at the Academy of the Visitation. The prize books, now more than sixty years old, are kept in an ancient mahogany desk in the stone house on "The Hill," Tewksbury, Mass. B.B.A.

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *January* 7, 1864

DEAR MOTHER: Why have you not written to me? It is now quite two weeks since I received a letter. Aunt Rowena told me that you expected to have been in Washington last week. I waited very impatiently for you. I suppose that your time is so much taken up with those two boys that you have none to give to your daughter. I declare I am becoming quite jealous.

Florence, Sister and I went to the city shopping the other day. Everything looked as it always does, but there were very few nicely dressed ladies on the Avenue. I suppose that their dissipation in the evening, going to all the parties which precede Lent, prevents them from making their appearance during the day.

When you arrive here it will be too late to have a nice time, for the Carnival holidays end next Tuesday, and then fish will reign triumphant for the next forty days.

Tell the children to write to me often. Give my love to everybody. You and Father take the largest share.

Your loving child, BLANCHE

Fortress Monroe, Va., *January* 13, 1864

My dear Daughter: We left Washington on Wednesday evening. I did not think it best to see you again before leaving. It might have given you a fit of home-sickness, and it is very pleasant to hear that you have not felt troubled yet.

We were two days and two nights on the Bay, the first night hemmed in by the ice. It extended nine miles from Baltimore. In the morning when the ice boat and passengers came in from the Fortress we went out through this track. It was difficult even then to push through the ice. We arrived at Point Lookout about noon. It was the coldest day I have felt this season, and you know how I shrink from cold, but there was a grand-looking grove of tall pines not far from the shore, and I could not resist the temptation to walk up and in it. The trees were very fine. Straight and bare, like pillars almost to the summit, then they tasseled out dark and luxuriant, so thick the sun could hardly shine through. This was a watering place once. There are two or three rows of rough-looking cottages facing the water, opposite the side where we land. One of them belonged to Gov. Wise. I suppose that grove was the attractive spot. There was a pond frozen over, and a boy holding to a dog's tail was dragged over the ice faster than you can skate. We were very much amused at his antics.

After we returned to the boat, Gen'l. Marston came down and insisted we should go back to dinner. This made us so late that it was four o'clock before we started from the wharf. In the evening the snow began to fall, in a little while the Captain could see no lights and lost the way. We were short of coal, the wind was very strong, and we were really in a very unpleasant condition. By sounding the Captain found his way to the lee shore and anchored. At daylight we started again, and peered through the fog till we could find Cherry-stone lighthouse and make our way into Cherry-stone creek. From there we telegraphed for coal, which was sent from the Fortress.

We reached home about nine in the evening. The first news we heard was that Major Bell was paralyzed from a stroke of apoplexy. His wife and daughter came the following morning. We are very much grieved over this. Major Bell is gaining somewhat, but it will unfit him for any further duties here at present. So sad for his family and friends.

Capt. Clarke has gone home to see a cousin, and will bring back your Aunt Harriet and the children if they are ready. The Misses Bean left here yesterday. They spent two days and a night. They will return to New York this week.

I must hasten to finish, as I wish this to go tonight. Give my best love to Florence.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, *January* 20, 1864

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: Your letter came this morning. Mrs. Farragut was with me. I deferred reading it until she left. She came over yesterday from Norfolk and passed the night. I was glad to see her, for her own sake, and because it relieved the loneliness.

Your Father has gone to Washington, to be absent he said but a day. I was confident his stay would be longer, as it has proved, nor do I think he will return tomorrow.

I shall look for your Aunt Harriet and the children, but not with a confident expectation. I think they will be here some time this week. It is young Clarke who has gone for them. A cousin of his is in Boston on a visit, whom he had not met for a long while, as both had been engaged in the war, and your Father gave him leave of absence and the commission to bring your Aunt and the children, if they were ready.

You seem to complain of your back. Does it trouble you more than usual? Could you not divide the hours for practice, one in the forenoon, the other later in the day? Two hours sitting at one time is perhaps too long. You must be careful about this. A woman with a weak back is an invalid for life. And if you live long enough, darling, you will find the strongest back will be only adequate to the burdens that have to be borne. You do not speak of the dancing school. I think that, moderately indulged in, very healthful exercise. Do not exaggerate, but tell me exactly if you feel well and strong most of the time, or weak and tired. This is a very precious time for you to complete your studies, and what is wanting now can never be supplied hereafter—at least, it is not likely to be. But yet we must not press too hard upon the health. That is always the first consideration.

You know of course that I miss you very much, and shall be only too glad when the time is over for schooling. Then of course you will be an infinite trouble, but I hope too an infinite comfort. Why I am anxious you should excel in many things is that life will be easier for you in years to come. The self poise that comes from high cultivation will sustain you better than leaning on others who will fail to sustain when you most need support. Many things fail, but never a mother's love for her dear daughter.

Thursday morning

I walked around the ramparts both last night and this morning. As I thought, your Father has not returned. He may tomorrow morning, but that is doubtful.

Clarke has telegraphed that he has secured staterooms for your aunt and the children on the Baltimore Boat for Friday night. I shall expect them here to breakfast on Saturday morning.

Your mocking bird is in good condition, but has only chirruped a few times. No music yet. William scrapes the meat for him. Mrs. Wistar told me it would not answer to give it in pieces. She desired to be remembered to you. So did Mrs. Farragut.

MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, *February*, 1864

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: You will almost think I have forgotten to write. That is not so, but I knew the party of relatives and friends would give you a minute account of all that they had found pleasant while they were with us. They enjoyed it so much that I thought a letter from me would be dull in comparison. As in truth the house has been since their departure.

The children are very happy with their visit, and will not be inclined to return home very soon. They run on the beach when the tide is out, look into the old wreck, and gather shells. Hattie has a corner of the chamber filled with tiny shells in rows, dolls, baby rags, and other playthings. Paul has found the book store outside the Fortress, and reads a story of adventure almost every day. Benny is collecting foreign stamps and autographs, most of his time is spent in the various offices. Your Aunt Harriet is out of health, not seriously I think, but so much so as to interfere materially with her enjoyment.

We have new visitors almost daily. I am glad of it, it breaks the tedium of the time.

How do the days pass with you? Happily, I trust. If your time is fully occupied there will be no time for troubled thoughts. You will have the constant satisfaction of gaining something every day.

Mrs. and Miss Bell are still here. Major Bell has ridden out several times, but has not yet recovered the use of speech. I send the carriage to them every day. They walk around the Ramparts two or three times a day, but yet the time must hang heavily.

The various members of the staff are in the offices and engaged, as when you were here. There is nothing new or especially interesting in regard to them. They often ask me when I last heard from you, or if you are to be here again.

Dr. Dalton, wife, and Miss Holman, together with Mr. and Mrs. Darley called to see us this afternoon. They are very desirous of going to Yorktown during the week. If it can be done, that is, if your Father can give the time we shall take a day and go up. It would give me pleasure to show them this attention.

But you are remiss in writing, as well as I. Write once a week, if only a few lines. I seem to lose you and feel uncertain what may be the matter when you do not send me the regular letters. *Your most affectionate* MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *February* 21, 1864

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have been round the Ramparts twice alone, yet I must not quite say that, for Col. Kinsman met me at the gate and walked a quarter of the way, and then left me to go aboard the boat for Baltimore, on his way to N.Y.

The afternoon is beautiful, and now as I look up there are Mrs. and Miss Bell taking their daily walk. The day is *very* lovely. It has been so cold for four days previous we have not looked out of the house.

Your Aunt Harriet is still an invalid, or I should not be walking alone. Benny and Hattie have both been a little sick, so that we thought it best they should not walk today.

Paul went away last evening with your Father to Point Lookout. Most of the Staff went with them, even William was allowed to go before I was aware of it, and today we are without a table servant. They went in the "City of Hudson." I expect them back this evening.

Where we shall spend the summer, I do not know, you and I. Your Father may be obliged to stay here, and were it not for you I should probably stay with him, but you could not pass a summer here. The heat is too great, and there are other reasons, but we will consider this more hereafter.

The time is flying by. Easter will soon be here.

Monday Morning

Paul came back last night at one o'clock. Poor boy, it was rather hard for him to be wakened from a sound sleep at that time of night and walk from the boat, home. He was very well pleased with the trip, but I fancy would have liked it better if we had been with him.

There is very little change here, the same routine from day to day. *Your most affectionate* MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *March* 10, 1864

DEAR MOTHER: You must not forget to send for my hat, and I can assure you there is no time to lose. On the 19th of this month (which is you know a week from next Saturday) you must send for us. School does not break up until the next Tuesday but Florence can easily make up Monday's lessons after Easter. And by sending for us on Saturday you see we shall gain two days which will make the vacation about a fortnight in length. This is a very important consideration and ought not to be overlooked. If you do not send for us until Wednesday we shall be obliged to spend that day in traveling and thus you see lose three days. It is much better to gain two days than to lose three; if one can do it without any harm to oneself. So, if you please, send for me on Saturday.

I wish that you could come up after us yourself, but I suppose that would be asking too much. Let Paul come, with Col. Shaffer. We can take care of him on the way back, and he is man enough to behave himself nicely.

Tell Father that I expect a note of thanks for that little pincushion I sent him and that I am very much surprised that he did not think of writing one himself. Give him my love and a kiss for you, *Your devoted child,* BLANCHE

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *March* 13, 1864

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have thought over your proposal and do not think it is a good thing for Florence to leave so soon and be obliged to make up lost lessons. To tell you the truth, I think it would be quite as well if you did not come here at all. It unfits you both for study, nor is it a kind of life that will much improve you. But the children are here, and very desirous to see you, so I may go for you on Sunday night. That is, leave here on Sunday night.

I did think I would take you on to New York and buy what you need for the summer, but your Aunt Harriet is too ill to go. We have decided to bring you down here. I want to know on what day your school will begin after Vacation.

Your bird escaped today, by accident. William saw him flying about the garden and captured him again. I wonder the cat had not devoured him.

Give love to Florence. I think I shall go for you myself.
Your affectionate MOTHER

Baltimore, Md., *March* 31, 1864

Dear Mother: No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter so soon, but Dr. thought that you might be uneasy if you did not hear why we were detained in Baltimore. The boat last night had to work against wind and tide, so that we made very slow progress, and were unable to reach "the city of Monuments" before ¼ past nine. Then we drove to the depot, and arrived there just in time to see the cars start off. We concluded to go to Barnum's and wait for the next train, which does not go until half past three. We have just returned from a walk—having been to see the Monument, and on the street, where we bought some candy—the Dr. has a very sweet tooth—and we shall have a very pleasant time going to Washington.

I was not sick last night. The Bay was quite smooth. Florence sends love. Tell Father that I thought he was coming to the boat, or I should have said "good bye" at the house. With much love *Your devoted child* Blanche

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Fortress Monroe, Va., *April* 13, 1864

My dear Daughter: Your little note came this morning. I quite appreciate your desire for the watch, and probably if I have plenty of money shall be very willing to indulge you.

The reason I have not written earlier is we have a great deal of company. The mornings slip by before we are aware, in entertaining them, and the evenings are devoted to the same thing. Even if alone, I should find it difficult to write at night, expecting every moment to be intruded upon.

Your Aunt Harriet is confined to the bed, and has been ever since you left. I do not believe her health will admit of shopping in N.Y. In truth, I do not know how we are to get her home. She requires a great deal of care, so that with household duties, company, and sickness you may imagine I have enough to attend to. I shall endeavor, however, that you shall not suffer for letters.

I received a note from Sister Loretta, by Judge White, asking me to forward a box to the Rev. John McGill, at Richmond. Say to her I will forward it with pleasure, by the next Flag of Truce Boat, and that came in last night.

Philip is here and very earnest in search of adventure which he manages by various means to obtain. Many of the staff inquire after you when I see them, but that is of no great account to write about.

Your Father is not likely to be removed from here. We had Gen'l Grant, wife and party a couple of days.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, *April* 25, 1864

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I fear you will think I have delayed too long in writing you, but the days slip by, and I accomplish nothing.

This morning I got Harriet out for a walk on the Ramparts, the first time she has been out to walk since you were here. After a little rest from it we rode over to Hampton, and she is now taking a nap. This afternoon we shall drive on the Beach to see a review of the colored troops.

The weather for the two last days is warm as summer. The fires are all out, the stove removed from the hall, and the shelter from the porch.

I do not wish to return home just now, as there are movements to be made that will interest me to be near as possible.

I am very glad you are making such progress that you think another year of study will be unnecessary. You cannot be more desirous of being with me than I am to have you. At your time of life you are naturally the dearest object of care to me. I do not think you should be away from me much longer, though how we are to be together if your Father leads this life, I hardly know. *Ever your most loving* MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have delayed writing for the reason that I have felt an absorbing interest in what is passing here. Our troops have taken possession of, and now occupy City Point and Bermudas on the opposite side of the river from City Point. Your Father is there, of course.

I am in a poor state of indecision, whether to go North with Harriet and the children and accomplish the shopping so long talked of or to remain here and hear the exciting news from day to day.

The expected tutor for the boys is at Baltimore, waiting for a Pass.

We have just returned from a drive on the Beach. The day is very warm, and delicious. The boys took a bath by the old wreck, where a pool is left when the waves recede. The water was like a warm bath. They were very unwilling to come out of it. *Always your most affectionate* MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *May* 8, 1864

MY DARLING MOTHER: Although I have not received an answer to my last letter I will not delay writing any longer, as I know that you must be very lonely—if it is true that Father has gone into the field. How I wish I could be with you, then we might console each other, besides I should be so much nearer, and could hear the news so much more quickly. Here there are so many conflicting reports that one hardly knows what to believe.

Are you going to remain at the Fortress until the campaign is over—I mean until after the decisive battle is fought—or do you think of joining Father as soon as he stops marching? Please write and tell me all your plans, if you have any. It will do you good to take your mind off the army, and pay a little attention to your *only* daughter.

Tell Father when you write to him that he forgot to say good-bye to me, the last time I saw him, and that I would give anything to have one good kiss. Tell him not to blush when he reads this and say "silly girl."

I have not been well this week. The weather is dreadfully warm, and I have a severe headache the greater part of the time. Sometimes it seems as if it were impossible for me to remain a month and a half longer. I shall be a perfect shadow before Distribution. A thousand, thousand sweet kisses and loving names, for yourself and Father, from

Your devoted child, BLANCHE

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *May* 15, 1864

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: I returned from Philadelphia this morning and found your little complaining note, which was for all that very welcome. When you get this I expect you will have no more headache. The time for leaving school has almost come. Then you will join me somewhere. I cannot say where, for I do not know.

Is not Florence weary too? But always remember there is no pleasure in idleness. The happiest people are those who are constantly at work. But young creatures will *sit* gazing very contentedly sometimes. This is an indulgence that must not be allowed too often.

I bought a pretty hat for you that would quite take away your headache to look at it, a fine white straw trimmed with white velvet, a pretty changeable green wing in front with a white feather tuft rising out of it and green muslin dress, with darker green figures. Both are very pretty.

The boys have a tutor (Mr. Owen). He came about a week ago. They began study at once. I wish to see what they are likely to do before I send them home. I do not think I shall go with them. Your Father proposed we should all go when he left, that I should "shop" in N.Y., see what was doing at home, and return to him when his Headquarters were fixed. I had rather remain here till the Campaign is decided. Presently I shall be quite alone, and should be very glad to have you with me, but we must be patient a little longer. Do not think we forget or neglect you. That is impossible.

Your affectionate MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *May* 19, 1864

MY SWEET LITTLE MOTHER: I received your welcome letter yesterday. My headache has gone and I feel considerably better both in mind and body than I did last week.

I wish it were decided where we are to pass the summer. As it is, I cannot build any air castles, and without them I am a perfect nobody. The hat you bought must be lovely, and the dress also. I am so glad you got them.

The Distribution will not take place until the 1st of July. I asked Sr. Bernard to have it as early as possible and told her what you asked me to. She said that she would try to arrange it, but we are obliged to regulate our Distribution by that of the College, so we shall not be able to stop in New York unless you adopt my plan, which is for you to come to Washington a week before the time and take me on to New York where we can do all our shopping—and join Uncle Fisher and Aunt Lauretta on their way home.

Sr. Teresa wishes to know the history of that picture. Please write to Father and ask him. There is a regular pilgrimage to it every night. About thirty Sisters offer up prayers two or three times a day before it for Father's safety, and they say that his escape from the rebels at the time that his orderly was taken prisoner was nothing short of a miracle. By the way, one of the Sisters is trying to make me a Catholic. She preaches to me all the time of my singing lesson, and gives me the Lives of the Saints, and ever so many other books to read. The last but one was a Catholic work, written by a Protestant clergyman, who turned, and shows or rather attempts to show that my religion and prayer book is a complete humbug. I told Sister that I would not read it, that I did not believe in her faith and that I never should believe it. She said "Very well my *dear*," and let me alone for a week or so, but now she has commenced again and pokes books at me on every occasion. She says I "should not give so much time to the cultivation of my mind, but more to the cultivation of the soul." The people here seem to have the idea that I am going to be a nun and a Catholic because I came back to school, but you see they make quite a mistake. Ever so many of the girls have turned this year.

So the boys have a tutor. Well, I wish them joy—but one thing is certain, I shall never say a lesson to him. Make up your mind to that. If there is anything I have a perfect horror of, it is a gentleman teacher.

Write to me please, just as often as you can, dear little Mum. It makes me feel so happy when I hear from you. I am in one of what Steve calls my deceitful moods, but you know that it is only a little superfluous love running over. A thousand and one kisses and sweet names for *My Mother*—from

BLANCHE

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *May* 23, 1864

DEAR LITTLE BUNTIE: I do not know what to say of plans for the summer, for I cannot make up my mind where I shall be. You will have to go home for a time to have your dresses made, and I suppose it will be necessary for me to go with you. I have only purchased one dress for you yet, but we must do what is best, when the time comes.

The Fort is quite lonesome. All the officers but those belonging to the Regiment are with your Father at City Point. I suppose you hear a great deal of the battles. We shall be very glad when this campaign is over.

I wish we were all at home for the summer. But there is no certainty of anything from day to day.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

FORTRESS MONROE, *May* 30, 1864

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: Paul, Benny, Aunt Harriet, Hattie, Mr. Owen and Mr. Kimball all left last evening for home. The house is as lonesome as an owl's nest.

Uncle Fisher is here, and Harry Reade. Gen'l. Shepley called just as they were leaving, and said Miss Nelly and sister would be here this morning, just returned from St. Louis. He is very desirous I should send for you, to spend part of the time in Norfolk and they a portion of it here with you. I expected them here to breakfast, but they did not come. I suppose there was not time between the Baltimore and Norfolk Boats.

I should have kept Paul and Benny a little longer, but we had some days of very hot weather. They were not very well, and I then decided to send them home. The weather is cool enough the last two days. I shall go over to the Hospital sometime today to see the sick and wounded.

I do not write to you much about your Father because I cannot go into detail. More than one half of his force is taken away to reinforce Gen'l. Grant, leaving him with barely enough to hold the point. No possibility of making an advance. But these things you need not speak of. It is not well for you or I to make comments. *Your affectionate* MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *June* 1, 1864

MY OWN DARLING MOTHER: Your sweet letter came today, and put me in better spirits than I have enjoyed for the last week. It is so dreadfully warm here—and I get so weary that I can hardly bear myself. The girls call me cross and disagreeable, and I try so hard to overcome myself, but it is no use. Florence and Kate Ramsay, both of them weighing more than two hundred pounds, come to walk with me during recreation, and they lean upon me with their whole might, and if I tell them I am tired, they say, "What is the matter with you lately, you are so peevish and fretful?"

I should like so much to be with you. It does not seem as if I could wait four weeks longer. Shall you be ready to go home with me for the Fourth? How I wish the old war would end. I want to have you all home quietly again. You seem to think that I do not hear the news, but I do, and much more than is true. I see all the Washington papers, and some of the New York. I have the pleasure of reading all the lovely little editorials, and the Sisters say I am worrying myself to death, but the war is not the trouble, it is my nervousness.

What about the defeat at Fort Darling? Please tell me. The papers say that Father's troops were taken away, etc. because he could not do anything in the field. Oh! I was sure something would happen. Things were going on too prosperously up the James River, and I was too happy. Every bright day has its cloud. I do not think that God will let us be completely happy, it makes us too presumptuous and causes us to think we can perform all things by our own abilities, without His aid or sanction. What a lecture, Good gracious!

Did you buy anything for yourself in Philadelphia? Write and tell me all about the pretty things. I wonder if Father will be ready to go home with us for the "Fourth"?

Of course you have heard that Uncle and Aunt Parker are to be in New York on the fifth of June. How do the boys like their new teacher, and what do you think of him? Florence is well and getting along very nicely with her studies. I am the same. How is the mocking bird? Has it commenced to sing yet? I must have a little dog this summer for a pet, besides my bird.

Give Father ever so many kisses when you write, accept a number for yourself from *Your devoted child* BLANCHE

FORTRESS MONROE, *June* 9, 1864

MY DEAREST BLANCHE: Gen'l. Shepley and daughter were here yesterday. She is changed in looks, but quite pretty. They are both very urgent for you to come down and pass some of the time with them.

I should like you to pass it with me, but am in doubt if it is best until after the Distribution. The children have gone, and I am rather lonely. But I wish you to perfect yourself in what you study as far as the time will admit, and there is really nothing here that would much delight you.

The Hospitals are full of wounded men, in every stage of suffering. Of course, you would not meet with this. I have been in a number of times, but what I can do is trifling among so many, and surely it is a melancholy sight.

The drives on the beach are pleasant, and if we had bathing suits would be delightful to bathe. I am very sorry I sent away the boys. I was afraid of the heat, but it is cool enough now. They could have stayed a month longer. The bathing was just what Paul needed.

Do you not wish to be there at the Distribution? I should think you would find it pleasant to be among the spectators.

Love to Florence. *Most affectionately, Your* MOTHER

Academy of the Visitation, GEORGETOWN, *June* 13, 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: I have a request to make which I know you will not have the heart to refuse. Please let me go to Fort Monroe and pass the remainder of the time with you. You said in your last letter that you had "doubts if it would be for the best." I can make all of them fly like dew before the sun.

In the first place, school closes a week from Saturday. All the examinations are over in English, Music, French and everything. The girls are studying very little, just enough to keep them quiet during the day. Now for the second, which is that the Sisters are going to commence house cleaning in a day or two, and as you do not like to see your beloved daughter in the midst of confusion you had better remove her. I have finished all my pieces in music. The girls that sing at the Distribution are practising all the time, but as I am not one of them of course I have nothing to do with it.

Oh, Mother please take me. I don't care anything for Gen'l. Shepley or his daughter. I only want to be with you to get away from all the dust, confusion, and bustle of school life, to restore my *shattered* nerves, which the girls seem to think are in a very excitable condition.

Then you are so lonely, Mother, I know that we could make each other so happy. You, I, and the mocking bird, what three contented beings we would be. Just think how long I have been away from you. I know you will not regret having me with you.

Now, as I *know* that you will send for me I want you to telegraph as soon as you receive this (which will be Tuesday or Wednesday) so that I can be certain. Then on Saturday you must send somebody for me. But do not forget my first injunction, or I shall not be ready to go. Tell me if I am to wear my hat or bonnet traveling. And Saturday is much the best day to send, as by that time all my things will be in from the wash, besides I want to see you Sunday morning. I have perfected myself in all that I can this year and am only growing thin staying here. Of course "there is not much at Fort Monroe that would delight me" but you, and that is quite enough. I know that everybody has gone with Father, but that makes no difference, you are there. Then we could have drives on the beach, and bathe sometimes. Ah! we can have splendid times.

I heard of Phil's appointment about two weeks ago, but did not mention it, as I thought that Phil might wish to write himself and would not like to have his news old.

There, I have written quite a long letter, and with a kiss that will last till next week, I am

Your devoted child, BLANCHE

Blanche passed the latter part of the summer of 1864 at Belvidere Hill, Lowell, unable to stay at Fortress Monroe with her mother and "the mocking bird," and too weak to even brush her own hair for some months owing to illness from malarial fever.

B.B.A.

Headquarters Dept. of Virginia and North Carolina
Army of the James, IN THE FIELD, VA., *December,* 1864

DEAR BLANCHE: It is nearly seven o'clock. The day is over, the loveliest that could be seen.

Your Aunt Nina is delighted with all she has seen and heard and ate, particularly the last. Everyone asks why you did not come. I am sorry you are not here, but then there is no bed for you, and your Aunt Harriet would be left alone.

I write this because it is possible we may not come down on Monday. Today we went down to City Point, saw Gen'l. Grant and staff. Dutch Gap and Fort Harrison are still to be visited. We shall wait another day.

I trust everything to your discretion, on which I know I can rely.

Do not sit up late if you can avoid it, to entertain, after your Aunt has retired.

Dear love to all, and best to you. MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *March* 31, 1865

DEAR BLANCHE: Our stay is still prolonged, to our vexation. We shall not be at home on Saturday night. I cannot fix the day, but hope by the middle of the week. How do you like housekeeping? I fear by this time you are troubled with the servants. If you have any new one you must look a little carefully that everything is kept in place. Keep the door to my room locked.

I wish very much to get back now. We have so much to attend to at home. You were never left with so much responsibility before. I expect we shall find you have been a model of capability and discretion. Mrs. Butler is with you still, of course. Give my regards to her, love to the children.

I feel as though I was neglecting Harriet in being away so long. I do wish you and Mrs. Butler would ride over often and carry her flowers, or something nice to eat if you have anything. Mrs. Webster will be at home in a week perhaps, three or four at the latest. Tell Harriet so. Mr. Webster was here this week. He left Sue packing, so that if they do not board for a short time she will come home at once.

Take what care you can. I will try to find something for you in New York. *Your affectionate* MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *April,* 1865

DEAR BLANCHE: You cannot think how wearily the time goes by, waiting, waiting, for the person your Father wishes to see. He does not like to make this journey over again in a few days, so we stay on.

I am worried every night for fear something should go wrong at home. One night I dream that Paul is drowned, another that Benny is dead. Nothing as yet, that is wrong with you. But by tonight I may have some fearful dream of you.

I have done eating their odious soups, and various other abominations. Coffee, bread, eggs and milk make up my diet. This will do away with dreams.

I thought Mrs. Butler would stay with you. As there are two young men in the house it would be better. Nor would I have left it so had I not thought she would have stayed. I know you are quite capable and understand all that is proper, and will not allow anything boisterous or rude with them or the boys. Yet for the looks of it I should prefer her to be there. Send down for her and ask her to stay all that she will till we return. She had better not go to New York till we return, as she can see your Father better there than in New York, and of course will want to ask him about many things. The party Mrs. Butler expected to go abroad with do not go till Fall.

Do go over and see Harriet, and carry her something if you can.

Phil I should think would work now for dear life, and by no sophistry cheat himself. Ask Trent to content himself till we get back. I suppose there is much doing for the Easter sale.

Affectionately, MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *April* 19, 1865

DEAR LITTLE BLANCHE: I am amazed at what you have done. Take the plastering from the room? Why it is equal to building a house. You worked too hard before going to the ball. Mrs. O'Geary ought to have moved those things and taken up the carpets the following day. It always worries me to hear you have been at work. You are not strong enough to lift and move the furniture. Nor is Charlotte. I fear she will think it worse than Grandmother's. Do not work any more. Get Mrs. O'Geary to sweep or do what is beyond Mary's power. The painters must wait for the plastering to dry or the paint will crack. They can paint the hall first, if necessary, in the pale tints we spoke of. Use your own taste and the painter's judgment. The wardrobe upstairs can be moved forward when they are ready to paint.

What does the painter think of autumn leaves? I do not see, if the hall is shaded with delicate green, purple and grey, the library with autumn leaves and the drawing room with flowers, why we shall not have Spring, Summer and Autumn, so that we may suit ourselves to any climate we like.

I was delighted to get your letter this morning. A very satisfactory, agreeable letter it is, only that you have worked too hard. Yes, no doubt the callers find it more agreeable without the old ones than with them. My taste is much the same. I approve the young company.

This quarter of the town is prolific of adventure. Yesterday the President's son fell into the mud. This morning an officer stepped into a gun-shop opposite and asked to look at a pistol. The boy handed one, loaded. The man put it to his head. The boy exclaimed "Be careful, it is loaded" and as he spoke the officer blew his own brains out. A great Negro celebration is on foot today. They will pass here presently.

I hope to be at home next week. If your Aunt Harriet were well what a blessed thing it would be. It is distressing that she does not improve. I think she will now. The weather is bright. Love to children, Charlotte and Harriet.

Your affectionate MOTHER[1]

The summer of 1865 was spent at Bay View, Cape Ann, where, in 1863, General Butler had purchased a piece of land including a point called "Davis Neck" which made the westerly side of Hodgekins Cove. At times he joined his boys and their tutor, living in tents by the shore, while Mrs. Butler and Blanche lived in a farm house near-by. In the fall of 1865, the family moved to Washington where General Butler practised before the courts. They returned to Bay View for the summer of 1866. That fall came the elections for representatives to Congress when General Butler was elected from the Essex District of Massachusetts. He entered Congress in 1867 where he served in the 40th, 41st, 42nd and 43rd Sessions, returning whenever possible with his family to Lowell and Bay View where he and Mrs. Butler had built a stone residence overlooking Ipswich Bay.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Butler after her sons, Paul and Bennie, had set sail for Europe to spend two years at

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[1] Many other letters from Blanche and other members of her family have already been published in the five volumes of the "Private and Official Correspondence of General Benjamin F. Butler." In those pages of original source material for the Civil War period, other letters and documents define and explain the events which, lightly touched upon in these letters between a school girl and her mother, entirely altered their lives. These present volumes and the "Private and Official Correspondence of General Benjamin F. Butler" in combination, give a unique opportunity to view the history of the Civil War through the experiences of a family whose interests and loyalties lay on the side of the Union.

school in Frankfort, Germany. Their aunt, Susan Hildreth Webster was living there with her husband, William Prentiss Webster, who was the United States Consul General in Frankfurt am Main from 1869 through 1877.

(LOWELL.), *October* 14, (1869)

They have gone, all gone.—No one left but me and the servants. The house is lonesome, inexpressively dull.

So far I have not shed a tear. Why is it? A few years ago at such a parting tears in torrents would have stained my face, and my body writhed with grief as a tree is bent and twisted by the wind in a tempest. What is the change? I only know that these things must come from time to time until we cease to exist. Each succeeding blow is fainter, until we cease to feel it at all.

It would seem to require nerve to send the children to another country alone. With me it seems to be one of the mechanical things of life. I was in dread last night of one of the old paroxysms, but it passed. I am quiet and methodical as an animal. I am becoming steeled. The mechanism works without a break.

Paul, poor monkey, looked so lonely under Bennie's jacket I was almost moved, to see him. Then the familiar words I often speak kept coming to my lips: "The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight and I would tread it with as firm a step though it should terminate in cold oblivion as if Elisian pleasures at its close gleamed palpable to sight as things of earth."

Saturday night

The children are out at sea. They started at noon today. The wind is blowing freely from the northwest, the rain is beating against the windows, the night is not very dark. Poor little Bennie is cowering in his berth, sick and wretched. Paul I hope is well and able to take care of him. It is not promising to start off in a storm. Poor boys. They will feel lonely tonight. The wind is in the northwest, not so fearful as an East storm. The sun shone out a minute or two before it went down. I did hope the night would be clear.

Will they learn enough in two years abroad to pay for the loss of their dear company? We have left them so many times, after the war began, always with reluctance and sadness; now they have left us and gone so far away.

Yet the time will be no longer than the separation has been before. We shall join them in the Spring. Yet I am in doubt if it be not better for families to cling together. The time is so short, the dear home, family, nothing can make amends for the loss of it. There can be only fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years of the dear companionship, and then the natural necessities rend them asunder. Is it right to have them broken up before that time, to endure the loss for benefits that may arise!

Ah me! Things take their course. Who shall stay them?

(SARAH HILDRETH BUTLER)

WASHINGTON, *February* 22, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came this evening—and was a great disappointment to me in several ways. In the first place it seemed to indicate that you do not feel quite sure of your face—notwithstanding Dr. Cabot's opinion—and that is much more than enough to put one all out of patience. Then I have been looking forward to your coming, and have everything arranged for you as well as I could. What do I want in Washington without you? How foolish it was for us to come on and leave you behind, all alone in that great house. What in the world do you do with yourself? I know Father must be dreadfully angry with you for not coming—because he was so much annoyed when he found you were not with *us.* He ground his teeth and looked so ferocious that I feared there would be an explosion before we reached the house. He did seize upon poor Richard, as soon as we entered, for leaving the step ladder in the little room and the vinegar cruet in front of the fire. I never saw him so much vexed as he was at the depot. Aunt Nina and Florence were quite taken aback. I told him to be sure and bring you on this time. But it seems it was of no use.

Except the day after we came—when we made a few calls—and the Prince's Ball, I have not been out. For the bump which was on my face when I left home only went away to give place to another, lower down on my forehead, and much larger. My face is not so much swollen, but still I am not a presentable object. Father, I suppose, told you that Aunt Nina and Florence went with him to the Secretary of State's and Mr. Blaine's where they saw the Prince. Aunt Nina was delighted. We have had a great many callers. There must have been at least thirty here today. Tomorrow being our Reception day—we shall probably have more. I say "we," but I cannot see anyone, and Florence and Aunt Nina do the honors.

I am all alone this evening—have been summing up the accounts for the week to see if they all come out right. The household works quite well—as satisfactorily as any we have had—perhaps more so.

I send you letters from the boys—Should have enclosed them before if I had not expected you. If you cannot come by the last of the week—do write, or I shall grow homesick. With love and a kiss. *Affectionately*, BLANCHE

LETTERS between
BLANCHE BUTLER and ADELBERT AMES
and Others
1870 — 1899

When the last letter of the preceding group was written, Blanche Butler and General Adelbert Ames, in Washington to begin his first term as Senator from Mississippi, had undoubtedly met. By April 5th, the newspapers held accounts of their engagement and their wedding plans were well advanced when they exchanged letters on April 25th. After that, daily letters passed between them for the next few months.

Years later, in 1935, Mrs. Blanche Butler Ames arranged these love letters for publication under the title "The New Moon—Half a Century Ago, by an Octogenarian." To make identification of the authors of the letters impossible, she substituted pseudonyms and deleted passages. However, she was not successful in her effort to have them published and she later incorporated them in her manuscript for the "Chronicles from The Nineteenth Century." The following quotations make the preface to this group of letters in which additional omissions and changes in greetings and salutations have been made by the editor.

"Here in another spot, you observe the young General Ames, about whom the Senate is just now in such a breeze; a handsome face it is on which your gaze rests, with its marked brows and great brown eyes and heavy mustache—a face that tells the story in itself of heroic work in the war, and promises that its owner shall be a power in the future."

"But here all eyes are following eagerly a new apparition—it is that of Miss Blanche Butler whose beauty has been sounded from one end of the country to the other—a beauty that is the event of a century, and deserves celebrity with that of the immortal women whose portraits the great painters have hung upon the walls of European galleries—so radiant and rosy it is, so dazzling with the sunshine of its dimpled smiles, so dark and splendid are the eyes, so bright and golden is the profuse hair; her gauzy array of clear azure and white floats around her fitly tonight, and she wears some immense and precious turquoises that have been for many years in her mother's family. There is nothing of the haughty assured triumph of the conscious beauty in her mien, but only a gentle, yet spirited sweetness; and when she is lost to sight you can hardly believe that you have seen such a living picture, and that it is not some fancied vision of poetry or romance that has been obscured by this group of strangers."

NEW YORK, *April* 25, 1870

ADELBERT: Ah!—I have not heard that story I love so well for a whole long day, and I am wearying for it. If you could only tell it to me now I would not, indeed, I would not laugh, or look indifferent, but thank you from my heart, and be an honest *echo.*

Last night after you left me, I sat down with Mother and Aunt Nina, prepared to talk over the projects for today. But I was so peevish and cross-grained that Mother at last exclaimed "Why, what is the matter with you?" Of course I said "Nothing"—and I think I am quite excusable if it was not quite true. This morning we started very early on our shopping expedition, and except during a short dinner at two, we have been going all day. I am now so exhausted, both in mind and body, that you must forgive me if this, my first letter to you, is short and dull.

I hope you are discontented too. I should be very intolerant of any happiness on your part, so if you do not miss me you must never let me know it.

Tomorrow, though, (with the engagement ring and wedding dress) will make a difference, and you can imagine me about five o'clock, coming up Broadway with my head two or three inches higher than usual, and the corners of my mouth curving up to my eyebrows.

I am endeavoring to be as "thrifty" as possible, which I hope you will appreciate. I have not made a purchase without remembering your advice to have only "those things which will wear well and keep me warm." You must, however, allow me a few unnecessary articles, in order that I may be presentable in Northfield or your Mother will put me in the dark closet with the Venus de Milo, and I fear I should grow very homesick there.

Oh! please don't forget that I am not particular about your calling on the *young* ladies until I can go with you. It would probably be quite as agreeable to them, and would not trouble me in the least.

Also remember that eight or nine o'clock must find you asleep every night and morning. No pale faces and attenuated frames for me. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *April* 25, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: Need I tell you that I felt very lonesome as I made my way home? The light and warmth which have been with me seemed to have passed away. The city is not what it has been for the past two months. I went to my room and threw myself into a chair, not a little depressed, and with a longing heart for the presence of her I love, my Dear.

I began to think that you, Blanche, would disapprove of my disposition to be unhappy, all things considered—our early meeting—our mutual love—our bright future. So I reproved myself—brought forward my philosophy and reason—and turned to my day's duties. All of which I know you will approve.

I find much pleasure in the fact that I shall be with you in a few weeks. I am cheating, at least trying with considerable success to cheat, this old saw of its truth, "Man never is but always to be blessed." We will not surrender to that now, when there is so much pure sunshine, will we? Am I whistling to keep my courage up? No, indeed. I am very happy—our temporary separation shall not depress and darken. The Past, the Present, the Future are, one and all, beautiful and smiling, and can cheer our hearts in face of any blast, however cold.

I had a number of callers to whom I gave more attention than has been my wont. Made a call myself on a gentleman, a duty call. I passed your (our!) house. Saw the third story windows up, all the rest of the house closed, and a boy shaking the lightning rod—felt like shaking him.

I was in time for my committee. When we finally decided on the proper course for it to take—the bill will soon be reported. Of course I have had my lunch of pie and milk—two pieces!

They are considering the Calender,—and after trying two or three times to write you in the Senate have run off to the Military Committee room, where I now am. Aside from seeing a few persons who sent in their cards and visiting the House in behalf of a South Carolina friend, this constitutes thus far my day's work. I found in the passageway between the Senate and House a woman selling photographs pasted to the bottom of the ordinary globular glass paper weights—among them was mine, which I bought and will send you by express. It is the one you liked best, and which, as it is through the glass, is a very good picture. Tell me how you like it.

You are shopping today. I hope you are not wearied, though the work is tiresome. Your Mother has apparently assumed the responsibility of the undertaking. Yet, I know you will relieve her as far as possible. If you are tired I can but say "cheer up," it is one of the stepping stones to the happy future I look to with such pleasure. The road is not long, nor the way hard.

It is now about half past three. I will close my first letter to you and go back to my seat to assume that dignified (?), indifferent air, just as though I had not been having a chat with my Love, so far away. Have I said Alaska before? Shall I now say the South Pole, or one of the fixed stars?

ADELBERT

NEW YORK, *April* 26, 1870

MY DEAR ADELBERT: When we returned from shopping this afternoon I found your letter on the floor, thrust under the door. I pounced upon it at once, smiled at the frank, squeezed it to see if it was a long one, and then settled myself by the window to read it.

I am glad you felt lonesome, also glad that you were philosopher enough to overcome it in part. I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to think of anything. So my blues have almost, if not quite, departed.

I am perfectly satisfied with the ring. It is very lovely—but fragile, so much so that it is well the engagement is to be a short one. I am confident that it would be impossible for me to wear such a delicate ring constantly for five or six years—without destroying or losing the pearl, and you know that would be such a bad sign. I will not wear it, Darling, until you have put it on my hand—that is unless you have some wish about it. If so, do not hesitate to tell me, because it is only a fancy on my part, and one in which it is not at all necessary to indulge me.

The wedding dress is purchased, and we are to leave New York tomorrow morning. Goodbye, Del, I shall not be able to talk to you again for a day or two. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *April* 27, 1870

BLANCHE: My dear Love, your dear letter of Monday reached me this morning, and has cheered my heart and has made me happy the whole day long. It is your first letter, and so sweet

—so dear—so like your noble self. It is on my table before me. I will not tell you how many times I have read it, but more than once, more than twice, more than three times, more than four—I do not know that I can exactly tell myself—but it has been a bright, warm sun to me all day long.

Dear, you cannot wish for that short story more than I long to tell it to you. Though you sometimes did laugh, did I not know all the time how well you loved me, and loving me you felt that you were at liberty to laugh, as you were? I shall tell it to you now. I love you, I love you, my dear.

When I said have only "those things which will wear well and keep you warm," I did so partly because you can never be made more beautiful to my eyes than you are—be you dressed ever so gaily—and partly because of your father's purse, which you know *I* rather shrink from. Still I would have you as I know you will be—equal in every particular to your surroundings, be they women or inanimate objects.

"Thrift" will never shame us, nor cause us to stay at home when we wish to go abroad. I trust you implicitly in this, as in all things else. Your picture is also on the table by me. I never knew till I loved you what it was to be wholly absorbed in another. I enjoy life so much now. I am constantly thinking of you and watching the moments as they pass by and calculate as to the time when I shall be again by your side.

Yesterday evening when the New York mail came, and no letters from you, I felt so sad and disappointed that I could hardly sleep. I will not tell you how I felt. But this morning everything was so cheerful.—Darling, what joy it is to love!

I have been talking of you almost constantly, or writing of you, for the last twenty-four hours. At the dinner last night Starring being present, my *condition* was discussed. Starring said he knew of it from a friend in New York—a lady who has a son in Frankfort, or near there, who knows your brothers. She says he has written home of our engagement, having learned of it from your brothers. Whether that was the truth or not I cannot tell, but it rather cornered me. I gallantly made no admissions, nor did I deny anything—only talked of the *moon* as one can when you want to discuss cheese.

I wrote till half past ten last night, and then went to bed, in obedience to your Mother's directions.

This morning I had decided to make a call on my old friend, Mrs. Field. I intended to go at 11 o'clock. About half past ten she came here to call on Mrs. Curtis. I opened my door and invited her in, and then to explain my apparent neglect, made a confession of my love for you and informed her of our engagement. Thus I made my peace there.

I went to call on Mrs. Curtis up stairs (I had read your dear letter). Mrs. C. was glad to see me—concluded I had "reformed." I then rode up to the Capitol with Mrs. Field. I was a very attentive listener all day. They were working on the Calender, doing much business—and besides had I not your letter over my heart, into which I frequently peered? I rode home at five, and have till I began this been at work on my correspondence. After I finish this I shall go to bed to dream of my Love, and say to myself one week has almost gone. My Dear, I love you. DEL

LOWELL, *April* 30, 1870

"I love you, yes, love you more and more, day by day." I am echoing you, Del, and truthfully. Yet if this is the effect of absence, don't you think it would be well for us to remain apart forever? What a strange, unmeaning word forever is! I cannot imagine *two months* without you, although writing of eternity. I must get over this bad habit of asking foolish questions. In the first place, it is in very bad taste; in the next, one cannot always feel sure of being understood.

The ring is perfect, not a bit too fragile, and a pearl which *I* wear can never "fall" in pieces, as did those of the Cuban's bride.

If you can believe it, I was foolish enough not to leave word at the Fifth Avenue for your letters to be forwarded me. That of Tuesday I have not yet received, and I fear it is there. I will ask Father's secretary to write on for it.

I am not in the least afraid of your Southern beauties. If you can find one you think as beautiful and attractive as Blanche why you are welcome to. It will only show you to be a gentleman of very doubtful taste.

I have been unpacking my things all day, and receiving calls. I have talked of nothing but you, and it takes me twice the usual time to do anything, simply because my heart is not here. You know, "The heart giveth a charm to every act." That last sentence is a la Mrs. K———, and I hate it.

The house will soon be in order—and you can come on as soon as you feel like it. How happy I shall be to see you again. I hope you have not grown old and grey in all these years you have been away. Father asked me today how soon I expected to see the young Senator. I told him any time within a month.

Thereupon he felt called upon to inquire if it would be the beginning or the end of the month.

Are my letters too long and tiresome? If so, I will make them as short as *you* please. I like long ones from people I love, but tastes differ, and also the quality of letters.

Perhaps you are thinking there are *two* beggars in the world, one in Lowell, one in Washington. You are about right as regards the one in Lowell. But she is a happy one—for "I love my love, and my love loves me." BLANCHE

LOWELL, *May* 2, 1870

DEAR DEL: I am sorry, Sweetheart, that I cannot write you a nice long letter tonight. The one you sent me Friday deserved the best of answers. But you will excuse me, when I tell you that I have been not shopping for myself, but for Adelbert. Do you know him? I was very anxious to find a ring which I could feel was exactly suitable. Therefore I went "up hill and down dale" but with no result, and came to the conclusion that my idea of a ring is not to be found in "these United States." Hard to please, am I not?

Florence was with me, and after I had received my last disappointment we proceeded to the Lafayette House for lunch. There I decided that you should have my mark upon you, in spite of the Fates, and if it could not be done by a ring some other method should be devised. After much thought and deliberation, it seemed to me that the surest way of identifying you if lost, would be to say "Will be found in his possession the miniature of the young lady who is anxious to learn of his whereabouts." So I have decided to bore you with my picture. I will have it as small as possible, so as not to trouble you more than is necessary, and you must endure it, because—well, because I love you. Not very much, of course, but just enough to cause me to desire to annoy you.

I went in to see "The Battle of Gettysburg," a large oil painting. In spirit I fought over the battle in which a *friend* of mine was engaged, and gazed at the miserable old picture until I had no eyes left in my head.

By this time I suppose you are again in Washington. I hope you had a pleasant visit. It is a great pity *we* do not live in Philadelphia.

There rings the ten o'clock bell, and I must stop. I hope I have proved that if I am tired and cross, and cannot see, it is owing to you. If I love you, honor and trust you above all the world, it is because I am *Your* BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 3, 1870

BLANCHE, my dear Love, your letters instead of being too long are too short, much too short. You write dear, precious letters which I take the greatest delight in receiving and reading. I read them and re-read them—scrutinize them word by word, and observe every pen mark and wonder what were the thoughts you had—not those expressed, but the attendant ones. Have you forgotten, Blanche, how I loved to be with you? And how I regretted leaving you? Of course you have not. So now, when I get to the end of your letters I feel that it is but—well I won't say an aggravation, that would not be true or kind—but that it was but—say half past eight and that I had called after dinner! Do you understand how I long for *long* letters? I will tell you when they cease to be kissed and read with loving and eager eyes. I love you, Dear.

Yesterday a resolution passed the House to adjourn on the 4th of July—the Senate will have to concur to make it binding. I think it will do so.

Senator ——— asked me if I would vote for it. I said I would vote for an adjournment any day between tomorrow and the 4th of July. I shall vote early and often, for an early adjournment. Since legislative bodies often sit longer than they intended, and rarely a less time, and as such a resolution can be revoked, I fear we may have to stay here longer. I hope not.

I started out this morning early with a friend to get a clerkship for a Massachusetts lady. Of course I failed. I then went to see the President to get one of my friends appointed a Minister abroad, or made a Consul.—Of course again I failed. No vacancies. Not very pleasant amusement, I assure you.

I then went to the Senate, where I sat all day receiving cards and calls. Among my callers was one of my old Professors. When I was at West Point he was gray headed, as he is now. On one occasion I remember distinctly he sent me to my seat because I insisted I knew the lesson I was reciting on. He thought differently. I attempted to argue—he said, "Take your seat, Mr. Ames." Today he called on me, having been sent by his fellow-professors, to see to their interests in the new Army bill. It gave me real pleasure to see him, for I have great respect for him, and I most gladly promised to do all I could. I speak of it through vanity (?) perhaps—for self-glorification, which is not noble nor wise.

Upon adjournment I came home, where I have been since. It has been raining today—a gloomy winterish day—and I

have been wishing I were with you—No, Dear, I am not growing old, rather, young, though the time seems long since we parted.
ADELBERT

LOWELL, *May* 4, 1870

DEAR DEL: I hear that the Senate will adjourn over from Thursday until Monday. So, my Love, I shall expect to see you Friday night. To be sure, it will make your visit to Lowell earlier than you thought, and the country is not now as pleasant as it will be later. But then it is not the *country* you are coming to see, and I don't think that will serve you as an excuse.

You must let me know exactly what time to expect you, so that I may meet you at the depot. How glad I shall be to see you again. I promise not to tease you for a whole day. After that you must give me permission to laugh, for I shall be in such happy spirits that it will be a dreadful trial to behave so long.

The letter you wrote after your visit to Philadelphia was Oh! such a nice one. Not that they are not *all* nice, but you seemed to feel particularly kind to me, and I should think that seven o'clock was a good hour for writing.

Do you feel sure that our separation has been long enough to produce the change, or the sentiment, or whatever it was you thought would be so very beneficial? *I* am no judge in the matter, for although I agreed with you as I felt your Love ought, I never had a clear idea of what was wanted. If you do not feel that the trial has been long enough to be satisfactory—perhaps you had better not come on. It would be a great disappointment to me, but perhaps that is exactly what is most to be desired.

I am laughing at you a little, Darling, out of pure happiness—so you will forgive it, will you not? I shall not write you again, unless I hear that you are not coming, which I most truly hope will not happen. Goodbye, my Love, until Friday night.
BLANCHE

LOWELL, *May* 7, 1870

DEAR ADELBERT: I wrote you this morning, but your letter of Thursday convinces me that I must be careful to have my epistles in the office before the mail goes out.

Love, I have written to you every day except the two following our return from New York. The letter you should have had on Thursday I gave to Mr. C——— to post for me—if you have not yet received it no doubt it is still in his pocket.

He is such a loon—it is quite safe to suspect him of anything. When I gave it to him he did not look as if he exactly knew what he was expected to do with it. I told him, however, distinctly that I wanted him to post it for me. He played billiards very late, and went at half past seven in the morning, and probably forgot all about it.

But if I thought it would make "you put your arms around me and look into my (ugly) eyes" I would not write you for a week. So if you wish to threaten, you must try some other way. You ought to expect a letter from me every day—two if you want so many—and it would not be "too great a boon" either.

I hope you are a selfish man. It is the best thing you can possibly be. The more you require, the more I shall give, the more necessary I shall be to you, and the more I shall love you. Is there any other *ugly* trait you can accuse yourself of having? If so, tell me, and I will change them into virtues, causing you to feel sorry that you have so underrated my love. I mean my love, not my affection for you.

How pleased I am that the Chronicle did not name *the* Senator. It gives me such delightful freedom. "A Senator's wife." Of course it makes no difference what Senator. It is sufficient that it is "A Senator." That sublime word gilds the man, no matter what his deformities. Oh Love!—how happy I am that you are so noble, so handsome, so young, and so good. No faults which need a title to hide them.

I have a great mind to write my letter all over again, and leave out this last page. I fear I have not been quite subdued enough. I never mean to tell you quite all I think of you.

Young man, do you take lunch regularly? It is one of the things about which I am particular—if you expect to gain my good will, attend to it.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 7, 1870

BLANCHE: I love you and shall try to make you *so* happy, so you shall never for one moment regret having loved me and made (if you have to) sacrifices for me. I am very happy. Everybody says "Why, you are growing younger."—"You are remarkably well."—Of course I am. How could I help it when I am so fortunate, so much more so than ordinarily falls to the lot of man. Do you know I am becoming indifferent to all the world? Except my Beloved, I do not care to see anyone. I have failed to make but two of my many duty calls. I am in that state of mind—a don't-care feeling, which in reality makes me a monarch. Neither the girls nor their dresses attract me. If I see young folks walking lovingly together I say to myself—"Ah! you are not like *us*, my Blanche and I." You can judge whether I am happy or not.

The question now is shall I or shall I not go to Lowell. Are you certain you will love me just as much when you see me again? Am I and will I appear to you as loveable as ever? Or, when you see me again after having *rubbed your eyes*, will not I appear less than you have thought me—just what I am? Well, be that as it may, I shall leave here next Thursday evening for Lowell, where I shall see my dear Love. Well, we will have this understanding—I am going to see *you*, Love, and nobody else. No indeed! you are not to put me on exhibition. As you have not made a written promise, in fact none at all, I fear I shall have to be "inspected" to use a military expression.

How fortunate that you have had my photograph. Otherwise I would, I have little doubt, have a frame put around me and hung on a peg in the wall for inspection—like your beautiful picture at the Academy of Design.[1] No, it will not be necessary for me to be a painting. I must "do" the *statuary!* I shall attitudinize constantly, so I may show off to the best advantage. Have you a pier glass before which I may take my stand? Of course I will be at one moment Julius Caesar—at another Macbeth—the Dying Gladiator, the—the—the—everything to wind up with the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol. We will have a sign "Hands Off," won't we? What fun? They may see me walk and eat—examine my clothes—I shall part my hair in the middle that they may know my head is evenly balanced.

Lead me around by a green ribbon and don't let anyone maltreat me, and be kind to me yourself. I am disposed to reconsider my resolution and not go. A "Southron" as I am, I don't like your down-east Yankees—you prying, never-to-be-exhausted question askers—and I have no doubt Lowell is the Hub of down-east in this and all particulars. I guess—no reckon—I won't go. I am afraid. What? they will say, Has *he*—is that the person who has captured the belle of our city, the pride of the State! That would authorize your getting "mad" at 'em. Well, Well, I get confused by it all. I will not think of it any more.

Dear Love, I shall be with you in a few days. DEL

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[1] A full length portrait of Blanche Butler by Joseph Alexander Ames, 1816–1872.

Washington, D.C., *May* 9, 1870

My dear Blanche: It is now eight o'clock in the evening. I am in my seat in the Senate—we are in session this evening and I shall chat with you as the minutes pass by and at intervals give my whole attention to the business here. It is the Appropriation Bill of my friend and neighbor Mr. M——— that we have under consideration. I am at his elbow—or as we (late) of the Military would say, shoulder to shoulder, ready for a fight. He commands, I obey. He is a pretty good General—and I an excellent subordinate.

An individual came to me just before the Senate was called to order today and said "Gen'l. Butler is here, and I wish you would go and see him and ask him to do—thus and so—." So I have a new part to play. I must intercede with your Pa for my friends (?) What fun! Well, I went home to dinner and immediately thereafter went around the square to the corner of 15th and I. I walked through the offices and into the dining room where I found the welcome face of your Father. Mr. Whitney was there in your seat, and I took my old place opposite the windows. I arrived just in time for the tarts—of which, unfortunately, I could not partake. I did take an orange—then an apple. We don't have 'em at the Hamilton. Your Father asked me how I liked your picture at the Academy. I told him my impressions, as I told you.

It is now almost half-past nine—we are approaching the end of Mr. M———'s bill. I must make this a short letter. Tomorrow I shall write you my last letter this week.

Your Del

Lowell, *May* 9, 1870

Dear Del: Yesterday, in spite of my cold, I went to church. The barouche is away being relined, so Mrs. Farrington, one of our neighbors, came up for me to ride with her. The afternoon was cold and rainy, and we did not go over to Florence's as is our wont. I wrote, at Mother's dictation, a long letter to the boys—then spent the rest of the day chatting and sitting by the window—watching the grass grow, and the robins picking up sticks for their nests.

Your letter has just come, Del, and the man will go down to the Post Office again in a few minutes, so I must hurry and finish.

Mother says that she does not remember making any remark about four weeks being a better division of the time. If so, she is very sorry—and is now ready and happy to receive you whenever you are pleased to come. Of course you will not expect me to be glad to see you. I shall not only be *glad*, but happy.

Take good care that "our" house does not run away. I think the exercise of walking around it will do you a great deal of good.

Next Friday I am to see you! You can leave Washington by the same train that we did—you will arrive in New York in ample time to make the connection. You see I am very particular about my directions. I don't want you to take the wrong train, for then I should wait for you in vain. When you arrive in Lowell, turn to your left on leaving the cars, and walk till you come to the sidewalk—then to your right until you come to me. I may drive down for you alone, in which case I do not care about crossing the track.

Good bye, Love. They have hurried me to death about this letter, and I must not stop to write you more. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 18, 1870

MY DEAR, PRECIOUS BLANCHE, I have been thinking and dreaming of you constantly since I left your beautiful home, which to me is a perfect paradise—the place of beauty and unqualified happiness. I hardly felt I was leaving you as I rode off in the cars. I scrutinized everything on the road saying to myself her eyes have rested on these very objects. I was among things familiar to you. I was breathing the atmosphere she lived in—Ah! how I dreamed those minutes away. I was really sorry to reach my journey's end, for it terminated my very pleasing occupation—and off my castles vanished in thin air.

What, Dear, do you suppose I did first in New York? Why, I went to the Academy of Design and saw my Love.[1] I felt

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[1] During a recent visit to New York, I saw, at the annual exhibition of the Academy of Design, a picture which, under its modest, indefinite title of "Portrait of a Lady," was attracting constant and admiring attention. It is a picture which, aside from its merits as a work of art, has a peculiar interest for Washington people, for it is the "counterfeit presentment" of one whose beauty, graceful accomplishments, and amiable character have endeared her to a large circle of friends at the capital, where, for all the dizzy round of gayety and the treadmill round of ceremony, people have hearts to love, and simple, refined tastes to admire a pretty, modest, natural, sweet-tempered girl—when they see her. That picture of pictures, in all that fine-art exhibition, is the portrait of Miss Blanche Butler, by Joseph Ames.

As a portrait, I have never seen anything in America so original, and individual, and yet in such perfect taste. There is about it a rare atmosphere of maidenly modesty and purity, and yet in the expression nothing shy, or ill assured. The blush on the sweet, fresh face tells of no distinct consciousness of beauty, or fine dress, but simply of ingenuous, expectant pleasure. Winning her way with a deprecating smile, grace-lonesome and lonely, and longed, longed for my Love, so far away.

Her sweet face gave no token of recognition. Her eyes would not turn to me. I moved about the room to the right and left but no, she would not see me. I was very foolish I know, but sighed to see she had the same look for all. No smile for me. I then went to where we stood (you sat) when we were there together, and looked at those stupid paintings.

From the Academy I went to see Carleton; thence to my friend's, Brown, away down to the Battery on South Street. He was very glad to see me. We went to dinner together. I could eat but part of a plate of soup. He suggested that I was not well, or looking well. I then began to think I was not in reality feeling well.

We then went up town—saw Carleton again—then went to the hotel. I was restless—I could not sit still. I packed my valise again and started with him for Hoboken, to see there one of my old playmates at home, who was there in his vessel. We crossed in the ferry and found him, a regular old salt. How different our situations. He was once my equal—and leader in the art of boat making, and the sailing of them. He is married—has a daughter ten years old. His second child was named for me, but like the boy of my friend Brown, died in its youth. He was very glad to see me—we spoke of our boyhood. He asked to see my mashed finger, saying he remembered distinctly when I met with the accident. We supped with him.

I took your two photographs out to show them. I could

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fully gliding where only bright scenes and kind looks are around her, where "Peace charms the ground beneath her feet, And honor charms the air," there is yet such a dignity of maidenhood, such authority, and serenity of innocence about that figure, that you feel that nothing perilous or unworthy can approach her, that "Where very desolation dwells, By grots and caverns, shagged and horrid shades, She might pass on with unblenched majesty."

But it is the simple joyousness and youthful freshness of this figure, so richly and festively attired, which are most charming. They speak in the elastic action, revealed in the drapery, which seems instinct with motion; in the unworn contour and soft rosetints of the lovely face; in the tender, smiling eyes; in the fine poise of the head, and in the flow of the golden-auburn hair, such hair as Titian loved to paint. The whole figure breathes such bloom, and brightness, and happy thoughts, it is like the coming of the spring. Indeed so like a passing vision does it seem, that you half fancy it to be only making a swift pause within the rich gilded frame, to be charmed for a moment upon the canvas, and half fear to turn your eyes away, lest when you look again it may be gone.

I have never seen in any portrait so beautiful a background as Mr. Ames has painted in this picture. It is of a tender, exquisite blue, in perfect harmony with the complexion, and especially with the hair of the lady so fitly named Blanche. An artistic harmony like this, while giving to the eye a dainty delight, satisfies a poetic demand yet finer and more subtle. It is "felt like an odor within the sense." From the Sunday Morning Chronicle, Washington, D.C., June 12th, 1850, by Grace Greenwood.

not help showing my Love, my—wife. They admired your face very much. I neglected to say in the proper order that Brown and I visited the Academy of Design and saw your picture together—the second time that day I saw it. He did not think it did you justice, nor do I.

After supper I recrossed the river to New York and took the Jersey City ferry to the cars, with an hour to wait. I got my berth and went to bed—half sick, and still lonesome. This morning I reached home much better than yesterday.

Indeed Blanche, while I do not care what the papers say about my public affairs, I do not fancy having my private affairs heralded over the world.[1] Well, if you do not mind—and you need not—'twill make but little difference.

I have been in the Senate all day. There was an evening session, but I did not go. This evening I dined with your Father.—A Mr. Brown of Salem was there. I told him (your Father) of our ride. He was glad you behaved so heroically. But how else could my Love behave—noble woman that she is?

My dear, dear Love—I was so happy with you those beautiful days—but we will have them lengthened out to months and years before long, will we not, Love? You are beloved devotedly—yes, worshipped by your own DEL

LOWELL, *May* 18, 1870

I suppose you are in Washington this morning, Del, ready to begin your labors. I hope you go to them with a better heart than I have. If not, they will come rather hard.

I found a letter yesterday afternoon, when I returned from a drive, from Senator ———— for you. It occurred to me that he might have written to say that if you pleased you might stay with us two or three days longer, that there would be nothing requiring your attention in the Senate. I hope—Love—that he wrote nothing of the kind. It would be a dreadful aggravation to me. Though you, I suppose, would care nothing about it.

We had letters from the boys yesterday—and Mrs. Webster is attending to my trousseau, which she will send to me by the boys, the third week in June.

It seems very absurd that *I* should want a trousseau. What is it for? People who devote themselves to art need nothing of that kind. One black suit and a long dark blouse to keep off paint are all that are requisite for such a life. How much more "thrifty" and proper!! Don't you think so?

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[1] The newspapers were carrying reports of an incident which happened during Gen. Ames' visit to Lowell. One day while driving together, the pair of horses driven by Gen. Ames, suddenly frightened, bolted and ran away. Blanche, seated beside him, took off his stiff hat and held it between her knees until he was able to swing the horses from the roadway into a small yard between a house and barn where he brought them under control.

How shall I send you the locket? Through the mail or by express? I do not know which would be best. The paper weight came to me nicely. I am now debating in my own mind the propriety of putting a lock of hair opposite the picture. If it were any other color than red I should not hesitate. But red is so unromantic. What shall I do? I might dye a little piece—it would be my hair all the same—or perhaps it would be better not to have any put in.

I enclose a notice of our ride, taken from the Herald, that old, provincial paper. I am quite provoked that the miserable thing did not tell the truth. "Unmanageable horses" indeed!! *Well* managed beasts—and glorious driving—would be the right thing to say. More than all that, they should put Miss before my name. I wonder will they ever give me the title of Mrs. Adelbert Ames, or will it be Blanche Butler to the end of the chapter. Are you not fearful—Love? Perhaps it will be Blanche Butler—wife of Adelbert Ames, just as inscriptions are put on tombstones.

However, we need not fret about this now. If the worst comes to the worst, I will put a patch over my right eye, screw up the corners of my mouth, devote myself to household duties, and *vanish.*

I write you a great deal of foolishness. Do you tire of reading it?

I can hardly realize that you have been with me, Love—the time was so short, and life so different from anything I have ever known. It all seems like a very happy dream. Good-bye—I shall expect a letter tonight. Though of course I do not care anything about them. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 19, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE, Shall I, may I repeat that story of mine? You become more and more a part of my existence day by day. With what pleasure do I look forward to the future, and yet I am happy, very happy. Today this idea has been with me, not by any means for the first or the hundredth time. I have been impressed with the idea that I must do everything within the power of man to make you happy, to make our married life happy. The thought of (if need be) making sacrifices for you

—of giving my time and thoughts, even my life, for you—is very pleasant. I will not now tell you all my dreams, or how much I intend and shall do to make you happy. You are now, I know—we shall see that the future does not cheat us out of one moment of joy. My resolutions today, made not for the first time, will in their execution as far exceed the exploit on Saturday last as does the light of the sun that of a candle. I love you, my Darling.

At the dinner table today someone said they had seen in a New York paper that you and I had a runaway when I was at Lowell. Almost immediately after, I got the Evening Star and found the accompanying slip under the heading of Gossip and Personals. My secretary soon came in, and brought another slip from another paper, to the same effect. I do not like it in the first place because the world has nothing to do with our affairs, and in the second place because it fails to do the event justice. If it had only said I was "somewhat injured" and you "slightly injured" I would have liked it better. As it is, it seems I took advantage of my strength to save myself, and left you to fate. I don't like the paragraph.

Today I had a call from Col. MacAllister, who is a most devout worshipper of yours. He says he knows you and your Mother. He is, I think, a lawyer here. He was so very enthusiastic as to say he *loved me* because I was to be your husband. Praise could go no further than he pressed it.

I am glad, Love, you tell me what occurs with you. I hope you always will. You must have no annoyances I must not share, and Old Jew as you say I am, I shall be sure to share all your joys.

How bright and beautiful your home is to me. I am there all of the time. What happy moments they were—like two children, hand in hand, we went from cellar to garret. What fun! Have you seen the figure up in the garret on which dresses are fitted? How funny it looked. And then, too, did we not kick our heels together sitting on the hen coop in the back yard? And the pond too, where you broke the terrapin's shell with a stone. I see you as you marched off to the woods with it.—And you sailing in a TUB. I could go all over your house and place blindfolded. I see you everywhere.—Yes, Love, you are ever with me.

In my letter yesterday I told you I was not very well. Today I started for the Senate, but not feeling well turned around and came home, where I have been all day long,—lying on the sofa most of the time. My appetite is wanting, and it has been suggested that I look as if the effects of a long residence South was becoming visible on me—the results of a malarial atmosphere. However, it is nothing, and will soon pass away. I thought it would be best to be treated at once, and the sooner be fit for work. So, my Love, do not feel anxious because I preferred to stay in my room today to going to the Senate. I have had the more time to think of you, Dear, without being interrupted by the card of Old Mrs. C————, or anybody else.

I love you, Darling. Oh! so tenderly. I am hoping soon to be with you. From your own Del

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Washington, D.C., *May* 20, 1870

My dear Blanche: This will be given you by your Father. In my letter to you this morning I told you to wait before expressing the locket, intimating that you might have some opportunity to send it. He told me day before yesterday that he was going to take you all by surprise, but exacted a promise from me that I would not tell you in my letters. Of course he tells on himself when he presents himself to your astonished gaze.—So this is the keeping of my word, as he intended.

It gives me pleasure to know you approve my acts and that you think I did well when those horses were dragging us to almost unavoidable destruction.—I like to have you think so. I love you, Dear, and rejoice in any indication of your love for me. But in this particular, do you not see you give me more credit than is my due? Truly *you* should have the most—yes, all that is worth speaking of. Did you not keep saying "let them keep the road and they will soon stop," or words to the same effect? And was it not you, my brave Love, who told me when to stop the horses? Did I do any more than to carry out your suggestions? Only this. I thought best not to go down another hill—all the rest was as much, yes more, yours than mine. You are a brave, noble, and a gentle, loving woman. I cannot tell you how much I love you. I worship you, Dear. You must love me, and we shall be, as now, so very happy.

Ah! yes, I see you with the "patch over my right eye" and "the corners of my mouth screwed up" trying to get out of the world's eye—as you say "vanishing"! No, Love, you can never hide your beauties from the world—the world knows of you, and the more they may know the more will you be admired.

However, we won't "fret about that now!" They may call you anything; and—me, why they may say I am your husband and I will be content.

At our wedding I shall wear a civilian's dress, my groomsmen will probably be military men—can, if they will, wear a military uniform. Now the question is, would it not be best to have the military persons—the officers—in their uniforms? I like the thought of having the old uniform near me—and yet, if I wear a civilian's dress—as I shall—would it be best to have other styles? This is a question which has come into my own head. What says my Love to this query of mine? As you say, so shall it be. My groomsmen shall be—are—the best of men, and those we can always speak of with satisfaction.

I send you a slip from a morning's Washington paper, the *Republican*, I think. You see, murder will out. It is only another paragraph to go the rounds. You see what you have to pay for being so loveable and beautiful.

Love, I do not feel that I am worthy of you, but I shall try so hard to make you happy. The world will have to say, "Well, they *are* happy, this is a fact."

You ask if I get tired of reading your "foolishness." How can you ask such a question? Your letters are all too short. I read them through between two breaths—then I re-read them and re-re-read them. Love, your letters are very dear to me, and give me great pleasure.

Do you get tired of mine, that the thought comes—well, *he* may also find mine wearisome? Well, we'll pretend we are in serious earnestness in such questions—when we are not?

I have not been to the Senate today—tomorrow will be Saturday—so I shall have been there but one day this week. Had I known how little time I could have spent there, I might have remained six or seven days longer where my Love is, and been cared for by her.

You know I ate but little when with you. I am not eating much now, but hope to improve very soon. I am not sick. You must not think that. Capt. Randlett said he never saw me looking better. He modified it a little, however, and suggested I might be feverish.

I shall take this over to your Father at about six o'clock, and if he will ask me to stay to dinner I shall be most happy to do so. I like to be near him. I love you, Darling. DEL

Washington, D.C., *May* 21, 1870

Dear Blanche: I write you again, to be handed you by your Father, as it will probably reach you some twelve hours before it would by mail.

I am half inclined to go with him—perhaps now, while you read this I may be looking in upon you. No, not with my bodily eyes—I shall be thinking of you tomorrow about the time I reached your home. I think of you all the time. I mean I shall especially picture you receiving my two letters at the hand of your Father.

Congress has agreed to adjourn on the 15th of July—*less* than two months hence. Two months hence July 21st, will be Thursday. I am not impatient, but would that be *very* early? What a selfish person I am. I shall let you name the time without any consideration for me. Your Father doubts if Congress can adjourn by the 15th. However, *I* think it can and will. The weather will be very hot, and the majority will look to their own comfort and self-interest before everything else. In fact, the non-talking do not have much sympathy for those who are ever making a noise. So just now it will be impossible perhaps for you to fix any day. You must feel, as do I, that it cannot be far off.

Today I directed my secretary to buy a book and make an alphabetical list of my friendly correspondents, to the end that I shall be ready to know to whom I shall send our wedding cards. Then I shall take the Army Register for my army friends, and the Congressional Globe for many of my political friends. In that way I shall miss but few.

Love, whether you name an early day or not, I shall go to you immediately after adjournment so you will be compelled to have me "bothering around" all the rest of our days. You can choose between the lover and the husband—both will be bad enough, I cannot express an opinion on the subject except if I be one, you will wish me the other.

I am better today, and as I said, will go out Monday to my duties. I could have gone out yesterday and the day before, but thought it prudent not to do so.

In two weeks I expect to see you again. I love you.

Del

Lowell, *May* 22, 1870

Dear Del: You have been ill, Love, and I not with you. I have reproached myself so much for writing such ugly, hateful letters, when you should have had kind and gentle ones. They were loving, nothing can ever make them anything but that. Still my conscience tells me that they were a little discontented and peevish. Therefore, *please* send them back to me, with a reprimand. I will burn them and make a good resolution never to do so again. I mean, never to write any more like them.

If I had been with you, you should have had a most comfortable pillow, and someone to help you pass the long days pleasantly. How much better it would have been if you had remained here. What good care we would have taken of you! Perhaps you would not have been ill at all, and I—why I would not have been cross. How many evils your staying would have prevented. Next time, Del, you will know what to do.

We rather expect Father at two o'clock. He has taken great pains not to tell of his movements—yet there have been several shadows on the threshold. I have also had a wild idea that you might possibly return with him. Yet I have not thought of it enough to make me unhappy if you do not. I suppose you intend me to send the locket by him.

You should not get up so early in the morning. Just think of writing at seven o'clock. I don't know how you can have an idea in your head at such an hour.

I forgot to tell you that your missing letters all came on Saturday morn. I called at the office on my way to the depot, and was rewarded by two long letters, and Senator ————'s newspaper slip. I hope you do not encourage such frivolity in our reverend law-makers. It would be more becoming to your *years* and position for you to discountenance it. How do you think you can stop the papers, Love? They will talk—and personal items have the most interest for their readers. It is one of the penalties you will have to pay for your popularity, and position, also—shall *I* say it?—for your temerity in marrying a ("pretty") wife. As they can say nothing ill of either of us, I think we have no cause for annoyance.

How did the world know you were in Lowell? You did not see a "correspondent" while here, and I am sure we live far enough from town to be rid of all such. I am very sorry you have been troubled by the old reports, yet I do not know how they could have been avoided.

Have you done anything about the place in Mississippi? As there are but twelve acres of land, I conclude the value of the place is in the house and stables. That might be well if we were to be there a greater part of the time. That, I suppose, is not the likelihood, so that it seems as if it would be as well to have more of the nine thousand in land—which cannot be burned, and needs no repairs.

I am glad my home seemed pleasant to you, Del. I love it, and of course want you to. I did not mean that you should see that miserable figure in the garret, and took care to have it removed several days before you came. I never thought of your going to the top of the house. It is evident that you are bound to know everything. I am not only obliged to tell you everything, but I can hide nothing from you.

If you had not come to Lowell you would not have been sick. There is something in this air particularly exasperating to malaria. It always makes chills and fever show itself—if there is any in the system. So much for "taking an interest" in me. You see what it has brought upon you already. What may it not do in the future?

When I have your letters, Del, I am perfectly happy, but when the days pass and I do not hear from you, I am not philosopher enough to be content. Why is your love necessary for happiness? You need not answer my questions, Love. They are the last little struggles for *self*-sufficiency, and independence. Very fruitless, but natural.

I do not have to pay interest on your kisses, so I will borrow some to send you. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 24, 1870

BLANCHE Love, I have been enjoying your sweet letter of the 22nd—Sunday. It gave me pleasure to know you were in good spirits, and not regretting my visit to you.

I know you do not *regret* it. I mean to say, I was very glad and happy that you were not wishing that parts of my visit had not been made—not dwelling on the erroneous idea that 'twere better had you been more (to use your idea) New Englan*dish.*

I want you to abuse me as much as you please—but I do not like to feel that you are unhappy for such unreasonable causes as those given—not given—hinted at by you. I want you to be happy. As we have sometimes to have peace by fighting for it—so now you *must* be happy and smiling or we'll have a row, a big *row.*

Your Senator *has caught it* for his unintentional disturbance of your serenity, and you may rest assured he has had such scoldings that he will never trespass in the future. Leave me to manage him. I hate him, and will show him no mercy; and you and I will be such good friends.

All your letters are sweet and loving. I speak of this one because it indicates that you are happy, and the happier you are the happier I shall be. So now I think I won't *scold* any more. I love you, dear.

Our trailing-arbutus friend, Mr. Shreve, has just crossed K Street and passed my window. He never sees me. He must be near-sighted. I see he wears glasses.

I went up to the Senate for a couple of hours today. So you see I am again well. The inquiries about our ride were numerous. Even one of the little pages, who came to me to put my name in his autograph book, said "I'm sorry you met with an accident the other day—so the papers say." I explained, told him we ran the horses against a fence and barn, and got out of the carriage without any injuries. Mr. M——— said, "I don't know how many have asked me what was the matter with Senator Ames? Sick? Suffering from the effects of the shock? Or was the *visit* too much for him?" I expect the last part was his own, for his eyes twinkled and he smiled a kind, benevolent smile. Altogether I was something of a hero (?).

As I had no breakfast I went to the Senate restaurant and got a plate of soup. I also visited the barber to have my hair trimmed. I wish to be presentable when I visit your Grandmother. I remained there till the mail was distributed at two o'clock, hoping I might get another letter. No—so I started for home, thinking it would not be wise to try too much the first day.

Yesterday I was, I must confess, a little blue. At five in the afternoon had a plate of soup. Not very hearty eating, was it? Less than what we ate in Lowell. Besides, the aches and pains all over me would not let me lie still in any position. The people in the house were very solicitous, and offered to do any and everything. I politely declined, saying I was "much obliged, but never having been accustomed to being nursed (fact is have rarely, if ever, been sick) I would not know how to receive it." They suggested "Well, you'll have to get used to it one of these days." What could I say to that? I said nothing—but I thought should I need nursing "one of these days" I would have the dearest person in the world to nurse me.

This morning before I went out I received from Mrs. K. the accompanying note. I answered it telling her I would call this morning, which I did. She had two things for me to do—

first to vote for a bill—second to speak, should it become necessary, to one Representative B. about some bill to come up before the House!

I was to be *used!* "I was glad to be of service to her." So you see, my Lady, I have not only to vote myself, but to see that Rep. Butler votes—and votes properly. What a task I have before me! Can I count on your influence?

Do you object to my beginning the 9th page? As you say, "you can have a recess for half an hour." I suggest it, as I know you are tired.

Do you think it right or kind to say that I have no ideas in my head at seven o'clock in the morning, after reading my letter written at that hour? I have no doubt you are correct in your assertion, and would beg pardon for writing you at so early an hour—at the same time promising I will never, never do so again. So we won't quarrel about this.

I sent you the letter about the house to get your views. I am glad you expressed them. They agree with mine exactly. It would be the height of folly to buy an expensive house there, in which we would live but a short time each year in the fall, and perhaps a short time every second year in the spring. It is possible I may turn my back upon it entirely—it will depend upon you—how you may like, and the effect the climate may produce on your health. If we have a plantation we thereby establish ourselves—we will be then at liberty to "board." However, all of that is for the future. Your judgement in the case shows you are just what I have always thought you to be—perfect in all things.

I am going to ask a question which may surprise you. It is this—are the presents you are to receive—wedding presents—to be displayed for the public gaze, or to be put in a room out of sight? Are you shocked? *I* question the correctness of "presents" as indulged in by too many at the present time. They will be given—now you will tell me how they are to be disposed of on our wedding day.

Yes, Love, you are right when you say that I "am bound to know everything." How could I help it? Am I not a Yankee? Is not my nose sharp? Are not my eyes sharper? Of course I am to know everything, and the more I know, the more I love my Blanche.

No, my Lady, I cannot *lend* you kisses to send to me. They are not received here—not legal tender. Can't you borrow of someone else? Good night, Love. Many kisses from

DEL

LOWELL, *May* 24, 1870

I have finished reading for the third time your Sunday letter—and the result of such "incessant chatter" is that I feel very sorry for my misconduct, and quite provoked that you should have been "punished for nothing."

We won't think or say anything more about it, Del. Please let me kiss you and make up.

I hate the word reticent. You must never be so to me. But I must change the subject, or I shall find myself scolding you again for "nothing." I can forgive you because I have nothing to forgive—but do you think it best to come on a week from Friday? It will only be the 3rd or 4th of June, and that will leave nearly six weeks before I can see you again.

I should be Oh! so happy! to have you here—but six weeks is a long time. Wouldn't it be better to put another week on to the three, and so shorten the other side a little, even if it is at the expense of lengthening this? Either way I am arguing against myself, for I want to see you, Love, next week Friday. Still I know how long the time will seem after. So I leave it entirely to you. Do exactly what will make you happiest. Either way will be better for me than the other.

How tired you will get of this family, if you read, think and write about them so much. Five o'clock is a very improper hour for young men to be awake. It is also *very* bad for the eyes to read in bed. If I wake at cock-crow I have only to dive my nose deeper into the pillow—with a little sigh of dissatisfaction at the hour—and go to sleep again. *Some* people would do well to follow my example.

I don't believe you are as well as you pretend, therefore you had better come to me. I want to look into your bonny face and judge for myself if "all is well."

You behaved very handsomely about the "claim." I feared you intended to give me trouble, or I should not have threatened so much. How frightened you must have been! In a mutual surrender, who takes the swords? (Conundrum)

I only sent the locket by Father, no letter, because he will stop in New York on his way to Washington, and my letter would be very old before you could have it. Father tried to steal a march on us—but we were altogether too sharp for him. Mother endeavored to look surprised, in order to please him, after he had taken so much pains to come up the *back* avenue. But in truth she had been telling me to 'get up' for more than an hour—and my excuse was that "Father's coming home, and we shan't have breakfast 'till nine o'clock." I was right—

saw Father, had a hot breakfast, and saved my naps. Does your Mother like early breakfasts, Del? If she does, I must reform.

I think our groomsmen will look better in uniform. If "we" have gone into the Senate, all our friends have not. Then I like the glitter of the gold lace. Gentlemen look better as a rule in uniform, and I can think of no possible objection. You are not going into battle on that occasion, that you need feel particular about "having the old uniform near you." Indeed, I won't fight you *much*.

So you allow me to choose "between husband and lover—if I be one you will wish me the other." Well, Del, while you remain a "lover" there will be some sense in wishing you were a husband, but after you are *a* husband, there will be no kind of use in wishing you *a* lover. Therefore, it will be better for me to leave you in a condition from which you can be promoted. Don't you think so? You will be in much better *subjection*. I expect you will grow very lordly—as soon as the next title is conferred upon you.

I am in the billiard hall writing you, and on the table by me there is a large box of checkerberry plums, just from N.H. I write a word to you, eat a berry. They do not seem to brighten the faculties. If every berry were a kiss, what a lovely letter I would write you.

Good bye, from BLANCHE

LOWELL, *May* 24, 1870

DEAR DEL, I have not had a letter today from—who do I expect one from? A letter *every* day. Do I know anyone who cares enough for me to take all that pains, and spend so much time? I fear I am deceiving myself. But in spite of my fears, I am *confident* that somewhere, in some office, on some cars, or in somebody's pocket, there is a letter for Blanche. Am I right?

I have just finished a note of thanks to Gen'l. P. for the earrings. Oh! how I hate to write notes. A good long letter is one thing, but a note where every word must be in the right place is certainly an abomination. Sometime will you write all mine for me—or do you hate them too?

I am a very "busy bee" these days. Father returned quite unexpectedly last night about ten o'clock, and left this morning at half past seven. So I did not see him. I woke up just in time to hear the carriage drive away. I woke from a very disagreeable dream about you, Love. I thought it was the day after the wedding and my friends were asking for you, but strange to say I did not know where you were, or when you went away. They seemed to think it very strange that you had not remained a few days, and I was quite as much if not more bewildered than they.

I am inclined to take back everything I said about your coming next week. Perhaps it is a good rule to take pleasure when you can get it, and not anticipate trouble. Therefore, Love, I want to see you as soon as I can, and let the future take care of itself.

I have been sewing on the machine the greater part of the day, and I am so little used to it that it makes me very tired. How I wish I had somebody's shoulder to lean my head against. I won't tell you whose, because he might be a friend of yours, and I am very much afraid you love him too well to keep *my* secrets.

If you are not well, you must say so, Love. Although I cannot make you better, still I will not write such flippant letters. I do not feel in the least pert when you are ill, and you should not make me act under false pretenses.

Father said you had not been to the Senate because you were attending to so much correspondence. Did he really mean that, or was it a hit at you and me? We had quite a little discussion at the head of the stairs, as to which cared the most for me, you or he. The question remained undecided.

It does not seem possible that two or three months may bring my marriage day. Ah! Del, I cannot realize it. Perhaps it is well I can't—who knows? I might run away and leave you. Not so far but you could reach me, Love, I warrant you.

I shall not sing for Mr. Fay tomorrow. I do not feel in the mood. I have sung for him enough, and that is not much. The truth is I have very little time to devote to him at present. He must wait until I have been married two or three years before his attentions will be acceptable. Perhaps then he would be a bore. That, however, depends upon circumstances, and those circumstances upon Adelbert Ames. I believe I can write your name almost as well as you can. I wish I were remarkably bright and capable. Would you like me to write for the newspapers? I don't think I could do it—still I should like very well to know how to do all the things the people you admire can boast about.

If you are not very careful I shall, in the course of time, become a perfect "Jack"—striving to achieve those things for which I have not the least capacity. Keep your standard low, if you wish me to live in peace. All this chatter withall little, just a little, in earnest.

It is now seven o'clock in the evening. I did not write you this morning because I could not, without being selfish, and you will in consequence lose your letter. Forgive me this time won't you, and as often as I need it? Good bye—Love. Think of me as often and as long as you can, and I will try to—perhaps you thought I was going to say do "the same." Oh! no, I was only going to ask you that very impertinent question about your Mother's health.

You may have one kiss, if you can get it. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 25, 1870

MY LOVE, BLANCHE, I owe you an apology (?) for the unjustifiable burden I put upon you yesterday. I sent you seventeen! (17) pages of written matter!!! Four in my morning's letter, and thirteen in my evening's, twelve of which were mine, and one our friend's, Mrs. K. The same mail took both letters. I know I owe you an apology therefor because you always are right, and you don't send me seventeen pages—so I am wrong in imposing on you in such a manner. Is not this good reasoning? I'll never, never do so again.

I have been to the Senate all day long today, and catch a few moments to send you these words before going again for an evening's session. So you see I am again well. You cannot imagine how glad I am to get out in the open air again. Going to the Capitol I take the Avenue cars, so I may stand on the platform and *breathe*. I was real happy as I rode up this morning, thinking of you, Dear, and enjoying the sunlight. I intend, if such a thing be possible, to borrow or buy such an appetite that when I visit you a week hence I may be able to eat your Mother out of house and home. We'll see.

Senator P——— came to my seat today to chat about our ride. I told him about it. He was very much interested. He said he did not know a young lady in the country he admired more than he does you. He continued and said if he had a son or nephew or any friend he wanted married, he did not know one he would prefer for him to you. I was glad he did not have the son, or nephew, or friend—for then where would poor I be? He said everything in your praise—and what was better, said he was a good judge of women and knew he was correct in his opinion. He asked me if I knew Mrs. P———. I did not. She was an excellent woman—he loved to hear her praised and appreciated. I said I would be glad to know her, and had no doubt but that I would *reciprocate*. I should remember his kind and appreciative words as far as you were concerned. He reiterated his opinion as to his own power to judge women—said he *knew*, etc. etc. Finally he said "Yes, I am a judge of women. Mrs. P. is my third wife!" I felt that as a little damper. I was a little regretful that I had shown so much sentiment. A youth in my condition exchanging sentiment with a man with his third wife? I felt I had been imposed upon—I believe the slang has it, sold. I shall look sharp in the future.

I have been through Brady's photograph Gallery and could only find *one* photograph of you I had not seen—the full face one, where your hair falls in curls on your shoulders. I have it. I got one like the one you like. I shall send it to Mother.

It is time for me to start for the Capitol. Good night, Blanche. I love you, and long to be with you. DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 27, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: After the tiresome (to you) announcement that I love you, Dear One, I begin with an apology. I do not know that my apology will amount to much—it will do this: it will put me straight on the *record* and that seems to be what my associates in the Senate are constantly thinking about. Well, some time since—a week or so—I wrote you one morning at seven o'clock. In reply you said something about my not having any ideas in my head at such an early hour. It is now, this morning, earlier than seven o'clock and I am writing you again. Of course, I apologize.

I write you because I did not yesterday, and I want you to have your regular daily letter. I was to write you last evening but I received notification that there would be a meeting of the Military Com. to-day at eleven, and as I had a large number of cases referred to me by the Com. and as I want all the work off my hands by Monday after next, when I expect to be in Lowell I put aside everything to get them up. This took me late last night, and now this morning I am up early, believing this will catch the same mail as if posted the usual hour. Is my apology satisfactory? You see, the necessity of it is based first on the desire that you should have my letter in time, and second because of my efforts to be free from any duties a week hence, for then I want to be near to where my Love is, where Blanche lives.

Yesterday at dinner I saw by the *Evening Star* that your Father had returned. I at once posted over there to get a package I knew he had for me. I expected a letter, not receiving one yesterday. I found him and *demanded* the package. He said it was in his table drawer, and professed he had lost the key. He tried one key, but it would not fit. You may imagine I was not to be treated that way, and he very soon found the right key. I won't say I frightened him, but I will say, dear Blanche, I was very glad, happy, to receive your beautiful token—not beautiful, that is secondary—it was dear and precious. Your sweet face and a lock of your beautiful hair. Your hair seemed to bring you very near me. I thank you, Love, for the locket, the picture, and the hair. I shall always wear them. I shall suspend the locket by my watch guard. I love you, and feel so grateful to you for your dear love token.

I send you a number of slips of newspapers. You will see by the N.Y. *Herald* that I came near acting as a second in a duel. The truth is I was never spoken to, and only knew of the newspaper paragraph by my attention being called to it. No duels for me. I have turned my back on all warfare. With love, DEL

LOWELL, *May* 27, 1870

There was no letter from you yesterday, Del, and I am fearful you are sick. Why are you not with me? I did not have a chance to see Uncle Fisher yesterday (he left for Boston at two o'clock) or I would have insisted upon his *expressing* you to Lowell, if you could not be started any other way. Don't think that you must wait 'till next Friday, but come at once.

Would it not be better for you to take the evening train for New York and the steamboat? In that way you can spend the day in New York, and it would make a much easier journey. You would arrive here at half past eight or nine in the morning, in time for breakfast. A sniff of the salt air might be good for you.

Yesterday I drove Mrs. Read out to do some shopping. The horse was walking slowly along the road and we came to some men beating carpets. Phil pricked up his ears—but he is always doing that so I paid no attention, only held my parasol up quite jauntily, steering the old horse with my left hand. Perhaps guiding would be a better word—but never mind. You can imagine my surprise when I found myself on the sidewalk—rushing frantically along between a row of trees and the fence. It occurred to me that there was but little room for a tumble between the iron fence and the carriage. Then I rose to the emergency and brought all my weight (I did not tell you how much) to bear on Phil's mouth. It was effectual. We came to a standstill just as one of the carpet beaters reached the carriage. He seized the bridle, and Phil, expecting a whipping, stood on his hind legs. I told the man to pat him on the neck, and lead him gently back to the carpet. Phil went up to it, smelt of it, without making the least disturbance. Then I turned him around, and we went on our way as quietly as if we had not been in danger of knocking our heads against the trees. I thought it due to public opinion (that of the carpet beaters) that Phil should be made to survey the carpet more at his leisure. I have no idea he was in the least frightened, it is great fun to shy and run. I was rewarded by the out-spoken admiration of the carpet man, who said "you are a splendid driver." I looked in his face to see if he was indulging in sarcasm—but no—he seemed in earnest. So there are two of us, Del, excellent "whips." But, if you deserve the commendation as little as I—why, I have a very poor opinion of your powers. Aunt Nina, I fear, will never ride with me again. As we returned home I wanted to try the carpet road once more, and see if Phil had learned his lesson, but she would not hear to it. I shall have to wait until I am out alone.

The other day a young man and maiden went out to ride—as they turned a corner the horse ran away—upset the carriage, and threw them out. The man was quite battered and bruised. The young woman picked herself up and said "Oh! I fear you are hurt." "What difference does that make, I know *you* are safe." This scene so affected the bystanders that they at once endeavored to ascertain the relationship—and found that the next day there was to be a wedding. Moral—engaged people should beware of driving—or as "our neighbor" says "It is better to take a driver who attends to what he is about." What *lots* of stories I am telling you, Love. You will begin to think that all people in Lowell are run away with, or upset.

Who are to be "our" groomsmen? You have now mentioned four.

I have written so many letters to you that I have used up my paper. Until I get some more I must use Paul's. His sheets are much larger than mine—and this is a long letter. Do you blacken your middle finger when you write? I am very unfortunate in that way. A ring on one hand, and a big ink-spot on the other are tokens of my engagement.

Mother and Mrs. Reade have gone for the day, and I have the house all to myself. Sometimes it is very pleasant to have everybody go away. Good-bye, Oh you goose! My love,

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 27, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: I was made happy today by getting two letters from you, both written on the 24th.

As we cannot fully agree as to which would be best—my being "Lover" or "Husband"—let me compromise (I will add here by the way of a parenthesis that there is nothing like a compromise) and be both—being Husband I will continue to be the Lover of my Wife. What says my Blanche to that? Or does she object, and think that *one* is bad enough and that both in one would be unendurable? Be that as it may, I make the proposition above.

To your conundrum "Who takes the swords when two persons surrender to each other?" I would suggest that the swords be made into a *cross* and so placed that it can ever be seen whenever there may be the slightest indication of gathering clouds to obscure our bright, warm sun—a happy sign ever teaching the lesson the world will never learn—"to bear and forbear."

In the discussion with your Father about the love he and I bore toward you—did you suppose a case? Did you ask him who loved your Mother the most immediately before her marriage, *he* or your Mother's father? Did he concede his love was surpassed by that of her Father? No, I should imagine not. Please observe I do not propose to show that he does not love you. I love you, and if you only love me I shall be willing your Father—I'll be generous—your Mother,—more generous —your Brothers—still more generous, all of *your* relatives and *mine* should love you with all their hearts (as they do and will) —remember the proviso—it reads as follows: *PROVIDED* you love me—*PROVIDED FURTHER* that: You love me. There. Is that satisfactory? You will please observe I have been so long in a legislative body that I am adopting its language. "Provided" is found in almost every law.

I don't care if you do think me a goose—who has a better right to be? in *our* family? Who else can be in said family? My character.

This is a very cold, disagreeable day. It has been raining almost all day long. The streets are muddy, I am chilly, uncomfortable, and shall I say it, *lonesome*. I wish I were near my Love.

I have been so long from my own home, that of my parents, that I hardly look to it in moments of depression. At such times it has been my wont to draw back within myself and peer out into the future and question—such difficult questions to answer. Now, I do not try to solve any mysteries. I only think of my Love, and know with her I would have rest and peace. Is it not strange, as you have suggested, that in a few months we should become necessities to each other? It is one of nature's laws we do not understand how to analyze, but which we know exists—that is, I love you, and long to be with you. I want to take you right into my heart. Towards no one else have I felt as I do to you. We will not ask the whys and wherefores, will we, Love?

I was at the Senate all day, listening to the discussion on the Appropriation Bill. There is an evening session but I will not go. At the meeting of the Military Committee this morning a claim of a person making it was considered and my labor last night went for nothing—that is, I could not *dispose* of it finally today.

I went round the corner to dine with your Father, but learned that he was going out to dine, and so had to come back again to a late dinner. So here I am, writing to my Blanche.

DEL

LOWELL, *May* 28, 1870

I accept your apology, Del Dear, and forgive you for your *impertinence*—on condition that you promise me ever so many letters seventeen pages long. I don't mean seventeen pages *eked* out by other people's letters, but all your own.

What difference does it make to you what I do? You are naturally more talkative than I—and no doubt that has made the difference in our letters. At any rate, I love my long letters, and the person who writes them. As you cannot know who that is, young man, it behooves you to have care. No one can tell what may be in store for you.

I am glad you think of *reciprocating* Senator P————'s laudations. Did you hint to him that you were not yet married? It seems to me *we* take upon *ourselves* the airs of possession rather prematurely—do we not? Oh!—Love—I wonder will it be needful for me to say I am only teasing you? I feel both proud and happy that you think and speak of me as your letter shows you do.

Sometimes you mistake my miserable little attempts, or I should not be so careful to explain myself now. I have little—in fact no—admiration for the worthy Senator, simply because he has had three wives. I cannot imagine such a man having any depth of feeling or sentiment. Deliver me from widowers. I suppose I am safe in saying that now. I am in good spirits today because you are better—if not well. I shall, however, keep you with me when you come. The air and sunshine here is better than that of Washington. Lowell has done its worst to you now, and your second visit will be a benefit.

Mr. Shreve is a dreadful "crab." What good does it do, being so ugly! He cannot alter anything, only makes himself feel contemptible. People make more than half their own misery. You observe perhaps that I am *preaching* now. Please don't insinuate that I might apply it to myself with advantage. My conscience is a little reproachful.

I am pleased at your determination as regards appetite. Shall we send over to Uncle Fisher's for another cow? A little bird has told me why you are so fond of milk. It gives a lovely complexion—and my hero is vain. I shall have to drink it too, for I have no intention of being outdone, even if I have some affection for my companion in the *strife*.

I cannot give you a long letter today. Mother is waiting for me. So with a kiss you must let me go. Love,

Blanche

Washington, D.C., *May* 28, 1870

Today, dear Blanche, I did not feel like going to the Senate, and have remained at home all this long, rainy day. I am in that condition that it renders it almost impossible for me to do any business or write any letters to my numerous correspondents. So I took "Gen'l. Butler in New Orleans" and finished it. I sincerely sympathize with him. I admire his course. His great genius—his resources, his tact, his courage strike me as something remarkable and worthy of the highest admiration. Of his many gifts I only have the honesty of purpose and courage.

I heard the ladies at the dinner table the other day commenting on the good taste displayed by Mrs. Secretary ——— at the marriage of her daughter. The evidence of such "good taste" being this:—She had all the presents given her daughter put away out of the public gaze. The question is—Where all presents are to be displayed, labeled with *price* and name of donor, will not those who give think more of how their gifts may compare with those of others than what should be the proper object of the present?—And I must frankly confess I am not sure that I know what, in our day, the proper object of a present is. As you can see, I have no reasons for or against, in fact I have no opinion to express—that is all for you. If I only behave myself and don't "bother around" too much I shall do well—all that in reason ought to be expected of me—more than I probably will do. The suggestion I made because of the conversation I heard. I give it to you for what it may be worth.

I am much better now than I have been, and ought not run off just yet. My sense of duty says stay, inclination shouts go—go to your loved Blanche, there to be happy, there to forget aches, pains and annoyances. Thrift also says stay, for were I to remain any length of time I could not conscientiously take my salary. So you have all the reasons for my standing at my post.

What a strange inducement you offer. You say I may "order the whole household." But you do not say they would obey. Do you think I would enjoy giving orders? I suspect I would give orders only to you. Such for instance as "present arms"—"love me"—"a kiss"—and there would be that in my tone equivalent to an interrogation point as each "order" was given. No, Love, I don't believe I want any inducements held out. There is a power at my heart dragging me towards you all the time. I am aware of the resistless force and must say I rejoice in it.

I shall attach your precious locket to my chain. Yes, *chain*, to hold you fast. You must not get away. As yet I have not been to any jeweler to have it done, but shall do so before I leave for Lowell. It will make a very beautiful ornament.

Do you know, I am troubled about what I shall get for your wedding present. Can you not make a suggestion? Name a half dozen objects, that I may make a choice.

I will see that our military "Aids" shall appear in all the pomp and circumstance of war. You are very discreet in protesting against *war* while I have "the uniform near me." Of course I shall be belligerent *then*, but immediately after or on its disappearance I shall surrender and throw myself on the mercy of the court—(mixed figure)! You must be kind to your prisoner—bread and water if you please, but no lashes.

Yes, I am an old Jew.—How I labor to get your kisses. I think we had better not borrow—let us go into partnership and share all losses and profits—cash trade, borrowing of no one out of the firm. Yes, Love, I will do as you suggest—for I love you and want to have you happy. DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 29, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: I like your brother, Paul. He must be a very sensible young man—he and I will be excellent friends I hope. He seems to be a generous hearted person. How do I judge? Why, Love, by his paper with a P on it. What a liberal sheet it is to be sure—none of your stinted little scraps of paper! I hope for the sake of "*thrift*" you will continue to borrow from his stock. Oh! No! I don't care for the longer letter his paper gives me! Oh, no! What do you think of my seal and my monogram—which I hope you succeeded in deciphering?

I am afraid of Phil. Do you not remember I *threatened* to get out when we were going so fast that Sunday we rode out? I don't refer to the time I was to get out and rush upon him to hit him to make him go and then slip into the phaeton as he passed—but to the various times he flew over the ground, dragging us after him like—well, like a house afire. I am like our (?) Aunt Nina. I shall object to your driving in the street where the carpets were beaten unless you let me get out with my valise. I always thought there was something about him very vicious. Don't you know I "always said so"?—i.e. "I told you so"?

But one thing I don't understand is this, how could you have the courage to ride back on the dangerous road when your Aunt did not? I more than half suspect that it is because my Love is a fearless, sensible, noble woman, not to be frightened even by the substance, much less by harmless shadows. I do recognize your noble attributes and appreciate them. I often rejoice that I have had opportunities to *act*—that I have faced dangers on the field of battle in such a manner as to meet the commendation of the most hostile critic—and that I have also displayed a moral courage in dealing with men, facing everything for duty's sake without shrinking. Were it not for the knowledge of the past I would most seriously doubt what I *am* —when I contemplate your excellence. Love, I do think you everything good and noble and loveable.—And I do love you.

You ask who are to be our groomsmen. I am right, am I not, in my understanding that there are to be *four* couples to assist us? As I have said before, we want men we will be glad to always hold as friends—not someone whom we may be compelled to turn our backs upon at some future time. We will discuss this when we meet.

You must not imagine I am ill, Darling, for I am not. You will see by my face that I am not sick—and by my appetite—one I am to have—that I have not been. So you will please discard any such thought, else there'll be discord in our circle. Does my threat frighten you, Love? Not much, I suspect.

Tomorrow will be "Decoration Day." The Senate adjourned over. Had I known it would do so, I might have made a journey to my Mecca,—to my loved Blanche.

I have noticed in the papers quite a number of serious accidents by runaway horses. Ah! Blanche, how fortunate that you "sidled up to the front door" and gave the moon a chance to peer over your right shoulder. Watch for the moon—don't let her get ahead of you. With love, Darling, DEL

LOWELL, *May* 29, 1870

DEAR DEL: I have been to church. Mother and I went this morning, and used the horses for the first time since the runaway. I behaved very well during the service. But the sermon did not please me, and I spent part of the time looking at my neighbors' faces, and bonnets, plunged in doubt as to whether my new crape dress would look best trimmed with fringe, or scalloped. Decided in favor of scallops. I also gave a few thoughts to a Senator. Wondered if he would want to spend time at church next Sunday. As it would be Communion day I had better stay after service and leave him to go home with Mother. I concluded not to desert him.

It is a most lovely day. For the last hour and a half I have been out roaming around all by myself. I have printed Adelbert's name with acorn cups on the seat in the grove. There it shall remain until he comes to destroy it. I see a distracting robin out in the grass. He is trying to stand on his head. His bill, however, renders it a ridiculous and difficult proceeding. When you are here again you will think it very beautiful. It is now quite summer, not spring, as before.

Now for a few lines a la *my Senator*. "Dear Del, after the tiresome ? (to you) announcement that I love you." Why do you think it tiresome? "Do you get tired of mine that the thought comes—well, *she* may also find me wearisome?" "Well, we'll pretend, etc." Now, Del, what do you think of being made to refute your own statements? Pretty cheap isn't it? I have already expressed my disapprobation of your interpretation (what lovely, long words) of my remarks in regard to writing at seven o'clock, and I conclude, Mr. A. Ames, it will be sufficient.

How large we are on the Military Com.! How high we shall hold our heads! I doubt if The United States will contain us. You are right to finish up your work, for who knows how long you may be made to stay in Lowell. But don't get up early to write me any more letters, because I want you to sleep and be well. I can't endure having my *sympathy* taxed to this extent. I am fibbing to you. Is it not a pity that I am obliged to label everything I say or do. In painting—This is a horse. In writing—This is a joke, or a fib. Indeed, Del, I am not very bright. Please don't improve very much. I do not wish to be left away behind. If you try to put on wings and fly away from me I'll *singe* them and bring you back again.

You in a duel—Love! Methinks I see it. My hero in a cold-blooded affair of that sort. If a man is insulted as Mr. ———— seems to think he was, why not resent it on the spot, instead of trying like poor Bob Acres to "screw his courage to the sticking point"? So you "have turned your back on *all* warfare." For all that you know, you may be setting your face steadily towards it. You cannot have the least idea of the disposition of the party you are likely to spend your life with. She may be a perfect termagant. In which case you will become a second Petruchio, and then there will be a battle. What fun!

I like you to be selfish where I am concerned, and if you are willing to be patient I shall make an excellent nurse. This is a good place for a hospital, and you can have plenty of "women" to take care of you. But what is the use of talking this way? You know, Love, you are only going to sham ill—in order to stay away from the Senate.

This time next Sunday you will be with me. We go to Boston tomorrow, so that you will lose your letter. I will write Tuesday and Wednesday. With love, BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 30, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: This you know is "Decoration Day," a Fourth of July without the powder and salt-petre and noise. In fact, it has been in the city almost as quiet as a New England Sabbath. All the street cars for Georgetown, all the omnibuses, all the carriages, all the furniture wagons, all the drays—everything on wheels has been making its way loaded down with humans towards Arlington. I saw them all while I was on the Avenue for a few minutes. I am one of the few who remained at home. I went to the Avenue to get a short chain to attach my locket, somebody gave me, to my watch chain. Somebody cannot get away now—is somebody sorry to be chained to me for life?

When on the Ave. I got some medicine and went to see my tailor who got a "blowing-up," if you know what that means. He begged so I let him off easy. I then came home and have been writing ever since.

But the first thing I did this morning was to go to look at some rooms my secretary had found for me. Now I am trying to be "thrifty." I have paid more for my accommodations here than many single men do, or ought to do. Then again, my room is on a level with the street—so I cannot have my windows open these warm days—and in the evening must draw my curtains to keep the world from peering in. Thrift and comfort cause me to change. By this change I shall save—at least *would* save in a *hundred years*—about one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000.00). Thrift, my Lady, Thrift. I shall take a suite of rooms on the east side of this square—about the middle of the square on 13th Street. I shall continue to take my meals here. I have been in these rooms so long—these rooms where I lived when I first met you—from which I can see your house—for a thousand and one reasons I hate to move. I am a genuine home-body, and take my word for it somebody will be awfully "bothered" one of these days. Are you afraid?

It is now half past five. At six I shall be with your Father, dining with him. I see many of the carriages returning from across the river. They come in lines—many being ornamented with flags.

I repeat what I said the other day. I am glad my fighting days are over. Ah! Yes, I see you look grim and hear you say to yourself "don't be so sure of that young man." Well, all I can say is, I won't fight. You may knock me down and kick me when down—pinch, pull hair, anything—yet I repeat I won't fight. Of course, I am a coward.

And so you have little birds whispering in your ear—and they said I drank milk for my complexion. That little bird might have been right in his position that milk is good for the complexion—that I don't know. True it is I never thought of that. Now certainly I have an additional reason for cultivating simplicity in my food—not only health, but looks—and looks are a great deal, for I want my Love to love me. Of course she will do that be my complexion good or bad—but if it would be more seemly to her to have it clear I shall study how to have it so. Who is a Goose? No, I am not. Well, I don't care if I am. I love you, Darling, DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 31, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: My letter last evening was abruptly terminated by a number of visitors. Had I delayed closing it till they had all gone I could not have mailed it last night. Just as I left your Father, after dinner, I said "I shall probably leave here next Friday evening" adding "unless you have objections." I had told him some time ago, before he left here—the evening he left—that I would soon go there, when he said, "You had better remain here and attend to your duties" or words to that effect. So last evening I said "unless you object." His reply was "I don't captain this business"—"some one else is responsible for your visits and not I"—and—and—Now here, Love, comes the confidential part. Unless you agree at this very word to make what I am to say confidential you will, I know, fold the letter and return it to me.—Won't you? I knew you would. Well, he said "My wife may have objections, if anybody can—she complains you take away her friend and companion, and delay the important work she has on hand." However, he went on and computed the time when Congress will adjourn, and came to the conclusion that there was plenty of time. I don't want you to repeat this to your Mother, because she might feel a little annoyed that your Father should have said it; might imagine a knowledge of it would somewhat restrain me, and in consequence cause an awkwardness which ought to be avoided even to the slightest degree. Then again, your Father was laughing when he showed me by his remark that I had trespassed on your family, stealing its brightest, dearest jewel. So we will have this as our secret, and I will be very careful to mollify your Mother—though I must acknowledge that I am somewhat selfish in my love, wishing my dear Blanche to be near me all the time.

By one of your letters I see you do not want me to visit Lowell this week. By *others* I see you are willing I should. What shall I do is the question. It is possible that I may, acting on your deliberate judgement, remain here a week longer. Probably I shall leave here as I have already said, Friday evening. If I do decide not to go I shall telegraph you—but I expect to go—and shall, if I am well, and can.

I went to see the President this morning in behalf of an officer who served under me for a time during the war. The President was occupied, and after waiting for an hour I made my way to the Capitol. There I have been all day long—not feeling very well. There is to be an evening session which I do not want to attend, but which I probably will, just for the simple purpose of looking for a letter from you. I have not had one today. Going there I may get one—I may not.—

It is raining—but the inducement will take me away. How unpleasant the street cars are in the evening. How unpleasant to come home at midnight to one's deserted, gloomy rooms. Well, laugh—of course you are laughing at me that I should be tired of my old life and want a change, want someone to love —some one to love me. Blanche, Dear, I am speaking of you, whom I love so dearly.

Mr. S———— made a two hours speech today on the ——— treaty. A very frothy speech—better say a flowery speech, but of little substance.—Two hours, when fifteen minutes would have sufficed to have covered all of weight he uttered.

Senator ———— in an hour demolished Mr. S's airy structure. I ought to favor the treaty *because* the lobbyist—Mr. Allen—by the way you know him—he is the man whose dinner I did *not* eat with Mr. M———— —has been to a great deal of pains to *convince* me I should favor it. I cannot, however. I must do right, and have my conscience—or judgement—at ease, and not accusing me of doing what I did not think right.

Tomorrow I will write you. The next day's letter I will take in person—it will only contain these words—I love you.

DEL

LOWELL, *Wednesday Morning*

I have allowed two days to go by without writing, Del, and I feel almost ashamed of myself. Yet I could hardly do otherwise. Monday (a happy day, for I had three letters from you) was spent in town. We did not get home until eight o'clock. I meant to have written Monday evening, but was very tired and thought "the Mail does not go out tonight. I can do it better tomorrow morning." Alas! for procrastination. As soon as breakfast was over Mother called me to some work she was preparing for the seamstress, and said she needed my aid. By the time it was finished the bells rang twelve—the carriage was at the door, and I started on a number of errands, which took me all the afternoon. Callers in the evening finished the day, a day of which no part was given to you, Love. Still if it were not for you I should have been free to have written, read, or loafed to my heart's content. It is *more* to my heart's content that you are as you are, so we will not grumble, even if I cannot write to you daily.

My "stinted little scraps of paper." Is that a pretty way to speak of the long letters I have sent you? You are to be with me soon, and I can scold much better in person than on paper. If you do not promise to be more (commendatory) in the future why—what shall I do? Oh, I know! lock you up in the wine cellar. I can come and look at you through the bars. My *Senator* in the wine cellar for impertinence!!! What a delightful picture!

I am so sorry about the Military Com. I fear that will take you back to Washington before you ought to go. But it will depend entirely upon how you are, whether I *allow* you to go or not. I shall be at the cars waiting for you in the same place you found me before. I hope it will seem like coming *home* to you.

Only two more days. Then "I shall powder my lock, and curl my hair—for I know somebody who will be there." Mother *Goose*. I won't make a verse of it.

How the time is slipping away! In two weeks the boys will probably be home. Then what a restless household. A continued excitement—lasting all summer. My aim will be to remain as stolid as possible.

Only *one* sheet for you today. "It is such a generous *one*." I will talk enough to you Sunday to make it even. Good-bye, Love. Soon I can say—"Ah! I am so happy you are here."

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 1, 1870

Here I am, dear Blanche, in my new quarters, opposite Franklin Square, between I and K Sts. I have the whole parlor and a bedroom on the second floor. I feel a little lonesome. Well, I am used to it—don't know anything else. The objection to my quarters here is—my carpet bag is upstairs in my bedroom where I cannot see it, and so I feel lonely. If I only had it where my eye could constantly rest on it I would be perfectly at home and as happy as the robin you saw trying to stand on his head—failing to do so only because of the length of his bill. Speaking of bills—have you seen that New York dressmaker's bill against a lady of fashion? I guess—(reckon) —that bill is so long she can't stand on *her* head, like the robin of which you wrote.

This morning early I got up and packed—yes, packed—folded, smoothed, arranged, and jammed all my clothing into my two trunks, one valise; one hand valise—my books, papers, boots, shoes, etc., I left for my secretary to pack. I gave him the *orders*.

This has been a long day. I first went to the Navy Dept., left a letter—then to the War Dept., saw the Secretary. Thence to the White House—comfortable place—and saw the President about the colored boy appointed the other day. Thence to the Postmaster General, thence to the Capitol. We were in secret session all day on the treaty. Mr. ——— made another speech—scolding some—very elegant—overbearing—visionary, and indicating (I think) want of sound, common, practical sense. A two-thirds vote is necessary. He had on his side but two more votes than the opponents got. The action of the Senate in Executive Session is confidential. I confide in you, and so tell you, as it was a part of my day and of my thoughts—and existence.

We got home just at six. I dined with your Father and Uncle Fisher. At dinner I told your—our—Uncle Fisher that I had moved. He suggested I should go to your house. Your Father seconded it—but, Love,—how could I? I will go there next winter with you—but I could not go there now. All in good time. After dinner I came to my new quarters—finding all my things here—at least hoping they are all here. I certainly have but little to lose.

I had a letter from Mother a day or two since. She had seen in the papers the little paragraph about my dress—she comments on it as follows: "I am sorry to see you are spoken of as the best dressed of the Senators. That is not like your folks." I had to explain.

By all means have your dress "scalloped"—of course it will look best "skawlaped." Who ever saw a dress not "scalloped." We don't want to look like Aleutian Islanders, as everybody does who doesn't have scalloped clothes. I was a little anxious about your dress before I knew of your decision—now it is all right. Of course, it is none of my business, but I would like to ask if you are to have more than *two* dresses when we travel—*one* for traveling, and one when we "ain't" traveling. What fun! It won't take us long to pack. Can we make one valise do for both? Thrift!

Well, I won't make any more inquiries today. I will wait till I see you Saturday evening. Now don't have my visit put into the papers—or my constituents will really believe I have deserted them and taken up my residence permanently in Lowell, a thought they would naturally resent. I fear I shall not be sick enough to receive any special care or petting. If I am well you must not find cause therein to browbeat me—if so, I shall get sick at once.

Till Saturday night, dear Blanche. I love you. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 9, 1870

You are in Washington by this time, Del, and so busy that you have almost, if not quite, forgotten poor Lowell and its inhabitants. However, that is to be expected, and we will not repine. Did I not tell you I would be happy? I hope I shall keep my promises.

Yesterday after you left me I took a book and read until nine. Then I went down to church with Mother, and took it upon myself to attend to the spiritual welfare of my Godson "until he shall be of age" which will not be for twenty years. So I have a duty in life—already I begin to feel important. The child has four other sponsors, and my duties are not likely to prove onerous.

The rest of the day I was very tired and dull. Going to bed late and getting up early does not improve the spirits. Still, I felt that I owed Mother some attention after so much neglect, and I stayed by her as close as a little burr, made the old machine go until it almost went alone, and finished the day by going to bed at nine o'clock.

Of course I did not think of you. Why should I? I am determined to become *indifferent.* No one can love forever, and three months is a long time. I am *fickle*, naturally, so I shall have no difficulty in carrying out my resolve. *You* can have no objection. You are a terrible boy. I wonder if you will ever succeed in inspiring me with that awe and reverence which some wives feel for the "Lords of Creation." I think not. On the contrary there will be things about which you must be a child, and it will be useless for you to try to impose upon me with grand airs, and long words.

I shall write you quite short letters during the next three weeks, but from you—Love—I want them as long, if not longer than those you have always written me. It is not fair, of course, but then I never was fair.

I am flattering myself, and hoping that you are well. I cannot maltreat you when you are ill, and am kept too much in good subjection. Keep happy and well, and there is a portion of, or a person in the world you cannot rule. Good bye, Del. People who try to be indifferent never have anything to give away.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 9, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: It is now late in the evening, but as my secretary is here and will on his way home pass the P.O., I send you a few words. I have not the time to write you one of my long, rambling letters—I can only say the same words I sent you from N.Y. last night—I love you.

This morning I came home, removed large quantities of dust of seven states from me, and went to breakfast. There someone said my brother had been looking for me. I started at once for his hotel—to find him out, of course. I waited and was finally rewarded by seeing him walk down the Avenue. He had been here three days, and had searched for me in vain. Need I tell you, Love, we had a long, brotherly talk. He has told me to be kind to you and loving, and try to make you happy—this I was resolved upon before, you know. He also said *you* would get a good man for a husband—how does he know? I suspect he is prejudiced, and advise you not to heed his words. *He* is a good man, and I know you will like him. He and all at home are very anxious that you should like them. He says Mother feels that she is losing her boy—her "baby"—and also fears, so my brother suspects, that you may find their life and home too simple for you.

I told John that Mother would get a daughter rather than lose a son, and that they could not help loving you. What fun we will have, in showing our dear folks at home that they have lost nothing, but gained tenfold.

I dined with your Father this evening. Upon coming to my room I find a week's mail and a week's work—all having accumulated since I left. So with brother here, who has been reading all my letters to find out what I have to do—a number of visitors—I have been very busy.

John thinks your photograph very pretty. He has just thrown down his paper, and I must talk to him, as he will have to go to the hotel to sleep tonight—no, it rains and he will sleep with me in my bed.

One word more, I love you, DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Senate Chamber, June* 10, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: It is now one o'clock in the day—there is a great noise about me—a Senator is speaking on the franking privilege, and I take a moment to write you something you have never heard and never suspected (?)—I love you dearly. As I have been so long away from my seat, it is proper I should pay particular attention to my duties which I do by writing to my Love.

I did not have time last evening to tell you of my dinner with your Father. Your (our?) Uncle Fisher was there and Mr. Whitney. I told your Father that your Mother and I had some very interesting arguments, but exactly what they were I did not say. I intimated we had a mutual admiration society.

Do you know how amusing your statement was, made when we were sitting on the stairs, that "then I am a 'lesson' "? Yes, Beautiful, you are a "lesson," such a one as I never dreamed of. I love you, and know only happiness and joy can come to me from you. I had that scene in my mind's eye when I spoke to your Father. He seemed much amused. I spoke of your brothers' probable stay in Europe. He did not seem disappointed to the extent I expected. Is it possible that I wanted them to come more than their parents? I do hope they will come.

Your Father said that today he would begin to build to extend the room to be used as an office by Senator Adelbert Ames, and he to march into it about the first of December next. Are you glad that the time passes, bringing the days when we shall be working together for the interests of Mississippi? I am—it is a real pleasure to think of it. When your Father told me, my heart beat like that of a schoolboy at the thought of the realization of some happy dream. Yes, today "our office" begins to become a reality. I only have one hesitating thought—it is this—I have so little to do that I hardly need an office, and I feel that your Father, or the landlord, is being put to an extra expense. You will tell your Mother this item of news, will you not, for she spoke of writing to your Father about it.

It approaches two o'clock. I need not tell you I have been interrupted from time to time, and from time to time listened to Mr. S——— who is speaking on the franking privilege.

I wonder if my condensed style of writing is not making each of these pages almost equal to two pages on former occasions.—I shall stop now to resume, if I get the chance. I love you.

Del

Lowell, *Sunday Morning*

The letters I expected yesterday came to me, Del. How good of you to write me regularly. You set me a perfect example, and I will try to follow it. I am not at church this morning. I found to my surprise that it was ten o'clock when we were ready for breakfast. So late that there was not time for me to get ready. Perhaps you will say to yourself "How is this? I am not there to make her sit up. When one goes to bed at nine I should think they might manage to rise in the morning." Very true—Mr. Speculator. But this party did not go to sleep 'till after twelve, owing to some letters from the boys, and plans which Mother was presenting for my approval. So you see *you* are not the only one to keep bad hours.

I am glad you found your brother waiting for you. What a long talk you must have had! He gives you very good advice, and except that he said I "should get a good man for a husband" doubts might arise in my mind as to whether he did not think you really needed it. Does he say—"This will be the turning point in your life. Now is the time for you to turn your back on all your old bad ways, and to try and lead a new life?"

3 o'clock

Ah! Love, I meant to have written you a *very* long letter today, but Mother came in about ten o'clock and wished me to write to Aunt Sue and the boys for her. She dictated and I wrote ten pages of this large paper, very closely, and I thought all the while—Well, I shall have the afternoon for Del. But Aunt Nina has been here, taking up the time, and now Mother wishes me to ride with her, it is so lonely to go by herself. I tried to induce Aunt Nina to remain, so that she might take my place, but she could not, so you must let me off for today. I will promise to do better tomorrow.

The reason I wished to write a long letter was that you might know I love you. If I tell you this in a short one, my object is gained, but not after my usual fashion—for Love, I always shrink a little from telling you how much I care for you. It is only when driven to desperation by seeing you unhappy, or by fear that you may think me negligent, that I can rid myself of the feeling and show you my heart. But in spite of all this, I am or *will* be indifferent.

Good bye, Del. Give my love to your brother, and tell him I thank him for his kind words—for me—and good advice for you. I have a right to thank people who are good to you—have I not? BLANCHE

LOWELL, *Monday Morning*

Good morning, Del. It is nearly nine o'clock and the first thing to attend to is my letter to you. Mother is proposing a family picnic, so unless I take this moment you may lose your letter.

You may continue to write that something I "have never heard, and never suspected." It is always a new, and delightful story I fear you will tire of writing ere I shall weary of reading it.

Ah! what should I do? I have been interrupted and have written at Mother's dictation a long letter to Father, giving him some directions about "our room." Whenever I say "our" I think I am a nun. The sisters always spoke of everything as "ours." Mine will be a different life from a nun's—so very different. An eager, happy, passionate existence—not listless, monotonous, selfish. Ought not the thought to make every moment contented, Love?

I don't know that I look forward with great delight to "working for the interests of Mississippi." I am fearful I have not that love for my State that I ought to have as its Representative. If you will let me run at the next election I may get up a little more interest. But you won't—you will not dare.

Yes, send the paper weight. I will not, however, promise to pay a thing for it. I do not know as I have enough kisses for all my debts. Until some of them are paid I will not contract any more. You must feel some interest in this—for soon you know you will be held responsible for them. And it might be difficult for me to break a bad habit.

How did your brother know that "you love her so much?" I think you must have done a little talking, although you say "he talked." I don't know that *you* are a "good friend" of mine. I am very doubtful. At any rate, I do not care to have you *only* a friend.

I remember meeting Mr. Wheaton at a party last fall. He had just come on from the West, knew very few people, and I talked to him for a little while. I certainly said nothing, and did nothing, to merit his approbation. I only looked—and old gentlemen should not be susceptible. I don't see the use of his holding me up as a model for his daughters. They could not do that sort of thing if they tried. "Oh! what a mass of conceit!" methinks I hear you say. Indeed I'm not. I only talk this way because you seemed so astonished to find you had "a lesson" to take care of. Mr. Wheaton's daughters were boarding at Annisquam last summer. I think I only saw them once, then they were walking on the beach at sunset, and I lying on the rocks about twenty feet above them. I have told you all I ever did to fascinate the Wheaton family. Do you see any reason in it?

After I finished my letter to you yesterday I went out for a long drive with Mother, returned in time for tea, and found two boxes of fresh strawberries which someone had left for Miss Butler. I don't know who it would have been—unless Grandmother!!!

After tea I went to call on my bridesmaid, Maria ———. Found her with a swollen and aching face. She said talking did it good, so I chatted to her until half past nine. Then her brother escorted me home.

I found Mother entertaining a Mr. Martin while he waited for me, so I took her place on the doorstep until half past ten—when the moon admonished Mr. M. it was time to go.

After getting ready for bed, I went to the window to put out the gas and open the shutters. The moonlight was glorious, and the scene such as you will remember it.

My first thought was—if Del were only here to enjoy this with me; my next, he does see this same moon, and it is quite possible he may even now be looking at it.—So I threw some kisses to the moon for my sweetheart, which I hope he received, none the worse for having been carried to him by the man in the moon. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 14, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday was rather a busy day to me. The Army bill had been acted on in Committee (conference) and as I am opposed to it I spent some of the day at work to kill it. Today I returned to my papers for the first time since my return.

It is now four o'clock. Mr. S——— is speaking on the granting of two islands in the Pacific Ocean to their discoverer. I don't talk on such subjects. I merely write to my Love. I do not descend to such unimportant business as legislation.

You say you had some letters from your brothers, but you do not tell me what they propose to do—whether they will remain in Europe or come to our wedding, as I hope they may—though my hopes on that question are of no weight.

What a "Speculator" my dear Love has become! She has the temerity to say that if we are unhappy we will keep it to ourselves and not let the world know it! What, my Love, caused such a train of thought as that? Do you see in the future any very black clouds? No, my lady, we won't have any such speculations as that.

Indeed, dear one, I have the most unbounded confidence in our future happiness—so far as it may depend on our compatibility of temper, etc. Death may trespass—some great misfortunes may come upon us—but if we are favored as is ordinarily the case I have no fears—not one.

Darling, I am very happy—full of hope—not one doubt. I never have had one since I knew I loved you. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." What say you, and how do you feel at this lecture I have read you? I have not at any time given any day for our wedding. No one knows we are partly decided on the 21st of July. You must not let me influence you on this question. You must set the day at your own convenience and not be hurried by me. If I trespass you must snub me.

You must not feel you have a task to perform daily by writing long letters to me. Now you must understand, Dear, that I write you so regularly because I love you, and love to write you—so much, Love, that I neglect everything else. You say you are more likely to tell me of your love when I am unhappy or sick.—Now, I will make a compromise—I will be sick or unhappy every time you sit down to write, just long enough for you to tell me of your love—that done, why I will be well again. There is nothing like a compromise. But of course you will not refrain from writing, thinking you will make me unhappy—this last is a "Provided" as *we* say.

Yesterday morning I passed *our* house. I saw that the work was going on. I dined with your Father last night. The usual family was there. I went into the parlor before dinner and saw *your* work there—*our* work—the covering of the pictures with the gauze,—do you remember *we* had to sew two pieces together to cover that Bacchante with his basket of grapes? After dinner I looked out of the window and saw the work on our room was going on rapidly. It is to extend to the second window, which I did not think advisable as the expense of building would be increased and the end would somewhat shade the second window. I spoke to your Father about it. He said Mrs. Butler had so instructed him. Of course that ended discussion.

I am glad you give your time to your Mother rather than to me. She, I know, must feel very tenderly towards you now—particularly so since she will have to give way to another (me) so soon. I shall try, Love, to take her place in part. I will try to prevent the slightest regret for the change. I love you.

Del

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 17, 1870

And so, dear Blanche, you with everybody else take sides against me when I am maltreated by my big brother, the "bad boy!" It was always thus. He, in other days, would do the most outrageous things to me, and when I reported the facts everybody would say "served you right" and now *you* rejoice in my being "kicked" by a "bad boy!" Well! I might have expected it—and become accustomed to it. How could I expect anyone—even you to sympathize with me in such an overwhelming misfortune! Kicked! And you smile! Wait, I only say wait, and see if somebody does not get his revenge! You say you can make friends with me at any time. Well, I will admit that on ordinary difficulties, but this—this—ah! this is another thing!

I am an excellent person to overcome "small rubs." You, Love, need have no fear on that question. If you can succeed with the great ones half as well as I can with the small ones, we will have no trouble. We will be like Jack Spratt and his wife—you know how smoothly they got on. I have no fears—not the slightest—of any discord or disagreement. You know we are not children. We have learned the lesson of life which extreme youth cannot know—that is to bear and forbear with each other—more general, with others.

Yes, Dear, be cheerful in the great trials—bear up under them—go smilingly with me wherever fate may send me, and I will aid you in passing safely through the petty annoyances of each day—and in each day I know that too often there are many. Ah! Blanche, this foreboding of yours has no fear for me. I love you—shall ever love you. We can fight shadows, can we not—at least not be frightened by them.

The first three pages of this were written in the Senate Chamber. I believe I am not feeling so well this evening as I would like. Physically I am very well. I speak of the result of some of my labors on my mind. I went to the White House this morning. Like your Father, I feel that the President *must* fight. Yesterday I was talking to two Southern Senators to get them to support the President. I saw they would if a few *changes* could be made. Today they had increased the price to further changes necessary to buy them! While I think a change should be made in the office, they want a new one at the state capitol. I do not feel like making it to please them. In fact, I feel that the President should buckle on his armor and begin to fight. While I may argue, I cannot offer bribes to—I won't say corrupt Senators, but to men whose patriotism depends so much on office.

So you see, I am out of humor and a little belligerent—not on any matters of my own—I turn to tell you. I love you Dear, and find pleasure in telling you of *my rubs.* But you see, too, that I am philosopher enough to know that I gain nothing by fretting (I haven't done so) and so cease. The world will be in its right place a thousand years hence, even should I stop pushing.

This morning I went by your (our) house to see our office. I found it had been boarded up and the roofing has been partly put on. Soon it will be habitable. I am going over to dine with your Father this evening, and take a new look at the office. I dine with him you see every other day. Do you object? His is the only society I have.—The only one I chat with. Love, DEL

LOWELL, *June* 17, 1870

It is now six o'clock, Del. I have been as busy as a bee all day, and have just returned from a drive (not for fun, but business) in time to write a letter to you, and have it go by the morning's mail. Mr. Brady, the man who lives beyond the grove, kindly brought up your letters to me last night. Everybody seems to take an interest in my affairs—even to the extent of seeing that your letters come regularly. Ah! Love, I am so glad you are well. This has been one of the happy days. I was so fearful you had been ill—and just when, owing to my ugliness, there would be no letters for you.

Last night I had a call from my chief usher—Mr. W————, and Mr. C————. Mr. W. I think had some curiosity about the wedding day. I informed him that I had not yet decided, but it would probably be either in July or September, as everybody objects to August on account of the heat, and the departure of all the people for the seashore and mountains. He asked me if I had thought of, or made arrangements for, keeping places for my friends in church. He seemed to think there would be a grand rush, that four ushers would not be sufficient, there ought to be eight, to say nothing of policemen. I laughed at his idea of a crowd, and suggested that the eight ushers might look rather foolish when they found there were not more than two people apiece for them to attend to. But I could not convince him that his precautions would be needless. He knew —he had seen weddings before, where there was not half the interest felt, and a crowd there would be, and a determined one too. We will not allow them (it) to interfere with "our" train, and swallow-tail, will we Del? Dr. Edson I believe objects to cards of admission to the church. So I hardly know what we shall do. *Heavy* matters!! *heavy* matters!

In a letter to Mother, Father says he thinks I have more than my "share of love and attention." He, I fear is growing *jealous.* Don't you think you have more than *your* share? Such long letters, and so constant—never a day missed. Why, it is an example for all young ladies to follow. Such devotion does not fall to the lot of every mortal. How blessed man would be if it did. I fear you do not feel thankful enough. I rather liked your "compatibility" of temper and your lecture was very well read.

Now I must use my vivid imagination, and think of you as sick, and Oh! so unhappy (when no doubt you are as contented as the day is long) and tell you—What? You say it for me, and let me off this time, Love. I don't think I like your compromises. They seem to me very one-sided. You always get more (or try to) than you were to have in the first place.

The boys, as you no doubt know, have written us deciding not to come. They think that the four months they would spend at home might make it needful for them to remain in Germany another year. That they cannot think of doing. I am sorry. I should have liked them here. Good bye. Yours,

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 18, 1870

MY DEAR BLANCHE: I received your Thursday letter today, asking my assistance to enable you to fix upon some day for our wedding. You say if not on the 21st of July, it will have to be deferred till about the middle of Sept., the 12th or 14th of that month. My choice between the two is for the 21st of July, for the following reasons. Of course you will give them no more weight than they are justly entitled to. Should our marriage be delayed till the middle of September it will be near the end of that month before we can reach Northfield. Once there I fear we could not get away in less period than one month, which would be the end of October. Almost a week would be consumed in getting to Mississippi and as we must be here again by the first of December we should have some less than one whole month in that State. While I do not count the days—you readily see it could not be much longer than the time I give. I think I ought to give that State nearer two months than one, inasmuch as this will be our first visit there after our election, and that I desire to become more intimately connected with it. I must, you know, buy a plantation or some other kind of property, and should have time to wisely and thriftily invest my dollars. There my Love, is the only substantial reason I can give.

Now, for the others of less weight. You say when you are happy and light hearted, you say to yourself "let it be July"—when otherwise—I am sad to think you are otherwise for a single moment—you say "let it be Sept." Darling, shall we decide anything now in any other humor, or at any other time, than when we are light-hearted, happy, hopeful, full of love for each other, full of confidence and trust? At our gloomy moments what may not be our decisions? At such times after a while September will be as repulsive—no, not that word, as *questionable*—as July is now. Then, you know I will be "bothering about" from the middle of July to the middle of September—two months. Well have you said that during that time I would cause your household any amount of annoyances—you don't use that word—but how annoyed your Mother would be to see both bride and groom fading away for want of sleep—late hours? I love you, Blanche, and like a man (this is no reason for an early wedding) would take the moments as they go—fearing sickness or some misfortune might still further delay. Let me suggest—delay to name the day till the 4th of July when I can see you—that will be probably too late—delay then till I get your answer to this, that I may know your reasons and that I may discuss the subject further. Could it be possible to have the cards prepared with the exception of the date—which could be inserted at any moment, they being in the engraver's hands?

But, Love, whatever your decision, I shall cheerfully acquiesce, for I am well aware that I am no fit judge on this subject. I have stated frankly, as you asked, the reasons which have weight with me. I will further say I am a little grieved that you at any time have the forebodings your letter does not wholly conceal. I love you—I must have you happy, for if you are not, how can I be happy? Be happy, Blanche, be not too fearful of the vague future.—Trust.—My faith is supreme. I know it is hard for one to take into his or her own hands the decision of their own lives—we rather feel that the responsibility be elsewhere. I can easily understand your hesitancy. Will you not have time to reply to this and hear me again in reply before giving a final decision? Do not be urged beyond your own judgement. There ought still to be time to decide. It is more than a month to the 21st of July.

Whatever you may do, Love, you must know I love you. "Love you" but faintly indicates my condition.—You are an angel of light and goodness to me, and cannot do wrong. Be yourself and you will be all I can expect of mortal, and I shall love you, ever love you—which gives me so much pleasure and joy.

It is four o'clock. These preceding pages were written after I came to the Capitol and before twelve. I know you will wisely act on what I have written. I had a quantity of items to write, but the great question you presented has caused them to be deferred.

I dined with your Father last evening. Our room is roofed over and boarded up—the windows and door not in. It will be a nice, large room—so large that we, each being in different corners, will be a long way apart.

Your Father had something to say about our marriage—in this way. He said a thought had been put into his head—this. Who takes precedence, the wife of a member of the House, or the Senator's wife? I claimed *our* superiority at once! He may find his family in rather an unpleasant position when he or his wife attempts to precede *us!* What fun!

What a long letter somebody will get when she gets this. You say you did not get a letter the day preceding the one on which you wrote. I have written you regularly every day, Love, and the fault is the mail's, not mine, if the letters do not reach you. I love you, Darling. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 19, 1870

DEAR DEL, You must not think me doubtful, or fearful. I only notice the way other people get on in the world, then ask myself—will our lot be like theirs? It is not exactly foreboding—only questioning if Fate will always be as good to me. I know it is useless—worse than useless—and will try to do better.

I wish when in trouble you might come to me, and "shut out the world." But I might be *hard*-hearted enough to desire you always in that condition. Don't trust me too much. "If I trespass you must snub me." All very well to say, young man, but I have tried the snubbing process, and it has been without avail. "Snub"—indeed!! You are very willful, and it requires more, much more than that to keep you in order.

I don't love to write you. But I believe that you like to have my letters. Therefore I send them. I love you, and that is reason enough for writing, or doing anything I think you wish me to, even if it is not so agreeable to myself. If I give you pleasure it is sufficient, for then *I* am happy.

You say you are glad I give my time to Mother. Oh! That whole remark seems to say—"She will do well to make the most of it now, for when 'my lady' comes to me—there will be quite a different story. I will not make a fuss now."

We are anxiously waiting letters from Frankfort, and news of the trunk. I hope it won't be lost. One kiss.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *June* 20, 1870

Your letter of Saturday has just come to me, Del. From it I judge you prefer July, and your reasons for it are all good, Love. *I* have no reasons to urge *against.* My hesitation is simply from a feeling which I cannot analyze or describe, and I have no doubt (as you suggest) it will be just as strong a month from September as it is now (a month from July). Therefore it ought not be considered. After I feel the day is fixed, irrevocably, I shall be happier than now—more restful, and peaceable. I mentioned the 21st instead of the 28th of which we talked, as everyone, or nearly everyone, leaves town the last of July, to be gone through August. It would be useless to prepare for a large wedding with all the world away. If August were only June, I would keep away from you for a month longer.

The cards ought to be sent a fortnight before the wedding day—and the engraver will certainly require the same length of time for his work. So you see, I must decide at once. I have delayed until the last possible moment. My best judgement is for July. Therefore I decide Thursday, the 21st—Oh! I hope I am right. Kiss me, and tell me that I am, Love.

Only a few short weeks before the time when I must begin almost a new life. But I will not think of that. I love you, Del. I have no forebodings—indeed I have not. Why did you think so? I do not remember that I wrote any. Does all seem fair, natural and delightful to you? Have you never a doubt to trouble you? I am only beginning to know how much you are to me. I would have written you again but the time is short, and as I told you I have no reasons against, or feeling except one which varies with light and shadow—from morning to evening—from evening to morning.

Are you satisfied with me, Del? I hope so. I have done as I thought you would like best, you ought to be. Yet if I had had a good excuse I believe it would have been different. So you must not think me unselfish.

You wrote me a long, kind letter, and deserve a better answer, but I feel very tired, and not collected enough to write entertainingly. "The die is cast"—one more chain fastened—do you shrink? Shall we each run away—you East, I West, to meet—in China? Then I could have a white elephant. Ah! Well! I shall have an elephant in a little more than a month—if I remain. Quite as large a *creature* as I can attend to. Good bye. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 20, 1870

You are going to have today, dear Blanche, a short letter, because I have but a short time to write it in. I could not write you today in the Senate, as has been my custom—at half past four o'clock we took a recess till half past seven; to come home—get my dinner, and seat myself in my room with a pen takes so much time that but little is left. This evening, too, the South Pacific Railroad comes up, in which of course I am interested, and which will require that I be promptly on hand.

You frighten me, Love, with your grand preparations for the wedding. You speak of the "Chief Usher"—of course he will see there is a "Deputy Usher"—the Chief Usher's first assistant—the Deputy's first assistant, etc. etc. Well, Dear, I can only say I will support *you* to the best of my ability—but am I to take command of this array of ushers, their deputies and their assistants? Shall we drill them?—as you did that company of yours during the war? What fun! Love, DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 21, 1870

Just think, Blanche, we have now but about twenty more working days in the Senate before adjournment. Those days past, and my labors till next winter will have been completed. I shall then only live to love and be loved.

I dined with your Father this evening—the usual number was there. Uncle Fisher is still here. He appears to be interested in certain bills and schemes, and has become (between us) a lobbyist. Persons so occupied never have control of their own time. They have to wait and wait for Congress to pass bills they never pass. I offered tonight to take him home in about a week with me, if he would go.

Shall I tell you about our office? Or have you got tired of it? When I went into your dining room I went to the window and drew up the curtain and saw—a colored man on a platform, plastering the ceiling, nearly the whole plastering having been completed. It is a very nice room—will be—when furnished with the *usual* furniture—which includes *us?* In that room we had our first chat by ourselves. There, too, we painted—and sat—and painted—and were happy—at least I was and am, and believe I shall be.

Dear Blanche, we must not expect to escape the sorrows and troubles and annoyances man is unavoidably subjected to. Your life has been a very happy one—shall I except the Convent days? Mine has been that of the ordinary mortal. But you know, Dear, we are the architects of our own happiness. Under the same circumstances exactly, some people will be very happy while others will be miserable. Much will depend on us —on ourselves. I am glad to know I have been happier as a man than I was as a boy, and that I am—have been—growing, year by year, more contented with myself and the world. Now, everything surpasses anything I ever dreamed of in my castle building a short time past. If we only determine, and hold to our determination, to make each other happy—be charitable, careful, considerate towards each other—and to adopt the reverse of the saying "Man *never is* but always *to be* blest,"—we shall find the days passed were far less happy and bright than those we live in. I love you, Darling. DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 22, 1870

MY DEAR, DEAR BLANCHE: I was made so very happy this morning by your letter of Monday, wherein you notified me of your decision to have the wedding—our wedding—on the 21st of next month. Yes, Darling, you are right in your decision. You will never regret it, I know. It was so kind, Love, in you to consider my wishes—and how shall I ever repay you for your love to me? How? I will love you in return, and devote my life to you. I have but one feeling of distrust, and that is, am I what Blanche thinks me?—No—Will she not know by and by of my inferiority intellectually, as compared to those with whom she has been associated.—This, Dear, is all.

I wish I were a great man for your sake. But then, Dear, I can love you just as much as I am, and will be more inclined to live in your world than if I were ever among the clouds or immersed in schemes for ruling men—or making money. I can love you more, and your world shall be my world—your home mine. I know you will think I ought to be wiser than to indulge in such reflections as these—but it simply shows how implicit is my faith in our future, if you will not see my want of such strength as makes the great parades in the world.

Yes, all seems fair, natural, and delightful to me. I cannot imagine it otherwise. I have been treading on air all day long —happy, so happy, dear Love, and full of gratitude to you and the Power which rules over us. No, Love, no doubt troubles me—no thought—no, not even a dream has entered my brain to cast the slightest shadow upon the bright happy hours which envelop me. And you are the cause of my joy. In you I find peace and rest. We are mortal like others, but are we not wiser than some we see—those whose lives cause us to hesitate and question? Shall we not profit by their examples?

You ask if I am satisfied with you. More than satisfied—satisfied, Love—that expresses nothing. Till I knew you I never believed such a person existed except in the fertile imagination of the writer of fiction. *My* anxiety is are you satisfied with me? Are you, Love? Read the enclosed letter of my staff officer. If he feels towards you as indicated by his letter, what should be my feelings?—I, who love you, and who am anxious to make my life a part of yours, and yours a part of mine? I think you the bravest, noblest, purest, dearest, best woman that lives—too good for Adelbert Ames. Our lives have been marked, yours as no other young lady of the country —and mine as no other young man. Both qualities of head and heart have made us so. Why may we not expect, hope certainly, to be unlike the masses in our future?

The time is not far distant to show you what a quiet homebody I am and at the same time prove to you my great love.

"White Elephants" are offerings which one should be very careful about accepting. But I will be a very tame and tractable one. I shall only want kind treatment from my keeper. Yes, you shall have the "White Elephant"—a free gift—but do you not know that such a rare animal is sometimes given to destroy the recipient, inasmuch as he is expected to give presents of the same value in return? And are you prepared to give its equivalent?

I was at the corner this morning. The steps from the street are up—let us walk up them. Again, my precious Love, I thank you for your compliance with my wishes. DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 23, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: I have now just one word to say, and will write my letter by and by.

I have just seen your Father. He thinks we ought to hesitate a little. He thinks it doubtful if I can get away by that time. Should Congress adjourn on the 15th of July, he thinks it possible an Executive Session may be called, which will necessarily delay me at least one week. We cannot now tell what Congress will do. I have just spoken to some of our members who think it will not extend beyond the 15th. And that the Senate will not have an Executive Session as they sometimes do when there is an incoming administration.

Your Father suggests you delay a little about the cards. I hope there will be no necessity for delay. I love you.

DEL

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 24, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: This morning at half past twelve, when I threw myself on my bed, upon my return from the Senate where we had a session till midnight, this thought came to me with violent force—can she, will she love me. This morning at five o'clock, upon waking, it came to me in a less startling manner. Why had I that thought, Love, in such a manner as to frighten me? I will tell you. I was about half sick yesterday (I am well today), the day was hot—I had been up till after twelve the night before—and withal had what you and I have agreed to call "rubs." In passing, I will say I have had no "rub" today.

In the first place, I felt that your Father was a little annoyed at my haste. I think I had not taken into my calculations any of his feelings or wishes—and it is but natural he should have them. He spoke of the President being present. I, dear Blanche, love you—I only care for you and your love, to be with you and near you—and so never give a moment's thought to more or less imposing ceremonies which must of necessity transpire before I can say to you—Wife. I know I am a sensitive plant, too sensitive, but I do not want to forfeit one particle of your Father's regard. I know I did not, at least I hope I did not. The thought and the fear was an annoyance. Then again, I found a very important Federal officer in Mississippi, a friend, had been removed and an enemy appointed in his place. I was not a little out of conceit with myself. The feeling was with me all day up to the time I speak of, when I threw myself on my bed. It was with me when I wrote you—and I thought, Blanche will see how weak I am. She will see that he who promises himself that he will make her happy, himself yields to the evil influences. And this too did somewhat tend to restrain the proper elevation of my spirits.

But, my Love, I did make a pretty good fight. I laughed at myself. I sneered at myself—I called myself a coward. I mentally kicked myself—I despised myself—as I have said, I was sadly out of conceit with myself. I have not said how much the probable—I will say *possible* delay of our marriage had to do with it all—perhaps I do not know. I did not separate and analyze the causes. It was only a *blue* day—my first since I told you of my love. How foolish of me to have that first blue day, when all is so bright and happy. I shall attribute it mainly to the feverish headache and pains. And now, my Beloved, I come to you to make my humble confession—to be "scolded" as I deserve to be, and to promise to do better in the future. I find pleasure in making the confession, and hope you will not find anything in it or the head or heart which makes it to frighten you or fill you with distrust of your lover. I hope you will think and say nothing harsher of me than that I am a Goose.

I went around to your Father's last evening. I had time to play a game of billiards before dinner, with Uncle Fisher. At dinner we chatted as usual of this and that. As the dessert came in Gen'l. Butler made his appearance, and as it was then half past seven, the hour for the Senate to meet, I excused myself and went to the Capitol. Again we sat until midnight, and I am glad to say I succeeded in overcoming the indications of indisposition which had been threatening me. If the late hours made me sick, the late hours made me well again. Today I am as usual. I went to the Department and made what I think will be a successful effort to undo the works of my enemies.

It is time I started for the Senate, for we have a night session tonight. I do not care how many hours they sit—the more the more certain of an adjournment at the time I wish. I love you and pray you to love me, for I am entirely dependent on you for peace and happiness. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 24, 1870

Thank you, Del. Your letter in answer to mine of Monday was kind, loving,—such as you always write. Your unbounded confidence almost inspires me. You are a valiant "friend" to drive away gloom. I send you kisses in return for your hopeful words. We shall be happy, Love. I have no doubts.

Last night a dispatch came from Father saying "Hold on with the cards 'till letter comes." Of course, we are in a great state of mind—and very anxious to know what it all means. Now that I have made up my mind for the 21st I do not care to change it without some excellent reason. I hope Father has not taken any foolish notion into his head. Florence had to rush off to town this morning, to tell the man not to insert the date until further notice, to send us the proof, but *not* to strike off the cards. Now we are waiting for the letter.

"A very good sort of a fellow." Is that the way, Del, you speak of *the* person of all the world whom I love? You must try and be a little more respectful.

When I hear the opinion of people in regard to myself such as Major ————'s and others who speak kindly of me—I think how is it that I have deceived these people in this way. I am just the same as thousands and thousands of other girls, except perhaps a little more retiring, and self-contained. I do not understand it, Love, and I don't suppose I ever shall. I ought to be satisfied, and take thankfully "the goods the Gods send" without wondering and questioning the why and wherefore. I am writing at random.

Someone has offered me the "white elephant" as a "free gift" —but suggests that such rare presents require sometimes an "equivalent." Do you think, Del, if I give myself in return it will be considered sufficient? I don't want to seem niggardly, but I can do no more than give all I have. I don't think I am as valuable as the white elephant. Still I might be of some use.

What an interest you take in our office. Will you let me have a little screen in one corner—with a lock and key so that I can keep you out? I could sit there and read, write, paint, and enjoy myself all the day long. Oh! yes! I might have *the piano* in there, and when you were away I could sing and play to my heart's content. We shall enjoy *our* office.

It is time for this tea-party, to go and get ready. I must not be late. So farewell, Love, until tomorrow.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 26, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday afternoon, after writing to you the little words "I love you and am ever thinking of you," I came to bed where I have been since and am now, as this Sunday afternoon is drawing to a close.

I was pretty sick yesterday, but am quite well now—though the Dr. says I must stay in bed for two days longer. He says I look infinitely better today than I did yesterday. As for lying abed two days longer—why, it must depend upon circumstances. The San Domingo Treaty must be settled this week and I must vote on it.

I had a telegram from Father saying he will be in New York tomorrow. Of course I cannot see him there as I had promised my brother I would. I expected him there yesterday. He will come here. I am only annoyed by my indisposition by the fear that it may prevent my visit to Lowell at the end of the week. Of course will telegraph if I cannot go.

I am not sick, my indisposition is of an unimportant character. I am in bed just to humor the doctor.

I love you Darling, better than self, better than all the world.

DEL

LOWELL, *June* 26, 1870

We are in a great state of perplexity and doubt, Del. Your letters, Father's telegram and letter, have been received. We had arranged a good many matters—the cards were ordered and the *21st* had been mentioned. Now we are all indecision. There is little objection to the 11th of August. None to the 11th or 12th of September on my part, except that it is awkward for you—inasmuch as it is late for our trip. In some respects, the time would suit me full better than the 21st of July. The 28th I do object to. So August would seem to be the time, the only time left.

Would it be possible, or proper for you to pair off with anyone in case there is an Executive Session? If it were not that the 21st has been mentioned, and it is always objectionable to change, I would not make this suggestion. But of course, your duties in Washington must not be interfered with, and it is foolish to take such a little annoyance into consideration.

As for Father's idea about the President—we need not give ourselves the least uneasiness in the matter. There is but small chance of his coming, and it would be very galling to my pride to fix the day for his convenience, to be disappointed. It is to be your wedding and mine. If *people* wish to come to it—very well, we shall be glad to see them. But I cannot arrange the time, in order to catch them en passant. Do I speak harshly? I hope not—but on this subject I feel decided. Perhaps I shall droop my head a little as years pass on. At present (it may be owing to rheumatism) there is no bend to head, or knee. You will agree with me—will you not—to leave the President out of the question? I believe I have stated this case clearly. Once more I want your opinion Del. We shall keep on with the preparations, so whatever time is decided upon work will be finished. I am growing tired of the turmoil—and am half inclined to go up to New Hampshire and stay until the wedding day. Take some books and read and dream the hours away. The only objection would be that I could not see you, and I might feel lonesome.

I had no letter from you yesterday—and I am afraid the "aches and pains" are not "better" but worse. You did not tell me what the "annoyances and disappointments" were which made you a "Goose." I have no desire to laugh at you Love, if you were here I could convince you of it. Let's drive old care away. Why should we allow petty things to trouble us? By this time you are no doubt in good spirits again, and do not care to hear my remarks. Still you deserve some punishment for your gloom, and I have taken it upon myself to inflict it. Next Saturday you will be here, and I can give you some more if you need it, and something else if you care about it.

It is the style now to leave out the word "obey" from the Marriage Service. I thought I had better write and ask if you have any objection—at the same time to inform you that I have not the least intention of making that promise. I shall interpolate "when I feel like it." With this threat I will say farewell, until tomorrow. I know I love you—a little. Is that enough?

BLANCHE

June 28, 1870

MY DEAR SENATOR: I have received a letter from Mrs. Butler and am persuaded. I have talked with S——— today and think we shall get through on the 16th. So let *the* affair come off on the twenty-first and "no flies" if you are agreeable. Please send back by bearer if "The Senate concur" so that I may telegraph, and write too.

As you will need to store your "traps" somewhere, for I suppose you have an extra carpet bag, would you not prefer to bring it here and leave it under Mr. Whitney's charge during vacation? If so, will you not come and stop with us the few days before we leave? I assure you it will be no trouble to me. You may have the whole parlor to yourself, and a good room, and indifferent food.

I have not pressed this, lest I might annoy you or cause the vexation of doing that which was not agreeable.

Truly yours, BENJ. F. BUTLER

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 28, 1870

Gen'l. BENJ. F. BUTLER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR GENERAL: You are very kind, and I thank you, but there is really no necessity for a change of quarters. You can judge of this yourself, when I tell you that I have just returned from the Capitol—a quarter past two. I had a note from my friend B——— informing me that at midday they would try to get up the San Domingo matter. I would have been there had it even been necessary to get out of my coffin. That necessity did not exist, nor anything within a thousand miles of it. So I went and came without difficulty. I could be out very well, but if I take care of myself now I shall be able to travel at the end of the week!

I assisted to vote ourselves into Executive Session, but after in, we were voted out of it. Not a very flattering prospect for the ratification of the treaty.

I had a letter from Blanche today. Your telegram has caused much perplexity. I wonder if you have reasons enough to settle the question to the satisfaction of everybody? The day, the 21st July, having been fixed, they naturally inclined to it—perhaps, as Blanche writes, "It is always objectionable to change."—There may be somewhere among her aunts (not with her, however) a lurking superstition on this question of change.

Blanche has suggested I might "*pair off*" with someone, if there should be an Executive Session. A very sensible suggestion I think. We shall be *here* by the first of December. What is the answer to the problem?

Will you let me know your views, so I may take advantage of them when I write this evening—I shall send off my letter by seven.

Tomorrow I hope I may be well enough to dine with you.

Very truly yours, ADELBERT AMES

LOWELL, *June* 28, 1870

DEAR DEL: My Love has been—perhaps *is* ill—and I have not written him regularly. The one little thing I could do I neglected. That is good! It promises well for the future. What do you think of it. Have you found fault? I hope so, and that you may at least have found some satisfaction in grumbling—you must let me hear some of it, so that I may be frightened into doing better in the future.

Don't let that old Doctor keep you from me. No—I don't mean that. Of course if he says you ought not to come, you must not. But Del—I hate to think of you confined to your room, perhaps to the bed, these miserable hot days. I am very glad your Father is to be with you. He will keep you in good spirits. He came on in exactly the right time.

Hereafter I want you to remember, Senator Adelbert Ames, that I object seriously to your abusing yourself, as your Friday's letter or "confession" told me you had been doing. When you feel in that mood, remember that I am the person to find fault with. Some people only marry in order that there may be something to vent their spleen upon. I should not be willing to take it all. But I will go halves with you—the more, that you are evidently unable to stand that "sort of thing."

Seriously, though, you ought not to have gone up to the Senate for the late session when you were not feeling well. It is useless to talk of "late hours" curing "late hours." It can't be done. If you had gone to bed in good season, stopped fretting, and been a philosopher—who knows you might be quite well by this time.

There, Love, I have scolded you enough. A kiss or two from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *June* 28, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: Your Sunday letter came this morning. I have just written a note to your Father to ascertain his views; upon receiving word from him will enclose his note, or append his remarks. You say you are not going to promise to "obey." Well, Love, that does not frighten me. Do you think people love, honor and obey because they promise to do so at the altar? Do all who so promise keep their word? If one did not love and honor, how could one get married?—and be *honorable*? If there be "love" and "honor" what need of the "obey"—with them there would be no need of it as promised at the marriage ceremony, no "obey" at any time. When a wife ceases to find her love strong enough to be a motive power, no promise will control her to the good and happiness of her husband. Suppose you give "obey" its full force. Obedience without love, obedience to the will of any master, soon will become unbearable—and unless a man be very little he would find such orders and such obedience the saddest moments of his life. No, Blanche, I do not ask that you promise to *obey* me—I only ask that you love me—love me and all that can tend to make our home happy will flow from that—honor, for we could not love unless we honored each other—obedience I do not believe in. Whatever may be best, both will consider and decide.

So you see, Dear, I send you a page of protest against promising to obey me—and until the ink fades you can read it to me—selecting those moments when there may be an indication of usurpation of power on my part. I have no doubt I shall often have to borrow it to read to you.

Love me and honor me, and I will be content. If need be, I will coax! Loving, we cannot well withstand each other's coaxing. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 28, 1870

No letter from you yesterday, Del. I received yours of Friday and Saturday. Your Saturday letter was short (but to the point) and mailed at the New York and Washington Railroad Post Office. How did that happen? Have you been travelling for your health, or did you send there in order to catch the mail? We are now waiting for word from you and Father in reference to the wedding. We have about concluded that it will be put off until September. But that shall be as you wish it.

So my Philosopher has had a "blue day." I cannot understand it, and I shall never allow it to happen again. It was all owing I am sure to your not being in good condition. As for laughing at you, Del, I am sure I shall not. I am much too often in the same trouble myself. When the "rubs" come we will put a little padding of indifference on our shoulders and dare them to rub it off.

If our wedding day is changed, we can be married just as well some other time. If enemies are put in our friends' places we will fight to have it changed. If unsuccessful, we will console ourselves by thinking our turn will come some time—and turn the padded shoulder. If our friends find any fault with us we will say to ourselves Oh, they are troubled with dyspepsia. We will wait a few days until they are better. It will be a glorious fight, Del, this against the "rubs," with any number of bloodless victories. A splendid chance to show *our* generalship.

I went to Boston at Uncle Fisher's request. He wished me to look at pianos with Florence. I have chosen an *upright* so you cannot "sleep under it nights, and sit on it days" as you proposed. I am writing "lots" to you these days. It is because you are sick, and I love you. BLANCHE

Lowell, *June* 29, 1870

Dear Del: We have just received a telegram from Father in which he said "21st decided on." I hope you will be here on Saturday, as there is much to speak of—besides my great desire to see you, Love.

I hardly know whether to feel glad, or sorry. My mind is in too much of a whirl to stop to think of anything except that I love you, and if you are content, so am I. Your

Blanche

Washington, D.C., *June* 29, 1870

This, dear Blanche, will be my last letter till I see you.

I had intended to write you a long letter—but Father came this morning—and I was sent for to go to the Senate for an Executive Session. Just as I got there the Senate had taken a recess till this evening.

I am going with Father to dine at your Father's. I expect to see you Saturday.

It is time to go.—I have a moment to say—I love you.

Del

Lowell, *Friday Morning*

This is Friday, Del—and this evening you ought to start for Lowell. Instead of that you will spend the *glorious* 4th quietly in Washington, and be made to take proper care of yourself. I am so glad your Father is with you.

I received your Wednesday letter last night, in which you spoke of his arrival. Mother telegraphed Father that "he had better look to you" before we knew you were in such good hands.

I see that in your note to Father you quoted pretty extensively from my letter. You speak of the suggestion of "pairing off" as sensible. Don't you think it was rather mean to underscore and make a pun of it? I assure you I never thought of anything of that kind. I was very much in earnest, and only striving in a feeble way to settle matters, one way or the other. Love, Dear,

Blanche

Washington, D.C., *July* 7, 1870. *Thursday*

Two weeks from today, Dear Blanche, will be our wedding day. Are you happy at the thought? Your Lover is.

The endless discussion in the Senate, and the hot air there has one marked effect on me. They rivet my thoughts on you, Dear. I went to the Senate at eleven and left at half past four, just arriving home, and during this time I do not think five minutes have elapsed without my thoughts going off to my darling.

I found your two letters this morning on my arrival here. They were dear, precious letters, and I thank you for them. I took breakfast with your Father.

Your Father informed me that the trunk was now in New York—that he had in his hands this morning the invoices of its contents. So you see, all goes well, and your Mother's anxieties will be reduced to less important matters than picture frames and trunks of valuables from Paris.

Your Father had a talk with the President on the question of his being present, and though not receiving a positive answer, seems to be of the impression that he will come. I will not again see the President and ask him a second time. I will not *beg* him.—I shall not forget my dignity. So far as I am concerned, or think you are, his presence does not seem imperative—but if he will be there *properly* it will be just as well.

So, now you have all the news. I intended to move over to your house this evening during recess—but you must have a letter, though a brief one, and when finished I shall have just time to get over there to dinner with my trunks here unpacked. This morning I found a large mail, and by the time I had read it and received a few callers I had to leave for the Senate. So I could do nothing then. I will be able to send my *valuables*, not "traps," over there tomorrow morning, D. V. I found letters from three of my groomsmen saying they will be present, though not quite so early as we would like.

I had a great many congratulations in the Senate today. Mr. M———— of Ky. asked me to vote for a disability of his on the ground that he was one of your admirers.—Mr. C———— of Oregon, speaking in your praise, said your disposition and traits were like his wife's! If he loves his wife, it is a great compliment, if not, why it is *rather* doubtful. However, I am ready to believe he loves his wife.

I must close, or get no dinner. So, between my chat with you and dinner—why my decision is—what would yours be?—under like circumstances—I'll compromise and write a word more, and have a late dinner. I will only say, dear Blanche, I love you, and am happy in my love. A few more days and we meet to part never again.

You have sometimes said, "the course of true love never runs smooth." Will you tell me where ours has rippled? Has not our love been the exception to—well—*prove* the rule? May our married life be a bright and shining light to all unmarried people—as our days as lovers have been. Del

Lowell, *July* 8, 1870

How I break my threat of not writing you, Del. I fear it betrays great weakness. But in this case I don't care if I am a Goose.

How do you do this morning? Do you still feel "pert"? I have never noticed that your pertness depended in the least upon the state of your health.

Ah! Del, why did you get me such a handsome bracelet! It is beautiful, *very* beautiful, and you displayed great taste in the selection. But, Love, it was *awfully* extravagant, and I feel almost ashamed to have you give so much to me. Where is my "equivalent"?

I think the white elephant is coming to me, indeed. What shall I do for him? Love him—care for him—think of him, defer to him all my life long—and then he is such a weighty creature the scale will always tip way down on his side. Well, I shall try. Perhaps in time I can make it.

Even Mother thinks the bracelet exquisite, and says you have chosen admirably. The tea-set has not come yet. I did not quite understand by your letter whether it was to be sent at once or not. You are all so lavish, Del. In this case *you* will have to help with acts of kindness and love. *You* who can do it so well.

We will write to your Father and Mother, thanking them, when you come home again. Ward is waiting for my letter, Love. So with a kiss I must say good-bye, 'till tomorrow. Your Blanche

Washington, D.C., *July* 8, 1870

Dear Blanche, I am seated at your Father's table, opposite to him, writing with his pen, on his paper. Do you remember when you and I did so much business in this office? Today I moved over here. My room is the one *you* occupied.

Today Mr. C——— came to me, congratulated me, and gave me a lot of good advice. What it was I will tell you by and by, when we meet. His married life has been very happy. I think we would have, naturally, fallen into the wise path he points out and the one he has and does now tread. We will see. I have an unbounded confidence in the future. How bright everything is.

The new arrangements today permit me only to send you this comparatively brief note. I must put this in the office for you and then go to the Senate. I love you. DEL

LOWELL, *Thursday*

I write you only a few words this morning—Love. Shall I remind you that today is Thursday?

Ah! the time is flying. The days slip by like moments. Do I hear you say "Are you fearful, Blanche?" No—because—well—I will wait and tell you a week from Saturday.

Florence has gone out to deliver *the* cards. Your cards and mine. You don't know how prim they look. Mr. Ames—Miss Butler. Very conceited, as if you were the only Ames and I the only Butler in the world. But then you know ours are such very romantic names, too romantic for wedding cards. Those which we send to Washington will probably reach there Monday. Then, Mr. Shameface, you had better keep at home. Poor Del!!! Are you better—or did that long journey on pull you down again? Don't forget the beef tea and the iced rice. Make Jane wait upon you, and scold for me if she does not do so rightly.

A little note, but I only wished to say Blanche loves *you.*

LOWELL, *July* 9, 1870

Another letter, my Love. Am I not good to you? You write me so regularly and kindly that I am quite shamed out of my *good* resolution.

The tea-set came last evening. I have but one fault to find—ought I to have any? I consider it far too handsome and expensive for *us*. I see you in my mind's eye with a silver teapot under one arm, and a waterpot under the other, trudging upstairs—while I bring up the rear with the cream pitcher and the rest. All to be deposited under the bed. Oh! how like *geese* we shall feel. Have I not drawn a delightful picture? *Seriously* though—I find my elephant has encumbrances. But he will help me to take care of them. Now, Del—don't laugh—it is quite a responsibility.

I want you to write to your Father and Mother, that I wish they would not change a single thing for me. Ask them to let me come to them just as you do. As a daughter, not an indifferent stranger. I fear your Father has a wrong impression. Indeed, Love, I shall not be homesick—with *you*. But if you were not kind to me, and I felt unhappy, all that the whole world could do would not make me content. So you see how useless everything is. Only one thing is requisite, and that depends upon you—and I have no doubts, or fears, that you will fail me.

You think ours has been a happy engagement. But how could it have been otherwise? What could we have quarrelled about? In fact, I don't quite see *now* what can make us in the future. You are very even-tempered—and gentle. I am not, but I don't wish you to do better than I—and I shall take you as my standard. An unusual thing. The wives are generally the best in married couples.

What a probation I have before me! Shall I go through it happily, and well? I will stop *wondering* and try it—in a few short days. Shall I tell you a fib, and say I don't love you? If I do you won't believe, though I were to bribe you with a kiss, so I won't waste time and kisses in any such way.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *July* 11, 1870

DEAR DEL, I did not write you last Sunday and Monday, and this will be my last letter to you before you come *home.* We have been quite busy, but my labors are nearly finished so that I can have a week of idleness. We send the Army and Navy cards this afternoon. I am sorry we have been so delayed in the matter, but it was unavoidable. The engravers were not ready.

Only eight days more. Time slips away very fast. So fast that it quite takes away one's breath. Everyone is in a great state of excitement.

Although it is not quite etiquette for people to call after the cards have been sent out, every evening there are two or three people here. I do not object to it because it occupies all the time, and one cannot stop to think. The papers say that you are better. I have not had a letter from you for three days—but prefer to think that you are busy rather than ill.

What a stiff, hateful letter I am writing you, Love. If you could know all I think and feel, you would rest content. I feel a little shy this morning. Perhaps because I have not attended to my letter writing regularly, and you seem strange to me. Perhaps because I have not heard from you.

We expect the trunk today—which of course is a matter of great interest to you. Your dresses and laces. How fine you will look in them. A white hat with purple velvet trimming will exactly suit your complexion. A purple necktie to match will make you quite resplendent.

Has Jane taken any care of you? Have you scolded her for me? I feel sure you have not. But, if you don't mind me now, how will it be after we are married and you have *me* in subjection? Ah! Well, I am not afraid of *you* unless you grow stouter than you are now, Mr. Senator! Florence says you are a regular nuisance, that I am spending my time talking to you when I ought to be directing those old envelopes.

Last evening at seven o'clock I went with Mother to a kind of picnic given by Dr. Edson. I chatted a little with everybody—ate strawberries and cream. But came home early, not feeling in very good spirits.

On the way home I heard someone say "There is the new moon." Taken by surprise I looked over my left shoulder and there it was—looking as narrow-minded and spiteful as possible. Take care, Love, and see the old thing right, so as to keep the balance.

Good-bye. Do you want a kiss? Well—you can't have it for *asking*. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *July* 11, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: Shall I tell the story I have so often told by this pen of mine as well as by my lips—by my pen now for almost the last time for the present—I love you? I do love you and am happy in my love. Are you happy? Are you content? Have you no fear? No hesitancy? I will *try*, Love, to cause you never to regret the step you are about to take. My happiness (and I am selfish in the question of *my* happiness) depends entirely on yours—so what can I do but make *you*, my Dear, a happy woman and wife.

I promise now, as I shall so solemnly in a few days, that I will love and cherish you, and more, I will show you that I do. I am a baby in some particulars, very sensitive, and Oh! so afraid of cross looks and unkind words. So I shall ever try to keep the smiles on your face—when they disappear I shall run away. So you must be considerate. Of that, Love, I have no fear.

Blanche, if we only have health—a reasonable amount of it—we shall never regret the step we are now on the eve of taking. This is but a note to tell you I love you—confide and trust—and am so hopeful and happy. DEL

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE

BETWEEN—ADELBERT AMES—his color W, of Jackson, Miss., aged 34 years, a Planter. He was born in E. Thomaston, Me., and was the son of Jesse & Martha. This will be his 1st marriage;
AND—BLANCHE BUTLER—her color W, of Lowell, Mass., aged 23 years. She was born in Lowell and was the daughter of Benjamin F. and Sarah. This will be her 1st marriage.

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The intentions of Marriage by the parties above named, were duly entered by me in the Records of the City of Lowell relating to Marriages, according to law.

Dated at Lowell, Mass., this 20th day of July, A.D., 1870.
A true copy:
Attest: W.P.Eno S. A. McPhetres, City Clerk.
City Clerk pro tem.

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The parties above named were joined in Marriage at Lowell, by me, this twenty-first day of July, A.D., 1870.
Attest: Theodore Edson.

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We, the subscribers, certify that the within-named Adelbert Ames and Blanche Butler were joined in marriage at Lowell on the twenty-first day of July, A.D., 1870, by the Rev. Dr. Edson in our presence. (Names of witnesses.)

"General Adelbert Ames, Senator from Mississippi, and Miss Blanche Butler, the beloved daughter of Benjamin F. Butler, M. C. were married in St. Ann's (Episcopal) Church, Lowell, Massachusetts, on Thursday evening, July 21st, by the Rev. Dr. Edson, assisted by four other clergymen all in surplices. The Boston *Herald* says,

"Presently while the organ was discoursing soft and beautiful music, the bridal party, four of the ushers, followed by Col. Miller with Miss Chandler, and the other groomsmen, with the bridesmaids, came first, and separated right and left in couples at the arch. Gen. Butler followed with his beautiful daughter, resplendent in her bridal robes, upon his right arm, while the bridegroom escorted Mrs. Butler.

"As they passed beneath the floral arch, the father of the bride surrendered her to Gen. Ames, and Dr. Edson performed the marriage ceremony, according to the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal church, the company present standing, while the organ, under the hand of Mr. Solon Stevens, gave forth soft, rippling, liquid notes. The voice of the bridegroom as he pronounced the words 'I will,' and the text of the ritual was full, firm and prompt, and those of the bride, low and modest.

"The groomsmen were Col. W. E. Merrill, U.S.A., Maj. A. R. Buffington, U.S.A., Gen. C. A. Carleton of New York, and Maj. Wm. Atwood. The bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Chandler, daughter of Senator Chandler of Michigan, Miss Hildreth, daughter of Fisher Hildreth, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., Miss Fannie Talbot, daughter of C. P. Talbot, Esq., of Lowell, and Miss Maria Nesmith, daughter of John Nesmith, Esq., also of Lowell."

"Ten thousand persons cheered loudly when the bridal party entered the church. There were about six hundred persons admitted into the church by cards of invitation."

Extract from one of many accounts of the occasion.

Old Orchard, Maine, *July* 18, 1870

My dear Miss Blanche, if it arrives in time, or My dear Mrs. Ames, if it doesn't: But I cannot think of you as Mrs. Ames at all. To me you are the sole daughter of your Father's house in Washington, and of his heart everywhere. You have been a Representative Maiden, and it is impossible yet to imagine you in any other character; least of all that of a Senatorial matron.

I am not well enough to join in the festivities to which we have been kindly invited; but I cannot let the occasion pass without telling you, *yourself*, that I do most heartily wish you joy. I have been wishing it ever since I heard of the impending event, and all the time you have been distracted and pulled about by dressmakers and other artists employed in the awful work of preparation. All that is now over, I hope, and nothing remains but delight.

I see that the great question of the wedding tour has been decided rationally—i.e. in *my* way. That, you know, is our definition of rationally. I cannot tell you what a high opinion I have of people's good sense who agree with me. We all hope, however, that you are going, the next morning, to the Stone Cottage on Cape Ann. I have the liveliest recollections of that commodious granite hut, and I am sure you could spend a month there more happily than in a crowd.

I hope you will speak of me indulgently to your husband (if the letter is delayed) and to your friend, Mr. Ames (if it traverses space with due rapidity), and assure him that I am by no means such an impudent person as he would naturally conclude from my writing to you at such a time. Pray present him my sincere wishes for his happiness.

With our warmest regards to all the inmates of your house, especially your excellent Mother, I remain,

Very truly yours, JAMES PARTON[1]

Senator Ames and wife passed their honeymoon at Belvidere Hill, Lowell, Massachusetts. On September 1st they began their wedding trip, via Newport and West Point, to Minnesota and thence to Mississippi.

WEST POINT, *September,* 1870

DEAR MOTHER: You can see by the heading of my letter that we have made at least a part of our journey. So far it has been very agreeable—no trouble, no particular inconvenience—only that which one always has in traveling. We missed the train in Boston, owing to the driver's stupidity, so that we did not reach Newport until seven o'clock, took tea in our linen dresses. Then as it was quite late, and as we did not feel quite presentable for the parlors, we all went for a little stroll through the town.

The next morning, Tuesday, we took a carriage, made a call on Mrs. Stevens—she was out—and left cards on Mrs. Gen'l. Lawrence. Called first on the Mortons to see if the President had arrived. The servant said "No"—but that he was expected in the evening. After that we drove to the beach and watched the bathers for some time. It is one of the mysteries, how people are content to make such guys of themselves. The Atlantic House was full, but there was little or no attempt at style. Hats were commonly worn at dinner, and quite often the morning dress was kept on all day. We remained on the piazza and in the corridors all the rest of the day—for in the afternoon when we expected to have another drive, a drizzling Scotch mist made its appearance and drove away all the carriages.

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[1] James Parton, author of "General Butler in New Orleans." A History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in 1862.

A Mr. Bigelow of Boston, an acquaintance of Gen'l. Ames, sent up the evening we arrived to know if we could make some arrangement for a cruise among the yachts in Newport Harbor in the morning. Gen'l. A. thought that he ought to attend to the President the first thing, so we declined for that time. The following day the New York fleet came in, and I suppose Mr. B's time was taken up. At any rate, we heard no more from him. Mrs. Stevens called twice, once to leave her cards—again in person. The President told Gen'l. Ames he should come down and call on me. I have not seen him however. He may have called after we left.

Everybody warned us against the hotel water. Quite a number have been made sick by it. We all escaped without any injurious effects, unless it was that which troubled Florence on the boat going to New York and up the Hudson. She was very seasick, although the water was perfectly smooth.

There were a number of people at Newport whom Gen'l. Ames knew—and some I have met before—so we had plenty of acquaintances: Judge and Miss Hackett of New York, and a Mrs. Stevens and daughter—some relation to Jno. Tyler of Lowell. We have been moving almost every moment since we left home—driving, calling, receiving calls, sightseeing or traveling.

West Point pleases me much, not so well though as Newport. (I am glad, however, that I never saw the last place before—I should not have liked it so well.) Here I will say Johnnie was not of the least use. Instead of making himself agreeable to Florence, he seemed to think it necessary to devote his time to me, which was not so pleasant. It seemed more consequential for John to walk and talk with me, and Florence to do the same to Gen'l. Ames. I thought it well for matters to take their course for a day or so, and see how the arrangement suited. Tuesday, Gen'l. Ames said he thought it John's business to look after Florence, and he preferred the honor of walking in and out of the dining room with me himself, and so that little matter ended. Still, John really was not of the least use. He did not know where anything was, and would have been a very poor dependance if Gen'l. Ames had not known all that was needful himself. We left him at Newport. I cannot give you all the particulars about his not continuing on to West Point. I would make my letter too long. I will keep that little bit of history for Washington.

All the officers and professors at the Point called on us—and we returned these calls. Gen'l. Upton sent his carriage for us twice, and we went to his quarters to dine. Florence will tell you all about this. The President arrived on Saturday. Nellie Grant and her Aunt (Mrs. Corbin) had been at the Point some time.

We attended two hops, one on Friday night, the other last night. The one of last night was quite a brilliant affair. Mrs. Grant was very polite. As I passed her she beckoned me to her, talked a little, asked after you, and then asked me to come and sit by her when I felt tired. I was walking with young Mr. Fish at the time—and of course told her I should be most happy to. In about five minutes after, when I had joined Gen'l. Ames again, she sent Prof. Kendrick for me and I sat by her for half an hour or more, talking of one thing and another.

Yesterday morning we returned a call made by Mrs. Fish and her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin. They live just opposite Coggins' West Point Hotel and really have a very beautiful place. Mrs. Fish was all affability, and treated us with hot house grapes, and wine. Ask Florence for minute descriptions of places and things. She will go home from Albany tomorrow morning. I believe she has had rather a pleasant time. She says we seem to be having such a good time she means to go right home and get married herself.

Who have you staying with you, Mother? I am afraid you will get lonely and out of spirits. Be sure not to do that, and write me word how you are getting on. I don't know as you will be able to make anything of this letter. I am very tired and write in the greatest haste. Let Florence supply the missing links. Good-bye. A kiss for you, and one for Father. Kind regards are sent by your son-in-law, and a great deal of love from *Your affectionate daughter*, BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *September* 5, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: We are here at last. After leaving Florence in the cars at Albany we walked around the city for about an hour. Then returned to the hotel, ate peaches and read until time for the hour to start for Detroit. That was about two or half past. All the afternoon the dust and smoke poured into the cars. There had been no rain for weeks, and the earth was as dry as ashes. The road is the same we passed over on going to Sharon—in fact the cars stopped for a moment at the Sharon station. I felt delighted that we had not to get out there. What a hateful time that was!

Well, we took tea at a little counter in Syracuse, and walked up and down the platform to shake off the dust. Then on to Rochester. We found the sleeping cars. Happily for us we passed through a rainstorm, so had a very comfortable night. The morning found us near Detroit, and the lake shore reminded me of our trip West and the white fish. We went to the Exchange, took breakfast, changed our raiment and about noon drove off to call on Miss Chandler. I forgot to tell you that we decided it wasn't possible to make a visit there. Gen'l. Ames had a fancy to get home, and you know my repugnance to visiting.

We found Miss Chandler out. Mrs. C. in. She came down at once, and immediately began to complain that we had not brought our trunks. Minnie had caused her father to telegraph to you and Florence, to find out where we were, and was in great tribulation that she had not heard from us. We told her that we had been delayed two or three days longer at West Point than we had expected, therefore had concluded to postpone our visit in Detroit. Mrs. C. said she would allow nothing of the kind.

Minnie came in a few moments after, then Mr. Chandler, and then all insisted on our going to the hotel for our trunks, and remaining at least one day, so that we were forced to consent. Minnie cried a little. Said she had told everyone we were coming, had arranged to have the Revenue Cutter for an excursion up the St. Clair flats, etc. etc. The Republican Convention being in Detroit, Mr. Chandler had asked all of the delegates to a gentlemen's party in the evening. Minnie had intended going to a party given by one of her friends, and I thought it likely we should be a good deal in the way. Still, there was nothing to do but stay after so much urgency. So we went to the hotel for bag and baggage.

Being a housekeeper, you may like to know what they had for dinner. Soup—beefsteak—cold roast chickens—cold boiled ham—vegetables—ice cream—cakes and fruits. We spent the afternoon driving around. Minnie went with us, and delivered the invitations for her boating party. In the evening Gen'l. Ames remained with Mr. Chandler and saw the guests. Mrs. Chandler was attending to the servants. Minnie and I spent the evening in one of the chambers, chatting. She would not go to the party. I could not go with her, not having a dress, and she had some arrangement to make about her party.

The next morning we went on board the Cutter about eleven. Found about forty people. Mrs. Chandler found a band of music and a deck cleaned for dancing. The weather was delightful, rather cold than warm. I wore the green silk shirt dress, and new hat. They look very stylish together. We danced, talked, had a very nice collation, altogether it was a pleasant day.

We got back about seven, packed our trunks, changed our clothes, took tea and were at the cars at twenty minutes past nine. Minnie was very kind and thoughtful. Gave us a grand basket of fruit, some of Capt. Ward's grapes, and a novel to beguile the time. Mrs. Chandler was very complimentary. At one time she said she "admired my husband very much." At another she gave it as her opinion I had "done well by waiting."

We traveled that night, the next day, and the following night without stopping except at the stations for something to eat. Everywhere it had been raining, and the cars were entirely free from dust. So much so that the linen wrap I had done up in Detroit is still quite clean, and fresh. I have been in excellent health and spirits since we started, nothing but a little cold which is getting better.

Yesterday morning we came in sight of Northfield. I was very agreeably disappointed. Gen'l. Ames had told me it was prairie land, treeless, and almost hopeless—with a little river one might jump across. Instead of that the land sweeps away from the water very much as it does at Mrs. Reade's—Aunt Nina's. The country is splendidly wooded, and the town is like a good-sized New England village. Mr. Ames' house is a new and very pretty one—in the center of a garden. Our room looks out over the town to the river.

They all seem very glad to see me, and I think are gentle, kindly, independent people. I have not been homesick but once or twice, when Mrs. Ames has asked me about you. When I have thought of you all alone there at home, the tears will come in spite of me. I shall be happy here, however. It is much pleasanter here than I expected—and except that I am away from you, Mother, I have nothing to wish for.

Well, I have given you a long letter. Next time I will tell you more of the place and the people. Give a kiss, and my love to Father. Tell him that the West is a good place, but a little cold. We have a fire in the fireplace this morning. It is a little early yet to start the furnace. Love and a kiss for you, my Mother. *Your daughter*, Blanche

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Lowell, *September* 7, 1870

Dear Blanche: I am alone, but well guarded—the room is just over the tree tops and the long shadows lie around the house like mighty sentinels. Shadows are as well as substance in a spot as peaceful as this. There is far more pleasure in looking at their fantastic forms than any living forms unless the forms of those who belong here and are away. There, I have done with that, but the night is *perfect*.

Yesterday, your Aunt Nina and I drove over to the Muster with your Father. We came back at evening quite tired. She has gone home. We think of going over again on Friday. Farringtons, Mrs. Reade, Florence and myself. She dined here today. I questioned a great deal about Newport and West Point. I think she had a pleasant time. She is not very communicative unless pushed.

Johnny I have not heard from.—Letters from the boys today. Benny's is mostly made up of the wedding. Paul writes with his usual gravity and sends a bill of his expenses.

One day last week about four o'clock in the afternoon we rode out seven miles or so to a picnic given by a Mr. Gage for his birthday. He is the father-in-law of Nelly Kittredge. Was it not funny we should go? Your Father seemed inclined, so I went and found it pleasant. Many of the people we know were there. Supper very good.

Two telegraphs from the Chandlers to know where you were, so I conclude you stopped one night there. Gen. Grant does not come to Muster. The families are back from the watering places and call from day to day. I see them when it is convenient.

Your silver was sent to the bank room after you left. Your room put in order and shut up. Much of my time is passed in directing the gardener—and musing on things past, present and to come.

I should be a little careful in Mississippi. Some of those people are very brutal. No one can tell what they might think to do. I hope Gen. Ames will have caution. A lady, Mrs. Stott, praised his looks very highly to me today. The wave of commendation, you see, has not yet ebbed. I am very placid and continue to return thanks for you both, for what I hear expressed.

You see, I have scratched through this letter in spite of my eyes.

You are in Northfield now, happy I hope. Give my regards to Capt. Ames and family.

Yours affectionately, Mother

Northfield, *September* 10, 1870

Dear Mother: Why have you not written me? It is now eighteen days since I left home, and not one word from you. I fear that Dr. Cabot has been attending to your face, and that you are in no condition to write. Please send me some little word, however, just to say that you are all well, and have not forgotten us. Let Florence write for you.

The days pass very pleasantly here. We have been out shooting twice. The first time fifty-two pigeons were the result. The second time, three prairie hens. Mrs. Ames is pleasant, good tempered, and a nice housekeeper. The house is very neatly and comfortably furnished, perfectly new—rooms spacious, walls smooth finish, pleasant bay windows in dining room and sitting room. The house is in the center of a square filled with trees and a vegetable garden. My chamber and dressing-room are in the front of the house, over the parlor and entry. The windows look out over the fields to the river, and woods beyond.

I am very agreeably disappointed in the place, and can spend two or three weeks here very pleasantly. The weather is delightful—the trees are just changing, although there has been no frost. There is a bountiful supply of fruit. Apples, pears, peaches, they buy, but there are melons of all kinds, and plums by the quantity in the garden. The market is good—prairie chicken, pigeons and venison make a pleasing variety. Mrs. Ames has seventy-two chickens, two cows, and lots of bees. I have a large piece of honey and delicious graham muffins from fresh meal ground at the mill, every night.

I tell you all this because you can judge from it a little the style of the place and people. The table is well set, with silver, and white damask. Plates changed, courses served as well as they are at home. I have often heard you say that these little things constitute the comfort of living. In these particulars there is nothing to cavil at. They are all very kind to me, and, I think, like me. I have made myself so much one of the family, they do not feel constrained and troubled, as you feared they would.

Capt. Ames is quite a character. I wish you could see him with his hunting regalia. He is my perfect ideal of a Scout. He never misses his bird, and as he swings through the tall prairie grass—with his sailor's roll—he keeps far ahead of either of his sons. He is a very kindly old man. For the first two or three days after we came, it rained all the day through. Every time he saw me he would look at me with a searching glance, still with a little twinkle in his eye, and say, "Lonesome weather, isn't it?"

By the way, it is not regular prairie here, but all hills and vales—and the grass is beautiful; all through the town it is close white clover turf, but on the unploughed lands, the golden rod, fringed gentian, and a thousand varieties of flowers are in bloom—the names of which I do not know. I always supposed that talk about the prairie flowers was exaggerated, but it is not. They are really wonderful. So you may judge, I find myself better off than I expected, and things altogether more agreeable.

What a strange turn things have taken in Europe? What news from the boys? I feel quite neglected, that there has been no news from either you, or Father. I noticed in the paper that the President could not attend the Muster. I am sorry, on Father's account—but it must have been a relief to you.

I am very well, and in good spirits, but someone at home must write or there will be trouble. You evidently do not miss me much, or you would need no reminder. Goodbye, with a kiss for you and Father, and please don't forget your neglected but affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *September* 19, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came last Friday, and I was very happy to get it, for I had begun to think you had all forgotten me. So you are "well and contented alone." I am glad to hear that, but still I am conceited enough to suppose you would be quite as well contented if the boys or I were with you.

This family here is a very kind and happy one. Capt. Ames reminds me constantly of Uncle Fisher—in his way of thinking and consideration of others. He is really a character. Mrs. Ames is gentle and quiet, and always keeps out of the controversies that occur between Gen'l. Ames and his Father in regard to the management of the mills. These are amicable—Gen'l. Ames not approving of gristing so much for the farmers, as it is not nearly so profitable as flouring, while Capt. Ames insists that he must do it in order to have the farmers bring their wheat to the mills in preference to selling it to others. There are two mills here. A new one just finished last Spring, and the old one which has been making twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year, according to the price of wheat. They talk business very freely before me, so I understand matters pretty thoroughly. They also own about 200 acres along the river, besides another water privilege which they intend to use when there is another surplus of money to be invested. Indeed, they seem very prosperous, and it is to be hoped it will continue.

The only discordant member of the family is John's wife. She is a trial—and they all feel it. Perhaps it is a good thing to have one black sheep. I have no fault to find, as far as I am concerned she intends to be polite enough—but her ways are not particularly attractive. There is a widow here—Mrs. Smith. Her husband died last summer. She is a niece of Mrs. Ames and is teaching school. More, I suspect, to occupy her time than anything else. Mr. Smith, I believe, left her some property. She is about twenty-seven. A pretty, gentle, sweet-tempered girl.

Quite a number of the Northfield people have called upon us, and we spent yesterday—or part of it—returning the calls. There has also been a Fair here, with horseracing. Everyone here has three or four horses. Some of them are swift and handsome. There is a beautiful span of small black horses in fine condition for $250 or $300. That seems quite cheap to me. Horses are so dear with us.

Another thing which surprises me is the way people lend money. Suppose a man lends a thousand dollars for a year. He will charge (24) twenty-four percent, or two percent a month, which would be $240. He takes out of the thousand the $240 of interest before he lends it, leaving only $760, the repayment of which is secured by mortgages on real estate. So there is a man here by the name of Thorp, who came with some few thousand dollars—and by lending money in this way has obtained possession of lands valued at $150,000 or $200,000. Of course it is jewing a little, but the regular rates of interest are 12 and 15 percent. So people who come here with money grow rich very fast. I learn all these details by hearing the men discuss the mill business, and write them to you that you may form some idea of the probabilities in the future.

We have not had a rainy day now for two weeks, and I have spent a part of each day out of doors. I have a remarkably good appetite, and am sorry to say I am growing heavier. My face is considerably fuller than it was. Mississippi will decrease that, however. I need not give myself much uneasiness yet. I did not take my green dress, because Gen'l. Ames said it was not at all likely I should want it, and it took up some of the trunk room. I shall not need it, and am glad I sent it home. We shall remain here three weeks longer, which will bring it to about the 10th of Oct. You can imagine it is not such a dreadful place when I tell you I have not been homesick.

That arrangement about Grandmother and young Stevens leaves the house rather forsaken nights, does it not, and Grandmother forsaken daytimes? I should think a woman for her and a working man for us would have been more to the purpose.

Capt. Ames sends his best respects to you and Father. Gen'l. Ames sends his regards. We hear that Father is likely to succeed Wilson in the Senate. That will be fun, won't it? Give him my love, and a kiss. Good-bye. Mother, I wish I could be with you—but as I cannot be I must rest content. With a kiss I am always

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE BUTLER AMES

LOWELL, *September* 22, 1870

DEAR LITTLE BUNTIE: So you thought we did not miss you enough!—Set your heart at rest on that—I am no egoist to be always parading myself or my feelings. This is your time, not mine. You are going through the great changes making new interests, new affections. We, or I, am always the same. You are missed more than enough. I steadily look upon it as a visit you are making, to come home again soon. So I did for the boys, but the time seems to stretch out longer and longer. I wrote to Benny today, dear little rat. It seems wrong that such an atom should be so far away, so long a time. I write one or the other once a week.

A splendid saddle, two roc's eggs and five pounds of coffee arrived from Egypt. The saddle was a present from the Viceroy to the Consul. It is a mass of crimson velvet, wrought solid with gold and spangles and more than a hundred gilt tassels.

Your Father and Col. French had a clam bake at Squam on the Island. There were six or seven hundred people. He, your Father, is home for good now. That is, as much as he can be, with a thousand and one engagements.

I think you are living too well. You will grow too stout, and look like a country woman. Gov. Boutwell and Mr. Kittredge called to see me the other day. While the Gov. was talking with your Father, Mr. Kittredge was talking of you. Yes, he said, she is beautiful, there is one look of her face, nearly three-quarters view, that is *heavenly*. I laughed and declared I would tell you such a famous compliment. Oh, he said, everybody knows she is beautiful. What do you think of that for quiet old Mr. Kittredge?

The days are lovely but not a drop of rain for weeks. The dust is intolerable in driving. An abundance of fruit, and no one to eat it.

Your Father will go to Milwaukee about the 8th or 9th of October. I may go on to N. York with him. Nothing done to my face yet. Dr. Cabot seems to have doubts. My last suggestion he seemed to approve.

Another panic about Grant's coming. Major Ladd has just rushed in to say he is coming to Cambridge and wants he should be secured for the fair here. Mr. Butler promises to secure him if he can. I am tired of it, and hope he won't come.

Give my regards to Gen'l. Ames and the family.

Yours affectionately, MOTHER

NORTHFIELD, *September* 27, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: I write you a short letter this morning, because we leave here tonight for a small place in the northern part of Iowa, called Fort Atkinson, and shall not return until Wednesday. That would delay my writing too long and you would begin to wonder what had become of me. We are going to Fort Atkinson to look at a mill privilege of which Gen'l. Ames owns a part. He thinks of buying the whole, if things suit him. It is in the middle of the best wheat country—and the farmers are clamorous for a mill. They threaten to put up one and spoil the privilege if they are not accommodated. It is a very advantageous place for a mill and he does not wish to give it up.—So he thinks of buying the whole, making some improvements to satisfy them that he intends to build a mill—and another year, if he is fortunate, doing so in reality.

The papers say that the yellow fever and cholera are in New Orleans—in which case Gen'l. Ames says it will make its appearance in Mississippi. So we must delay our trip until there has been a frost. We have not had a touch of it here, *yet*. The flowers and grass are as fresh as in Spring. Soft, pleasant fall days—and the promise of two or three weeks of Indian Summer. Mrs. Ames tells me they always have it for that length of time, and it is the most delightful season of the year.

I am very well and in good spirits—but I *would* like to see you and Father. These pleasant fall days remind me of home, our chats, walks into the garden, the dropping of the golden russets, the warm sunshine, and the mellow, ripe, hazy feeling the soft air gives. I am contented here, however. I like Capt. and Mrs. Ames better day by day. I consider myself fortunate in finding people so kind, thoughtful, and in many respects so congenial. Gen'l. Ames does his *duty* nobly. He is more than considerate, and all goes on without bickering or interruption, as gaily and smoothly as a marriage bell.

Does it seem to you that I have been away more than a month? It seems a long time since I bade *you* goodbye. Yet the days pass very swiftly. My love to Father—and a kiss for you both. How happy I shall be when we meet again in Washington! *Your affectionate daughter*, BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, MINN., *September* 29, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: We returned from Iowa yesterday, and received your letter the same day. I write again because I thought it possible you might buy furniture in New York. If so, I want to make a few suggestions. I do not care for a bureau in my room. I can have one of the old bureaus, a trunk, and wardrobe in the little dressing room, which will be much better. A handsome dressing table—or glass, like those in your room and mine at home—a bed, and washstand, with the chairs will be sufficient. In choosing the chairs, please have an eye for comfort. I also want a chamber lounge, covered with chintz to match the chairs, and the easiest that is made. There is one here—not very comfortable, to be sure, but very convenient. Mrs. Ames has ruffled pillowslips on the bed, and one does not care to jam it up through the day. Thus the lounge comes into requisition. I keep the chamber looking neat and pretty all the time.

I want you to give a little thought to my dresses for the winter. The brown silk will be pretty well used up, except for a house dress, by the time I get around to W. and the black silk will be my only dependence for all calls, and daily going out, the blue one being too gay except for Cabinet receptions on fine days. So much for short dresses—now for party rig. I have my wedding dress. I had no new party dress last winter except the high necked white silk trimmed with swansdown. For the rest there is the brocade, and pink tissue. The tissue is not in order and the white silk underskirt will have to be sent to the cleaners, if we decide to do anything with it. Ordinarily I think they would do, and perhaps will now. But a little more will, perhaps, be expected from a bride. Think it over and decide for me. You see I have to come to you as yet—just as if I were not a *Mrs.*

Miss Chandler was speaking of the point lace, and said "How beautiful it will be for you next winter." "A little old, I think, don't you think so?" I questioned. "Oh! No!" broke in Mrs. Chandler, "not for you, now you are married."

So I have been thinking that perhaps a plain, very delicate shade green silk dress—finished like your new green at the neck, and sleeves—would be becoming and sufficiently youthful trimmed with the point lace. Now that I have the lace, it would certainly be the cheapest and the most easily made. I think of this, and if you decide favorably I shall want you to purchase the silk in New York. About the walking dress.—I do not know what to suggest. Perhaps you may find something ready made.

Tell Father that Milwaukee is only twenty-four hours from here—and all send him a kind invitation to come on. We could go to St. Paul with him and make a pleasant little trip. Besides he could have an opportunity to see this Wild West. If it were not for the yellow fever in the South, we could leave here in time to meet him at Milwaukee. As it is, we should like so much to have him come here. He has never been to St. Paul. Now would be a good chance, if he has the time. Gen. Ames has written him on the same subject. Give him my love, and say we shall expect him a *little.*

They are waiting for this letter, and I must cut it short, although I am sure there are other things to think of, and speak of. I wish I could be with you to help you with some of the trouble I have given you. Good-bye, with a kiss, and love from "LITTLE BUNTIE," or MRS. BLANCHE BUTLER AMES

September 30, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: I write this evening especially to say that you must not go to Mississippi till there have been frosts there. Mr. Whitney was here last night. He says the yellow fever is there and it is by no means safe for you to go from the bracing climate where you are until you are sure of frosts. Now, do not disregard this, for he has lived many years South, and in this can be relied on. I shall be very much troubled if you do not pay heed to this. I am sure Gen. Ames will. Whitney says they expect Gen. Ames there before Congress meets. But there will be time enough, and you must not encounter a double danger—the fever and the rebels.

Yesterday Florence and I drove over to the Fair grounds, looked at the fruits, cattle, and a little horse racing. Your Father was one of the speakers: Dr. Loring, Gov. Claflin, and I don't know who beside. Gen. Palfrey gave me a neighborly call the other day. The next day his sister came. He did not speak of you, only as I mentioned your picture. Miss Palfrey did, and praised you very much, and pitied me to be so alone. She is coming again to see your picture.

Your Father goes to New York next week, and would like me to go with him. If I do, perhaps Florence will go with me. Your Father told me after reading the letters from abroad that I could go if I chose, and he would do all he could to get me comfortably off, with Florence and Mrs. Reade. But it seems so hurried I don't know how to do it. There are many reasons for and many against going. I hardly know which pull the hardest.

It was dangerous to tell your Father of the horses you wrote about. He came near sending for them. I told him we were going away and had no use for them. Has Gen. Ames grown as stout as you have? I hope so, for he could better bear it. I am glad you are having so good a time and hope it will continue.

I write in the Hall. Your Father and Clancy are playing billiards. They use this room for the office now.

Do not trouble the least about my being alone. It suits me well enough. When no one wants anything of me I shall be more and more myself.

We miss you very much. Still it seems to me only a visit you are making, soon to come back to Mother.

Lowell, *October* 3, 1870

Dear Blanche: Your Grandmother is very ill. I do not think she can recover. She has been confined to the bed nearly a fortnight. Mrs. Stevens is still with her.

Your Father had invited Mr. Chadwick and Judge Russell to dinner today. They came from Boston at twelve. Mr. Chadwick gave you so beautiful a present that I was desirous the dinner should be excellent. I exerted myself steadily from breakfast time till three o'clock. Farrington came too. He says this evening that he never sat down to such a delicious dinner. So far that was very well. At two o'clock Thomas Stevens came in to tell me Mrs. Butler was worse. I waited till your Father drove up with the gentlemen (it has been raining all day) then made my excuses for leaving and drove to your Grandmother's. It is sad enough to see her. I do not think there is any hope for her. I stayed till evening. Then your Father came and stopped awhile. Now we are at home, but may be sent for any time. When I first saw her I did not think she could live over night, but before I came away she breathed easier, and may live several days, or not as many hours.

You cannot go to Mississippi yet awhile. Had you not better come home and stay awhile and go from here by way of Washington? See what Gen. Ames thinks of it. We should like you to be here to attend your Grandmother's funeral—no one who sees her thinks she can live—if the journey does not look too formidable. But I will not urge it. As you cannot go to Mississippi yet, perhaps you might think it well to come home and arrange some things. It is very fortunate for me that Mrs. Stevens has stayed so long. There are two nurses besides her.

As I write, there has been a new move made for my going abroad—but I do not quite think it will be carried out. Your Father has finally assented, and even urged it, for if I go now, he hopes to escape going in the Spring.

We shall telegraph if your Grandmother does not live—and leave it to your and Gen. Ames' discretion about coming. I have worked hard today, but thought I would write this tonight, on the chance of your coming. I wrote a very pretty letter the other day to Mrs. Parton, but you must expect nothing but scratching from *Your affectionate* MOTHER

October 7, 1870

DEAR BLANCHE: Your Grandmother's funeral took place yesterday from Church. All the Stevens's were there except Amanda, and all of my family. The day was lowering and other than the immediate friends, the attendance was not large. She is buried beside Jackson. That settles the matter we have talked of, and if any change is made we shall move to the other side. All her household goods and clothing your Father gave to Mrs. Stevens, a part of it for the benefit of Charlotte, whenever she marries. This was done with my full consent and approval. He reserved to himself the bible and silver he gave her. And to you the black lace veil wrought by his sister. A man came today to buy the house, so you see in a little time we shall have no interest in that place. The Stevenses are much pleased with the gift.

You cannot go to Mississippi just yet, and when you do you come back as far as Chicago. Could you not leave now and come on for a week or more, and then go down by way of Washington? You could settle a good many things, and the journey not be much greater. If Gen. Ames sees nothing to object, I wish you would come. Your Father has consented I should go abroad, but that does not cover the ground altogether. I must still act on my own judgment—whether it is best. Your Father wrote a long letter to the boys about their studies, expenditures, and their Grandmother's death. He has seemed very much grieved about it at times, and in his letter to the boys says that "all there is in him of good he owes to her." I have thought differently, but at all events it shows she was powerful with him, for good or evil, so far as some others were concerned, and I have never doubted but she used it, and I have known the fruits. I hope at least, that my boys when growing old will not have occasion to write to their children that I am the only good that has influenced their lives, for in that case there is a poor chance for them.

I shall go to Boston tomorrow, and shall look for a letter from you in a day or two. *Your affectionate* MOTHER

NORTHFIELD, *October* 9, 1870

DEAR MOTHER: Father's telegram announcing poor Grandmother's death came on the 5th, and said the funeral was to be the 6th. Of course that settled the question of our going on for it. Your letter in which you spoke of her not being well came a day or two after. You did not say what the matter was—only that she was very unwell and Mrs. Stevens was with her. How fortunate that she was there!—and still more fortunate that you were not all away, which might well have happened, if it had been a month later. I am glad you could all be with her. It would have been sad to have thought of her as dying all alone.

Your letter made me a little homesick, for you spoke of going abroad, or the possibility of it. And I cannot think of having you go without seeing you again. So if you do decide to go I shall certainly go home for a week, at least. I am far too selfish to urge your going, although I think you would have a pleasant time. The prospect of next winter in Washington without you is not so pleasant, as you may readily suppose. Still, if you wait until next spring, I doubt if I can go with you. Gen'l. Ames thinks we could not go and spend the summer satisfactorily short of five thousand dollars. He is perfectly willing to go if I wish it—but *I* doubt the propriety of it very much. If we don't go he will probably build a flour mill on that privilege I wrote you of. If we do go, he will have to put it off another year. I am the person to decide the matter and I am inclined to decide against going. This being the state of affairs I am inclined to think it would be better for you to go with Aunt Nina this fall. Although as I said, I dread the prospect a little next winter.

We shall not go to Mississippi until the 1st of November. By that time there will certainly have been two or three frosts. Gen'l. Ames has been informed by his friends there that so far the yellow fever is entirely confined to a certain part of the City of New Orleans, down by the market, and that it has not become an epidemic;—owing to the lateness of the season, it probably will not. So there will not be any—or very little—danger.

Now, if you do go abroad before the *very last* of November I must go home this month—and shall telegraph you tomorrow or the next day to find out about it. As soon as you decide I want you to let me know by a telegram, for it takes four or five days for a letter to reach me here, and in that time *I* could reach *home*. If you do not start until the last of November we shall go to Mississippi first, and return in time to see you off. I shall be very unhappy if I do not see you before you go. Don't let any thought of the care and trouble I may have in Washington alone deter you, because I shall be able to shoulder it and walk off with very little difficulty, I dare say. Things do not fret me much if they are not quite right. I shall call myself "a *young housekeeper*" and allow that to cover all deficiencies.

I am sorry little Florence is so much out of sorts. I had a letter from her a week ago. Tell her to keep up her spirits, and instead of thinking of things which she has not to think of those which she has more than other people. That's the best way.

We had two delicious young mallard ducks for dinner yesterday. Gen'l. Ames shot them in a pond a little way behind the house. I usually go on the hunting expeditions. The weather is delightful and the air bracing. We have not had frost yet. The flowers still bloom in the gardens. The dahlias are as fresh as in the early Fall. Yet the leaves on the trees are nearly all turned, and many of them fallen, which proves the frost has little or nothing to do in the matter. You must not suppose that I am really fleshy. I am only in very fair condition. Gen'l. Ames looks better. Not very stout, but quite ruddy.

If you do not go to Europe I think we shall not try to go to Lowell. It is a long journey, and will make the one to Mississippi still longer. I should like very much to go home, though, and with a good excuse should not hesitate. Tell Father if you go off and leave him this Winter I will try to make things comfortable for him—though I could not fill your place.

Give my love to Aunt Nina and Florence. Write me as often as you can. Your letters give me pleasure, and make me contented. Gen'l. Ames sends regards to you and Father—I, love and kisses. *Affectionately*, BLANCHE

DIARY OF BLANCHE BUTLER AMES

DAYTON, OHIO, *October 25*, 1870

I begin this journal doubtingly—for I feel that it will be almost impossible for me to keep a regular account of all transpiring events. Late hours and all the irregularities incident to a traveling life will, I fear, cause me to neglect this self-imposed duty. Still I will attempt it—and the end of the year will see if the result proves profitable.

It is late in the evening, and I am alone in a dingy, gloomy chamber of the Phillips House. I have not had many moments to myself during the last three months. Del has been away from me only a little while at a time. Even then, Mother or some of his friends have been with me. So constantly has someone been near me I have hardly realized that I am a married woman. The thought comes to me every little while, always with a thrill of surprise, and I am not yet accustomed to Del's constant presence and ways.

These have been happy months. No unkind words or thoughts. No forced affection or want of adaptability. I had been warned that the first years of wedded life would prove the most trying, that two natures could not take up the journey of life together without mutual ill feeling, and fault-finding. This may all be true in the majority of cases. I have a firm faith however that ours will be an exception. Certainly the days which are passed speak well for the future. I do not ask for happier.

Father, Mother, Del and I are in this "Western town" (as

Mother calls it with great irony). She is not over-fond of traveling, and feels that sometime under Del's influence I may be induced to make the West my home. So she never allows an opportunity to pass in which she can find some cause, real or pretended, for disparagement.

Poor, darling Mother. If there is one thing she fears, despises more than another, it is the influence and management of a Mother-in-law. "Never," so she said prior to my marriage, "will I be guilty of that kind of thing. I have suffered too much from it in my own life not to be very careful when I take that position towards others." My Father, hearing the remark, laughed and replied, "We shall see, Sallie, we shall see. Sometime I will remind you of what you now say." He has not had an opportunity yet, but the time is not far distant. She is quite determined that we shall never locate in the West, and has also decided that it is best for us to go to Europe in the Spring—if my health will permit of it. Gen'l. Ames is quite as decided that we had better not go, and that the West will probably be our home.

I must steer these two so that they can never come into collision. Each can grow as cross to me as they please. I can manage that. But the least ill feeling on any subject between the two would cause a breach I could not close, widening every day. Even now, I think Gen'l. Ames resents her plans for our going abroad. He fears that my mind will become unsettled and unhappy. His business plans are such that he thinks he ought not to go this coming spring. While Mother is of the opinion that it will be my only chance.

So far, I have no personal desire in the matter. I would like to go because I think Mother would enjoy the trip more if I could be with her, and I am happy to remain because Del wishes me to. What my desires may be in Spring remains to be seen. At present I am contentedly indifferent.

MILWAUKEE, *October* 28, 1870

Last night was passed on the sleeping cars—where the unsteadiness of the motion prevented all writing, even if I had been in the mood for it, which I was not. We had several delays on the road from Dayton hither. First the train we were to meet at Union City was two hours late. Del and I walked the platform in front of the station all of that time, watching the freight trains coming and going. The engines with their great Cyclops eyes and fiery mouths rushed by us snorting and throbbing. Three on the right, two on the left would glower at us out of the darkness, then pass and repass each other hissing and screaming like devils. The engineers looked so puny and impotent on their iron steeds. Yet man's ingenuity framed these wonderful machines, and a child's hand can control their motions. What is there that human mind is not capable of fashioning? Ere long the Heavens may be used as the common highway and Jove's own thunderbolts—no longer simply for destruction—may be utilized for the benefit of mankind, in the form of light and heat. These last observations of mine are I fear rather foolish and high flown—but this journal is to be somewhat a record of thought as well as action —and thoughts such as these I had last night.

Our second delay was caused by some break in the engine which detained us some hours. The third by the coupling of our car (the last on the train) becoming unfastened—thus leaving us on the track while the rest went on for a quarter of a mile or so. They soon returned for us however, and the rest of our journey was performed in peace.

At Chicago we found an especial train waiting for our party. Which party consists of the Board of Managers of the National Asylum, two or three gentlemen belonging to Committees of Inspection, Mrs. Smyth—the wife of one of the Managers—Mother, and myself. Father had telegraphed for this train in waiting and obtained, very much to the surprise, I think, of the other gentlemen, a Director's car—fitted with all the known arts and comforts which can render traveling endurable. It is strange that Father should have any influence out here. I doubt if any of the others would have thought for an instant of obtaining a special train.

Last night as Father was sleeping before we had reached Union City, our train stopped at a little station. Quite a crowd had collected, having found out by some means that Father was on board. A call for "Gen'l. Butler," "Old Ben, look out here, and let us see you, can't you?" "You will never get to Congress, if you don't wake up." "Take off your hat and let's see if it's you," etc., until the whole car was shouting with laughter. But Father was obdurate, and would not speak to them. One of the crowd looking in my window said, "Here is his girl, boys, I know her." "There is Gen'l. Ames," cries another. Then they called, "Ames, Ames." But the cars started and the good-natured crowd were left behind, unsatisfied. Even in that obscure Western town we all seem to be known. What a medium the papers are for popularity. In this hotel (the Newall House) we are all treated with the greatest consideration.

In 1866 we were all in Milwaukee. By all, I mean Father, Mother, and myself. I am not yet used to thinking of Del as one of the family. We spent two or three days here, and decided that this is by far the pleasantest city in the West, which opinion we still hold.

Father, and Del, with the other gentlemen went over to the Asylum in the afternoon. I spent the time in getting rid of the dust of travel. So that with the evening I found myself refreshed and invigorated—ready for the delicious tea of broiled partridges and fried oysters. Del came home before the rest. Mother, Mrs. Smythe, Del, and I took tea together. Early to bed, for our night journey was rather tiresome.

Saturday, October 29, 1870

The gentlemen of the party, Del excepted, went to the Asylum very early. We ladies preferred to take a later trip, having no desire for "the worm." John Ames came this morning. He drove over to the Asylum with us. Dayton far surpasses this place, although the natural scenery here is much finer. The building is far handsomer in its outline, but there is none of the bright homelike look that was so agreeable at Dayton. It may have been owing to the golden beech leaves that covered the ground under the trees, or to the luxuriant flowers blossoming even at this late season. The library, too, was by far more attractive. Mary Lowell Putnam, a Boston lady, has endowed it liberally. She lost a young son—just of age—in the first of the war, and is now using his fortune—some hundred thousand dollars—for beautifying the Soldiers' Homes. At the upper end of the library hangs the young man's portrait. Over it hangs a wreath of white flowers. A new wreath at every anniversary. It must be a pleasing thought to Mrs. Putnam thus to use her son's fortune. But she would have far more pleasure if she should visit the Asylum and see how much it has contributed to the contentment and enjoyment of the soldiers.

On our return we found that the party, or the majority of it, were to leave at four o'clock for Chicago, Father among the rest. The first arrangement was that Mother should remain until Monday, then go to New York with Mr. Clancy. But on consideration she decided that as she needed some two or three days for shopping it would be better to leave with the others, and take the night express through to the East.

Both Father and Mother seemed a little sad at parting from me. Father said to me, as he kissed me, "Poor Blanche, poor girl." "Poor yourself," I retorted. "That is true," and he kissed me again. "It will not be long before I see you again. We shall meet in Washington in about a month," I said. "Oh, yes, Blanche, but that is not all!" I do not know why he pitied me. Perhaps because he felt that I had passed a very happy and careless girlhood, and that now the troubles and experience of a married woman were before me. We seem much nearer, and fonder of each other than ever before. This may partly be owing to the fact that I no longer feel the least fear of him, as I did when a child. He also feels that I am now a woman.

Mother said to me, "Ah Blanche! I am inclined to think that it would have been as well if you had remained at home, studied the fine arts, and been contented with a single life." "Do you think so, Mother? I am very happy, and contented as it is. My only regret is that you are left so much alone." "You should not think of that if you are happy—that is the principal, the only thing. But I shall depend upon your not going to Mississippi until there has been a frost. New Orleans people are still here, and it will not do for you to run any risks." So they bade me good-bye, and the tears filled my eyes in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Del checked them with kind words. Ah, he is so gentle, so good, who could long remain sorrowful when he cheers.

In the evening Gen'l. Martindale called with a Mr. and Mrs. Emmons. Mrs. is quite pleasing—but did not captivate me. Mr. is a lawyer, a little affected in his address, a little hysterical in his laugh. I feel somewhat annoyed at them because they made a call an hour long, and kept us in a cold parlor all that time. Too much liberty for so recent an acquaintance.

MILWAUKEE, *Sunday, October* 30, 1870

I have nothing of importance to record today. It is cold, windy, rainy. John, Del, and I have passed the time pleasantly enough, reading, talking and eating. "Our Mill" at Fort Atkinson has been planned and replanned, the expense reckoned and rereckoned, until I am sure every stone and timber has been thought of and placed. Del is very much interested in the matter. So am I—and I feel there is no doubt about its success. Certainly it will not fail for lack of thought and attention. Del has also been trying to prevail upon John to run for the Legislature. Not only for his own good (although that is the principal object) but also that he may have influence in the state, to be exerted in Del's behalf if he should ever desire public office there, either Gubernatorial or Congressional. John seems rather inclined to it, but doubts his ability. Men improve and progress so fast when brought in contact with other men, that with average capacity and thorough energy, anyone can hope to succeed.

Monday, October 31, 1870

We arranged to leave for Chicago, by the one o'clock train. After breakfast, while John and Del were out calling upon some gentlemen in regard to transportation, I packed up my trunk, and prepared to migrate. I suppose that is a proper word, as we are on our way South with the cold weather, only stopping at Chicago en passant. When Del returned we went for a short walk about the city. The air was cold and bracing with a little frosty sting to it, quite delightful. We talked over the probabilities of our settling in the West and our plans for the future. As we returned to the hotel, we stopped at a little street stand, for grapes and fresh figs. Congratulating ourselves upon our delightful lunch we proceeded to our rooms. Alas! for human expectation, the grapes were too old, and the figs wormy.

There is one thing about this married life I appreciate above all others. It is the glorious sense of freedom. No more doubt, or hesitation, whether it is best or proper for a girl to do thus, and so. Nearly all, if not all self-consciousness seems to have passed away. Determination, self-possession, and self-reliance seem to have taken its place. I no longer dread the notice of strangers, and feel that I am no longer a subject for criticism. It is certainly a pleasing change. No doubt I shall find it more so as time rolls on. Del, too, shares the same feeling, although in his case it is owing rather to physical than mental advantages. For instance, he is no longer obliged to crawl to the fourth or fifth story of all hotels, under the lee of some chimney, nor ushered to some table in the *darkest* corner of the dining halls. Having a wife brings him down a story or so—while the lighted portion on the dining room is accorded him. These would seem to be some of the minor advantages of marriage. As I experience others (if I do) I will jot them down.

One o'clock found us on our way to Chicago. Someone upon the train recognized Gen'l. Ames, gave information to others, and we were favored with a fair amount of staring. John amused himself trying to puzzle me in regard to the different kinds of trees we passed on the road. But I soon turned the tables upon, and beat him at his own game.

We arrived in the city in season for the two o'clock dinner. Then made arrangements for some entertainment for the evening. The Minstrels seemed to be upon the whole the most enticing, and would have proved decidedly enjoyable if we could have attended them alone. But John, in purchasing the tickets, ran across Gen'l. Martindale and invited him to go with us. Of course he accepted, although I think rather disposed to scoff at the entertainment. Soon after it had commenced there was a little scuffle in the entrance, and eight or ten men rushed out to see what might be the matter. Hearing the noise Gen'l. M. looked around and presently said "Aye, Aye, this promises to be entertaining. A bride here too." I looked at him, waiting to hear more, but he seemed to think that he had said enough on that subject and remained silent. I judge, however, that he enjoyed himself. At any rate he became as much absorbed, and laughed as much, if not as loudly, as the rest.

On our return to the hotel, he asked (with a little bad taste I think) Gen'l. Ames if he would not come to his room and have a whiskey punch. Del declined, but invited him to ours for some grapes and pears. He accepted, and a few moments after made his appearance. Del rang for the servant, and asked the Gen'l. what he would take to drink. He said he would leave that to Del "to decide." He had "asked Gen'l. Lawrence to his rooms for a whiskey punch, and would be obliged to leave directly." The servant was some time returning. Gen'l. M. talked for a few moments, then said he must go, and passed his drink at the door without stopping to take it. Altogether his conduct was a little peculiar—undecided and restless. He managed to spoil our evening, both at the theatre and on our return. A man should be a little careful how he forces himself upon people. Or if he does so, he should take care to be agreeable.

Vicksburg, Mississippi, *Wednesday, November,* 1870

My poor journal has been neglected for a long time, and the place in which I last wrote is many miles away. We left Chicago a week ago tomorrow (it seems a month). A cool, frosty wind was blowing, so I asked Del if I had not better take my furs out of the trunk and carry them on my arm, it might be cold and I should need them. He did not laugh, as I find he might have done with reason, but told me that he thought the shawl would be quite sufficient. Our route was due South, and the next day and night were so warm that my little brown sacque was uncomfortable. We reached Holly Springs at half past one in the morning. A heavy black curtain of cloud was settling down all around the horizon, and the lightning flashed at intervals, while the wind whistled about the car, as through the cordage of a vessel.

An omnibus was in waiting at the station. I remarked upon its great length, about as long again as an ordinary omnibus. Judge Stearns, one of the other two passengers besides ourselves, informed me that it "was used in preference to the shorter one, which had run off the road down the bank three or four times." I glanced out of the windows at the pitchy blackness—then consoled myself by thinking that the horses and driver might fall over a precipice, while we in the end of the ark were half a mile away from the disaster. We arrived at the hotel in safety, however, just in time to escape a drenching shower, the first they had had in the country for months. We had quite a comfortable room, that is it was comfortable compared to what Del had led me to expect. The fleas, to be sure, took breakfast, dinner, and supper from my poor flesh. I was prepared for that, however, and considered myself fortunate that I was not called upon to encounter anything worse than fleas. My breakfast the next morning was prepared in true Southern style. Lard and flour for bread—lard and ham for bacon—lard and beef for steak. Lard was the basis of everything—with a seasoning of potato mash, etc., according to the bill of fare. When I say that Holly Springs contained the best hotel we have yet met, or are likely to meet, some idea can be formed of the manner of living.

There are quite a number of Northern ladies at Holly Springs. "Quite enough" as they said "to make a little society of their own." The Southern ladies still seem to think that it must be a great deprivation to the poor "Yanks" being debarred from their aristocratic and delightful society. So fixed, indeed, are they in this opinion that they actually use it as a threat. For instance, there is a Mrs. Gill in Holly Springs, the wife of the Post Master of that city—formerly a Federal officer. This Mrs. Gill chooses to consider it her mission to superintend and aid in the education of a large number of Negroes, and has established a school, in which she has four assistants. Not content with that, however, she invites the colored people to her house, has them eat at her table. In fact seems to consider them as fit associates for her in every respect. I do not feel sure whether she is actuated by a feeling of spite or philanthropy. Her husband has been very much abused by the Southern people, his life threatened, and every possible obstacle put in his way. Now, however, they fear him, owing to his great influence with the Negroes—a great part of which is due no doubt to his wife and the school. Mrs. Gill is a vulgar woman, no refinement or repose in her manner, no style or taste in her dress. But these wants are not appreciated by her *Southern neighbors*, for what she lacks is a good description of their attributes as a class.

Every Northern woman who takes up her residence in Holly Springs is informed that she must give up all idea of intercourse socially with the "Southern ladies" if she receives or returns Mrs. Gill's calls. Now though Mrs. G. is not a person whom any lady of refinement could find agreeable, still she is to be respected for her labors, and no woman with spirit of a mouse would submit to such dictation.

I suppose no New Englander can understand the weight such threats would have upon that set of people who are not the acknowledged leaders of society in these Mississippi towns. Social ostracism is their *bête noir*. They would grovel, cringe, and deny their bosom friends, rather than be subjected to it.

Saturday afternoon

We rode about the town. Before the war it vied with Natchez, and was considered one of the most beautiful and aristocratic places in the state. There are perhaps some twenty houses in the town superior to cottages of our ordinary mechanics, but not one of those can begin to compare in elegance or richness with Father's place in Lowell, and that of course in splendor and extent is far exceeded by many on the North River. The "glory of the South" fast disappears, under an intimate acquaintance. The edifice that is spoken of as "the Mansion" or "our plantation" by our Southern friends in the North, dwindles and dwindles, as one approaches it, until there remains to the *impartial* observer only a rough log cabin; hogs take the place of deer in what is considered the lawn and park—rude, whitewashed fences the place of nicely clipped hedges—while groups of dreary-looking cedar trees finish the picture. This is a pen sketch of the plantation dwelling house as I have seen it. The best houses in the cities are in better style, however. They have small yards fenced in around them, most of which are laid out in paths, with boxwood hedges on each side, whilst all the beautiful flora of the South grows around, about, and over itself in wild confusion. Roses are still in bloom (Nov. 10th) chrysanthemums, geraniums, jessamine, and tuberoses. Leaves still seem fresh upon the trees, and I can hardly realize that it is scarcely a week since I left the cold and barren country around Chicago.

To me, the only redeeming feature of the South is the climate. But that is not sufficient to cover its multitudinous disadvantages. The malarious atmosphere, with its baleful influence upon mind and body, the red, clayey, turfless soil, filled with watercourses and gullies, the slothful indolence of all its people, would be insurmountable reasons why I could never regard it with favor, as a permanent place of residence. Yet we are to think of it, speak of it as home for at least the next five years. In talking the matter over with Del last evening I told him that he must regard the first chill or ague fit we may either of us feel as a good reason for declining a renomination if it were tendered to him. A Senatorship is a high position to hold—but what does it amount to when compared to the health of oneself or family? He replied that he should so consider it, that his feeling was the same in the matter. Yet, after a plantation has been bought, on which there will very likely be a house of some kind, what are we going to do? People will expect us to occupy it, certainly a portion of the year. But if Del or I were to have chills next spring I should be very much opposed to returning to the state again, and he would not be willing to return just to attend to his business and out again, without me. Altogether it is an unfortunate place, and one in which it is impossible to make plans for the future.

We did not attend church Sunday. All the ministers here are disloyal, and aid in keeping up the bad feeling which exists between the North and South, or rather on the part of the South towards the North. It is a great pity that our reverend instructors of the various denominations cannot attend strictly to the doctrines of religion, and allow politics to be taught by statesmen and politicians.

As we took our seats at the breakfast table in the morning Del made some remark about the time the trains leave Holly Springs, when a diminutive woman in grey asked some question about them and continued the conversation to some length, stating that it made her "feel very mournful to travel over the country now it is so changed since the war. In some places to be sure it was picking up a little, but it would be ages and ages before it could return to what it had been. The scenery is so ruined—before you could travel miles and miles and miles past beautiful plantations in such fine order, the fences all whitewashed, and the land so beautifully cultivated. There is a very, very great change."

So the dreadful little woman whined on, without waiting for remark or comment of any kind on our part, until I was perfectly disgusted. When she had finished her breakfast and wail over the fallen fortunes of the South, she left the table much to my relief. Del smiled as she disappeared, and said, "That is just a foretaste of what you may expect to hear, they all sing the same tune." I am disgusted with the woman's impertinence. Why does she whine to us? We do not know her, or wish to. She should understand that we care little or nothing about her sorrows and troubles. When people meet and speak in the world it is for the purpose of making themselves agreeable, which cannot be done by whining. All complaints are reserved for home consumption.

Natchez, *November* 20, 1870

Since the last entry in my journal, I have been in Jackson and Vicksburg, and have just ended the fourth day in this queer little town of Natchez. This place redeemed the South in my eyes. Not that it is so beautiful, but it shows me that this state possesses more capabilities than I had given it credit for. Here the roadside is edged with turf, and the streets are shaded with graceful china trees, still in leaf. The fields lie smooth and unbroken by the fearful gulches everywhere to be seen in the northern part of the state. The tough Bermuda grass makes a firm sod which resists the action of all water courses. The houses in and about the city are large ungainly structures, but betoken former prosperity and care. What a glorious home, glorious in its beauty I mean, a man could make here. One half the pains bestowed upon an Eastern garden would make a bower of roses, jasmine, magnolias, orange blossoms, in fact all that the North or the tropics can furnish of fragrance and loveliness. There are three months only of frost and blight. Barely enough to contrast with summer. As we ride through the country and I think of this I begin to regret that Gen'l. Ames is not ready to decide upon purchasing a home here, until I recollect the baleful climate, the lack of good will and refinement in the people. No amusements, no librarys, no social intercourse. So I close my eyes to its attractions, and console myself with the thought that Havana would be far preferable for a winter residence, and would possess all the things which are wanted here. When we are ready to buy, or build, Cuba will belong to the States, and one home may be there. Till then we will only visit or board in the "Sunny South."

We are visiting now Major and Mrs. Kirkendall. He is a brother of Mrs. Kilbourne of Washington (a friend of Del's), served in the Navy during the war, and was in some way connected with Admiral Porter, for whom he seemed to have considerable kind feeling and affection. Del and he have been of aid each to the other, or I should say perhaps, they feel kindly disposed and are possessed with politicians' gratitude, i.e. "a lively sense of benefits to come." Upon our arrival at the steamboat landing here, Major K. came on board, greeted us with some impressment, attended to the baggage, procured a carriage, gave directions to our driver, and convoyed us to his house. I had supposed we were on our way to the hotel (there is only one in town, and they furnish the table only with pewter spoons and two-tined forks) so I was a little surprised to find myself ushered into a large but dingy hall. (The K's rent the house from a Southern woman.) I was introduced to Mrs. K.—a pretty, plump, black-eyed, black-haired little woman, who looked rather sleepy. Well she might, it was between twelve and one.

I was very happy to get into a warm, comfortable room and bed, so forbore to ask Del how long he intended to remain, until morning. The prospect of making a visit to these entire strangers for a week, or ten days, was appalling. The morning, however, brought the decision. We were to spend that time here. (There was, in truth, no other place to go.) So here we are, still. Some of the Republican ladies have called upon me. But there are only a few here.

This household consists of Mrs. Jordan (Mrs. K's Mother) her son Fred, Mr. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkendall. Mrs. Kirkendall is still quite a young woman—about twenty-seven or -eight, I should judge. She married a man a good deal older than herself, but he deserted her. She applied for a divorce, and having obtained it married Mr. K. His sister was very much opposed to the marriage, but is evidently reconciled to it now, for she is coming to spend the Christmas holidays with them. It seems a queer story, but it is almost impossible to judge of a case where one does not, and cannot, know all the particulars.

The days passed here have been very pleasant. They have done all in their power for us, and we should be ungrateful not to feel content. I have been out riding with Del every day, and we have had two serenades. I asked Del if he had a short speech ready in his mind, in case he should be called upon. He said "No." "Then you must get up one." "Insist upon it Blanche, I ought to be ready, and should feel so much more at ease." So the next day, as he was to meet some of the colored men in the evening, I asked him to make a few remarks to me, which upon some persuasion he did, and repeated the same two or three times over while we were riding. Poor Del. It was an effort for him, before me. His dear face flushed to the eyes. He is so little used to public speaking. But he promised me to try it, if there was the least opportunity or call for it. Of course, the first thing required of him at the meeting was a speech (and he made the one he had been conning over with me). He was not contented with his effort—for his standard is high, but very well pleased that he was partially prepared, and felt so perfectly self-possessed. His remarks were, in substance, as follows. I write from memory, therefore very incorrectly. I only desire to give the outline.

Gentlemen: It gives me pleasure to meet you here tonight. I regard you all as friends. I have received only kindness and the greatest consideration at your hands. We have fought, side by side, through the greatest political contest this State has ever known, and my heart goes out to you as it did to my Comrades in the Army, with whom I fought shoulder to shoulder in the battle for the Union, from the beginning in 1861 until the starry banner was planted on every foot of soil pertaining to the United States. It gives me great satisfaction to observe the improved condition (political) of my colored friends, also that all the avenues to wealth and position are open to them, and that they seem eager, one and all, to take advantage of their opportunities. Pardon me, if I feel pleasure in reflecting that I had some agency in this great change, and that I recall to your minds the fact that when I took control of the destinies of the State there was not a single colored man in office. Mr. John R. Lynch, a fellow townsman of yours, I appointed Justice of Peace. Protest after protest came from members of the Democratic Party, who now profess to be your friends, against that opportunity, with no reason except the fact that he was colored. But I pursued unflinchingly the course I had marked out for myself. Now Mr. Lynch is no longer Justice of the Peace. Another man fills his place, and he is a member of the State Legislature, one of the most prominent men in the state. Now you hold positions from a Lieutenant Governor through all the civil offices in the state. Nor is this all. Another townsman of yours holds a place second to but few in the United States within the gift of the people, and is held in the highest respect by persons both North and South, as well as by his associates in Congress.

In Washington, D.C. after returning with Gen. Ames from Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, *December* 19, 1870

A whole month has passed since I made my last entry in this journal. I have no excuse to offer for myself. My good intentions in regard to this diary failed, as most of my *good* intentions do, from sheer laziness and neglect. I must make no attempt to go back and write up the events of the past month. It would only prove another failure. So I begin with this Monday, December 19th.

I am sitting in "our chamber," the highest in the house, for we occupy part of the third story. The room is very pleasantly fitted up, with new furniture, carpets, and curtains. Mother purchased the things for me, while we were travelling South and West. I have finished all my toilette arrangements, and am ready for bed, a thing which I always accomplish, if possible, before Del makes his appearance. He can undress so much faster than I, that he has a whole half hour to study logic in bed, before I am ready to have the gas put out and go to sleep, and it is a perfect aggravation to see him so luxuriously situated, while I am puttering around a half cold room. Men always seem to have the advantage,—in dress, in law, in politics—everything. Will the time ever come when it will be equally easy for woman to exist?

I spent the morning painting a Little Red Riding Hood, which turns out to be quite a success, and I feel highly gratified. It is really artistic. If I can only continue to persevere and improve. Who knows? I may become a renowned artist. I hardly think Del would like the idea. He would feel proud of my capacity, but would have some lingering fears that I might neglect him, and "the family." We need not, however, feel called upon to take "the family" into consideration as yet. Nothing absorbs me so much as painting. The hours fly by like minutes. I can stand or kneel before the easel, without a thought of weariness, until I am ready to drop from exhaustion. What a glorious satisfaction it would be, to feel absolute master of one art, or profession, to know yourself so gifted that you can carry some one thing to the highest human perfection. Shall I ever attain to anything of this kind? No, I fear not. Yet I feel (egotistical perhaps) that it will not be for lack of capacity, but perseverance. I will work along as well as I can, however, and my little endeavor may amount to something.

Gen'l. Cushing and Secretary Boutwell have been here this evening. The Secretary is still playing billiards with Del—which accounts for his long absence. Mr. Secretary's whole soul is wrapped up in the game. He follows the balls with his cue after every shot—and seems to feel woefully when beaten, which he almost always is, for Del is a much better player. He does not look like a great statesman. (In my opinion he is not.) His head is far too narrow, his eyes too weaselly for grand thoughts and schemes for the benefit of his fellow men. Just capacity enough to take excellent good care of himself—and in doing that if good accrues to the human race, why they have gained so much through accident. Gen'l. Cushing as a companion is not as agreeable to me as Mr. Secretary. The latter is cordial, kindly, and attentive. Not brilliant in conversation, in fact talks but little, yet what he does say is gentle and without malice. So much cannot be said of Gen'l. Cushing. His manner is cold, distant, and very nervous. He will never continue a subject introduced by anyone else. He does not seem sufficiently at ease to lead, and carry on a conversation by himself. Yet, when another is talking he pays so little attention, one might almost fancy he did not hear. Seventy-one years old, clear and vigorous of intellect, a life-long student, quite a traveller—one would expect to find in him the most delightful of companions. There is some element wanting in his composition, and I think it is sympathy. It would be impossible for him, constituted as he is, to put himself in another's place, and view the world and people in it from his or her standpoint. He never had the least sympathy for the people. He never thought them capable of self-government. He never believed them possessed of noble, generous impulses, or capacity for judging between right or wrong. He only pictured them to himself as a rash hydra-headed Monster, to be kept in subjection, and governed by men such as he. This to a certain extent will explain why, in this country where with brain and perseverance almost any man may hope to succeed, he has been out-stripped in the race, and left far behind by men with not one half of his ability. He never should have been born in a Republic. There is no room in it, be it ever so large, for such as he.

January 31, 1871

Months have passed since I last wrote in this journal, and I still turn to it with reluctance. Not that I object so much to writing, but there is a regularity and method about a journal, the very thought of which is exasperating. However, Del is very anxious I should attend to it, and the next five months will be rather lonely for me, so I may find a little relief in the performance of this duty.

Mother, Aunt Nina, Florence, and Mrs. Farrington, who will join them in New York, are to sail tomorrow in the "Russia" for Liverpool. It is a very sudden start, only proposed last Thursday. February is the best winter month for crossing the ocean, the "Russia" is one of the finest steamers, and the moon is on the full. These were the inducements for the trip, and the idea of going was engendered by a note from Mrs. F. asking Mother if it was her "intention to go." Mrs. F. meant in the Spring. But Mother wishes to be here in July, on my account, and the first spring month in which she would cross the water would be May. A month abroad would not pay for the misery she endures from sea-sickness, so that if she desired to go at all there seemed to be no other alternative than the one accepted. Mother is quite determined that the boys shall not be telegraphed to meet her in Liverpool, which in my mind is a great mistake. The responsibility of traveling from Frankfort to England would be of benefit to them, and they are amply capable. Mother still regards them as children.

Last Friday, when this project (of going to Europe) was being talked over, Mother--altho quite undecided about going —telegraphed Mr. Farrington, who was staying a few days in New York, to make inquiries in regard to the "Russia," and see if staterooms could be had. Mr. F. did as directed, but of course when he telegraphed the result of his labors, he desired to know if he should engage staterooms, and that he should wait for an answer. Mother was forced at once to decide— which she did after a little hesitation, in which no one dared urge it, or advise one way or the other. From the moment the answer was sent Mr. F. until this morning, she has seemed perfectly unhappy. Apparently without the least expectation of pleasure, or profit, she has been endeavoring to get out of going, even carrying it so far that she was ready to sacrifice her ticket. But there was no way to escape it. Mrs. F. was preparing in expectation of the trip, and great trouble and confusion would have been occasioned by such a course, so that poor Mother was really forced to go. She accused me of being the cause of it, because I advocated the project to begin with, declared she had been driven into a corner and hedged into giving a reluctant consent. In fact, she made us all feel a little uncomfortable for three or four days.

This morning, however, the atmosphere was clear again, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." Even in parting this evening all bore up well—and tried to look upon the most agreeable side of the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Spofford came up to bid them goodbye, while Col. Kinsman saw them to the depot. Father and I proposed going on with them to see them on board the "Russia," but Mother forbade it, in toto, as being expensive, foolish, and without result. Uncle Fisher, Aunt Lauretta, and Mr. Reade will be the only friends and relatives to say farewell on board the boat.

I hope and pray they may have a safe and pleasant voyage. If aught should happen to Mother, the pilot, the rudder, the whole controlling power of our family barque would be lost, and we should I fear drift helpless and useless. Surely, God will not afflict us thus. Poor Father, poor boys, what would become of them. Keep her, Oh Heavenly Father, watch over her, and bless her, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Mrs. Benj. F. Butler sailed for Europe February 1st, 1871. Mrs. Adelbert Ames remained in Washington while Congress was in session.

DIARY OF MRS. SARAH HILDRETH BUTLER

Steamer "Russia" Wednesday

The vast landscapes stretch out, or *waterscapes*, more mighty than landscapes. High mountains, hills, and valleys, gorges, ravines, chasms deeper than the eye can fathom. How steady and leaden they look for a moment, then the mountains break, and the deluge whirls. "Why hop ye so, ye little hills?" Leaping one upon another 'till they are piled as high as Heaven, now the horrid mass launches itself directly at our ship, and breaks upon it with a noise of thunder. The ship rides with fury upon the edge of a chasm, lying so far upon her side that it seems she must be engulfed. Another wave plunges under, lifts her, and she rides upon the other edge of the chasm. Then a mighty mountain rears itself directly in front. The ship quivers, hesitates, lifts her head, rises, wriggles like a snake up the glassy surface, snorts defiance on the summit, then dips again "as low as Heaven is from Hell."

I pity the strong, good ship, as if she was a living creature, for after these fearful grapples, she breathes slow and heavily, like a dying creature, whose power is gone. Then again comes the strong, steady, thug, thug, which shows her machinery is perfect. God bless the good ship and the hand that guides her, if she takes us safely over. *Is* this long thing, four hundred and twenty feet, stretched out on the water really a ship? She writhes in the water, quivering as if a snake's vertebrae played through her.

One after another, with few words, we creep into our berths, the lights are put out. Then the quaint and curious monsters of the deep file into the room, stand on their tails in a circle, and look at me with fixed eyes streaming with ooze, heads gently inclining sidewise. Last night, after the fishes were marshalled in place, there came a little, old woman, with her white face full of hard wrinkles, her stony eyes rimmed like a poll parrot. She stationed herself a little one side of the fishes. Just after the arrival of the old woman, there came a mighty rush of waters right down over our heads.

This was no vision. I sprang out of bed, upset the old woman, scattered the fishes, and screamed to Rowena "The water is pouring in! don't you hear, the water is pouring in!!"

I leaped into the passage, the water was dashing down the line, and in a moment I was up to my ankles in water, shrieking and screaming for the Stewardess. Mrs. Farrington followed suit in screaming "Stewardess! Stewardess!! Stewardess!!!" Out popped Count Esterhazy yelling for help. I ran along the passage, water pouring over me, barefooted, nothing on but my nightgown, and thumped 'till I reached the woman's door, and sent her for the men to close the skylights, and stop the rush of waters. Things were floating around staterooms, carpets were pulled up, and men kept mopping the remainder of the night.

All the women kept their berths but me. These piled-up waters that had chased us so far in vain found their advantage, and in an unguarded moment leaped in at every open window on the deck. I feel that I am a maniac, and that we are riding the sea serpent in a wild chase across the Atlantic.

Thursday

Expected to be the last day but one on board the "Russia." The wind still behind us, but lighter. Sun shining, leaping waters. Florence on deck all day. The others gradually gaining a more natural state of mind. In the evening moderately cheerful.

Next day

We rise in the morning, and dress to go on shore, in the evening. Not once have we been to the dining table during the passage. The Stewardess has brought the meals to our room. Today we propose to dine upstairs. In half an hour the wind had changed and blew off shore. A driving storm from the East. The boat *pitched* now, where it had rolled before. All deadly sick again. Dresses were pulled off, and we tumbled into the berths, doubtful when we should get ashore. Tossed and tumbled all day. At night too late for the tide to go over the bar, and we in despair, again terrified and hopeless, knowing that we must work through an English fog, and wait outside 'till the tide was in. At midnight we passed the bar. Then knowing the danger was over, we fell asleep, and in the morning when we woke found ourselves safe at the wharf.

LONDON, *Sunday*

DEAR BLANCHE: Mr. Hastings of Boston took charge of our baggage. Webster's address tacked on the outside, saved our trunks from being opened. We drove to the hotel expecting to find Webster. Consul Dudley had received a letter from him, and came to the hotel to inform us that we should find Mr. Webster in London at the Langham. Mr. Hastings telegraphed to the Langham, and secured our passage to London on the eleven o'clock train. We did not run up to London, we literally flew. No roads crossed the track, no bells rung, no stopping at stations, to eat, a pause of five minutes. Mr. Hastings and Mrs. Farrington sprang into the depot for a cup of tea, and some cakes. I asked the boy at the door of the car to bring us a couple of bottles of ale. We had just time to drink it, and on we whirled again. The landscape from Liverpool to London is very like what it is between New York and Washington. More cultivated land, fewer trees, fewer houses and villages. Now and then the culture is so perfect it looked like a fine water-colored landscape, exceedingly graceful and perfect, as perfect as the view from the river on the

Dracut side nears Mrs. Reade's house, if from Dracut Heights to the river, the slope had been cultivated a hundred years longer. Mrs. Reade says it has a diminutive look, like an old-fashioned sampler, and that our fore-fathers made no great sacrifice when they exchanged Old England for New.

On the night of our arrival we did not find Mr. Webster. (He arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening.) Tired as we were, without change of dress, we sallied out with Mr. Hastings to see Madame Tussaud's world-renowned wax works, if I can judge of myself by the others, the most forlorn-looking set that ever gazed on those waxen effigies. Mrs. Farrington sat down on a seat, her hair tangled, incapable of further movement. A quiet-looking man was seated on the same bench with his hat on. As she turned her face lanquidly toward him, he nodded to her. In her astonishment she nearly upset Bismark, a waxen image behind her, to find that this attempt at flirtation was positively enacted by one of those wondrous waxen figures which had the incivility to flirt with his hat on.

Today, we have ridden and tramped with Webster over half London, have "done" Westminster Abbey, Regent Street, St. James Park, and the outside of the Parliament House, and Buckingham. We are out. We began as phantoms, and are wasted to shadows.

Invite Kinsman and the Spoffords to dinner, and let them understand the sufferings of "Sarah the Wanderer."

We leave here on Wednesday for Frankfort. I have not time, dear Blanche, to write separately to you and your Father. They are waiting to send this to the Post Office. Dearest love to you both, and regards to all. MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *February* 26, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: We have been most impatiently looking for a letter from you all this week. Every day Father says "no news yet from the wanderers." Added to this we know that the boys have not written since they received the telegram announcing your departure, and they probably will not write, so that you and Florence must be a little more particular and not neglect us entirely. The "Cuba" arrived in New York last Saturday. She sailed from Liverpool the day you reached there. We supposed of course you would send some word back by her, no matter how hasty, and short, and all consider you very neglectful that you did not. Having reminded you of your unkind conduct, I will proceed to give you the news of the week.

Monday and Tuesday the people of Washington held high Carnival. The city was packed with people. The Avenue was handsomely decorated, the wooden pavement swept and washed with the steam engines until it was perfectly clean. Seats were built at every available point, and balconies thrown out of every window. Add to this the vast crowd, goat racing, sack racing, dog racing, horse racing, and you can have some idea of the scene presented on Monday. Tuesday there was a grand procession a mile long—composed of men in masks, and fancy dresses of every description. Some of the characters were very amusing, and now and then the procession stopped, and the maskers (on foot) formed in groups, cutting capers, and dancing.

The first day Aunt Lauretta occupied a seat on the Market House (Uncle Fisher and the Managers had some seats erected there, for which they issued complimentary tickets). I did not care to remain out the whole day, so I did not mount the *roof*.

The second day was so cold and raw that Aunt L. decided it would be far pleasanter to ride around with me, and see the procession, which we did, much to our satisfaction.

By the way, news of the safe arrival of the "Tennessee" at San Domingo was received, and of course was cause for still greater rejoicing.

Senator Sumner still remains quite unwell. He cannot go up stairs, without bringing on the violent pains in his chest. The doctors tell him that he must have perfect quiet and rest, no excitement or mental disturbance. But he listens to no one, and is even now preparing a speech in which he will call upon the Senate to impeach the President. Carl Schurz is to follow in the same line, no doubt they will make quite an excitement.

Thursday morning Aunt Lauretta and Uncle Fisher left for home. Uncle F. will return, however, in the course of a fortnight. It has rained quite steadily since Tuesday, so that I have had little opportunity for making calls, but shall not feel contented till they are all off of my mind.

For the last three or four nights the dinners have been very uncomfortable. Father has been detained at the House until nearly seven, while Gen'l. Ames has not returned until twelve and two o'clock. I suppose it will continue so until the 4th of March, when this session closes.

The evenings are very quiet, but I feel so sleepy by the time the day is over that I dread to have anyone come in with whom

I have to talk, or who will keep me up after nine o'clock. We have breakfast now at half past eight—which is an improvement upon our time during the winter, and really pleasanter. I can get dressed and thoughts collected before twelve.

I have little else to write you—only to send my love to you all. Oh, yes, tell Aunt Nina that I have had a letter from Phil the other day. He wanted me to explain some Army matters to Father. He and Harry are at Fort Dodge, and well. With a kiss for you and the boys,

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

DEAR BLANCHE: We are traveling onward. We leave here in the morning.—Day after tomorrow shall be in Frankfort.

I have neither paper nor light. I went into the Strand and bought a Shakespeare folio and gave party eight dollars for it. It is a second-hand copy—very large clear print, one hundred engravings.—I leave it here at the Hotel till I return.

I am afraid you will find the cars more than you will like. Invite Mrs. Spofford to ride with you sometimes. I do not expect much pleasure. The work is too heavy. If I can show the boys what there is to be seen it will do, I am satisfied. Strap my trunk in the room next your Father's and keep the door locked.

Love to Gen. Ames, and dearest love to you from

Your affectionate MOTHER

FRANKFORT, *March* 1, 1871

MY DEAR BLANCHE: Florence and I are in Paul's room at Mr. Lentz's, this afternoon. We live at the Hotel de Hollande, where Webster and his family board. We should have started more than a week ago for Italy, but heavy colds have afflicted the party and prostrated Mrs. Reade and Paul and Randolph. Paul in addition has had a touch of the measles. Florence is the only one of the party who has not lost flesh or suffered from colds. Paul's cold was so severe that the doctor had some misgivings about his lungs; but he has steadily gained since the measles appeared, and I think he will be ready before Mrs. Reade is fit for the journey. I have been here a part of the day every day since I came, and two nights. While I thought that anything serious threatened him I could not be too glad that I was here.

We went twice to the opera when we first came, before we had so many sick ones, to hear Wachtel (pronounced Wacktel) who is soon going to America to make his fortune. I think his voice is finer than any I have heard, but Mario's, not classical in his style.

Some one or two of the party have been out every day to the various shops, to the picture gallery—there is only one here—and to the Kaiser Hall where the German Emperors were crowned and where their pictures are exhibited in full length, in long Gothic niches entirely surrounding the hall. The building is commonplace and clumsy, not to be compared to any architecture that we have of any pretension. We ran in there this forenoon for a little while. I shall go in again, for I am curious to know if these life-size pictures were painted during the reigns of the various Emperors.

We left London Wednesday, Feb. 14th. The morning was pleasant, and when we reached Dover, two hours ride from London, the sun was shining and a pleasant prospect of crossing the Channel speedily. The Captain said nothing could be better, and there was no reason for our being sick. We stayed on deck and in an hour and a half were at Calais. Thence by rail through Lille, Brussels, Cologne, Mayence, Coblentz to Frankfort. There on the platform stood the boys, Paul, Ben, and Prentiss. Well, they were glad to see us, that's enough. We bundled into two fiacres and trundled away to the Hotel. Saw Susan at the window, then at the door of her parlor. Well, we moved round there a little, shuffled about, and didn't talk much, except by snatches. When the atmosphere cleared a little we became more noisy, and it was agreed that we should jump into the fiacres again and drive to a bath house, for we had been traveling day and night in musty cars. We returned in time for dinner, which we had that day in Sue's parlor, and then came the first feeling of rest since we left home.

It is not yet the time of year for vegetation, and the countries through which we passed looked bare as our own would in early spring. The North of France is not much above the ocean. Through Normandy the land is ditched and full of water, and they pass from field to field in boats through these ditches. The houses are miserable looking, mostly one story, with tiled roofs, built on these flats, and frequently surrounded by water.

Belgium is somewhat better, but something of the same appearance. They may be rich with produce in summer and beautiful vegetation, but they are swampy and dismal looking now. The railroad runs along the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. It is now a muddy-looking river; the hills rise abruptly, as they do on the North River, and are covered with grapevines, planted close together like corn, to the very summit of the hills, or mountains perhaps they would call them here. At present they present no beauty, but when summer comes we can see and admire.

We hope to leave for Italy by way of München next week. Mrs. Reade is the worst case just now, and she will not see a doctor. I think with her the crisis is passed, and that she is rather better. Paul's doctor is in favor of delay because of the extreme cold in crossing the Brenner Pass. We shall all be glad when we have crossed the Alps and are down among the roses in Italy.

We have looked at everything here, but shall not buy much till we have been to Paris. Mr. Lentz will give a list of German books for the boys to take home. I shall buy them here. There is an old curiosity shop here like Cypher's, with the addition of real antique jewelry.

Our living here at the Hotel is about $1.75 apiece a day. I received your letter today. Your time is fully, but on the whole pleasantly, occupied. Love to all.

Yours affectionately, MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *March* 5, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: We were delighted when your letter giving us a description of your voyage and safe arrival reached us. That was last Monday morning. Tuesday a second letter for me, and one for Father. I did not see Father's. I concluded from his manner that it was not for my perusal—so did not ask for it. He remarked that you did not seem to think he missed you—his time being so much occupied with politics and outside affairs—and that he supposed he could not convince you that he does, if he were to say so for all time. My judgement is that he does. If you were to write, and urge him—I think it quite possible he might join you in May. More especially as Congress is likely to adjourn in the course of a few weeks. In fact, the House has voted to adjourn next Wednesday. The Senate, however, will probably not agree to it. So Father will have some little time on his hands—which he could not better employ.

I copied your letter into my journal, and invited Kinsman and the Spoffords up to dinner Tuesday evening. I told Father about half past five they were coming. He said nothing, but at the same time they arrived there came a gentleman to the door. Richard admitted him, and proceeded to conduct him to the office, when the gentleman said that he had been invited to dine with Gen'l. Butler. In a few moments Father came in, shook hands with the Spoffords, but seemed to be looking for some one. He at once left the room, and returned with Mr. Clews, the New York banker. He did not say to me then that he was to dine, but I guessed as much and went out to order another place at the table. Father, without my knowing it, had directed Richard to make a fire in the billiard room, which so delayed dinner that when we at last did get it—the soup and fish were stone cold. It was very provoking, for Lizzie could have made the fire, and if I had only been told that Mr. C. was coming to dinner he would not have been obliged to wait five or ten minutes in the entry, or office, I don't know which, all by himself. Father told him, upon his making some complimentary remarks in regard to the dinner, that he had forgotten to mention to me that he had invited him.

Wednesday Mr. Clews invited Father and Gen'l. Ames to the Arlington to dine with him and a party of gentlemen. I had asked Mr. and Mrs. Brown, friends of Gen'l. Ames, to take dinner with us—so Father only accepted the invitation of Mr. Clews. Now I am glad there are no more people in prospect at present—especially ladies. Mrs. Spofford remained until half past eleven.—She could not start Mr. Spofford, who was playing billiards before that time, and I was miserably tired and sick, wishing they would go. That is the great trouble with the Spoffords, they stay so late. They were delighted with your letter. Mrs. S. expressed her surprise that you had not written for publication, as you seemed to have so much talent for it. That you were a "maniac riding the sea-serpent in a wild chase across the Atlantic" pleased her fancy very much.

I shall have no difficulty in regard to the servants. Lizzie, the chamber girl, wants very much to go. Jane still remains undecided—but is inclined to go—at any rate does not wish me to make any other arrangement at present. I think the whole thing will work itself out nicely.

I have made a great many calls. This week will finish them. I suppose you would not have thought there were nearly two hundred to be returned when you went away. I shall be glad when they are off my mind. I am in excellent health and spirits, and shall get to Lowell with the household with the greatest ease. I have a magnificent quantity of garden and flower seeds—and intend to have a flourishing garden, upon your return. I have six packages of opium poppy seed, to plant in the beds by the side of the Avenue, so that all who ride by the house shall feel an irresistible desire to sleep.—We shall be well named the Castle of Indolence.

I wonder if you are beginning to feel reconciled to your trip. There was little or no indication of it in your last letter. Still, you have seen the boys, and many sights, since that was dated. The letters they wrote to Father were expressive of the delight they felt when they heard you were coming. It seems they had a regular set-to on the spot.

Father has had very little to do today, for him, and has been wandering about quite disconsolately. The California Company is likely to prove a grand success—and he has made, or will make, twenty-five thousand dollars on some Pacific Railroad stock, owing to a bill which passed Congress, for which however, neither he nor Gen'l. Ames voted, a reward of merit. I write this little item, that you may feel things are in a prospering condition financially. Father desired me to write you to bring home a weighty handsome fish knife. Also some damascene blades—for carving.

I have given you all the news, all the messages.—Now with regards from all to all—and love for you and the boys—I am with a kiss *Your affectionate daughter*, BLANCHE

Consulate General
of the
UNITED STATES of AMERICA

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *March* 5, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: Not one of us out today—of the women, I mean. Paul came down the first day the doctor allowed him out, and stayed long enough to eat a beefsteak and drink a glass of claret. He went back at three with Benny, as that is the hour they have coffee, and I did not like Paul to be out later.

Last night there was a grand peace illumination. The attempts at torch light processions on the previous evenings had proved so poor and faltering that we expected nothing. We were at tea longer than usual, till after a time I arose and went to the window. I was amazed and delighted. The promenades in front of the long line of buildings on the right and left were glittering with stars and jets of flame; flags, chinese lanterns, curious devices, and magnificent coloring met my surprised sight. The Dutch houses are very peculiar with projecting windows on the roof, large and small, and no two alike, thrust out in a clumsy way as you see in pictures. The irregularity of these windows, gleaming with gorgeous colors, made the wondrous beauty of the scene. It was like a vast cathedral, the stained glass ablaze with light; the bengal lights green, purple and red would often pale these glories of the windows. When their fierce light grew dim the cathedral would rise again with gondolas and all the magic of the black crook. Busts of old King William and the Crown Prince wreathed with laurel were in front of our Hotel. The great multitude assembled all turned their faces that way and gazed, but not one shout or one sound of enthusiasm was uttered.

Tuesday

Mrs. Farrington is wandering about the streets in pursuit of things she wants—and is really the strongest of the party. I do not think I shall have money enough to buy what I ought, or Florence, either. Your Father had better give me more credit, and send word to Mr. Webster—where I can get it if I want more. Try to have a complete understanding with the servants before you leave Washington or you will be troubled when you start. I hope Jane will go with you.

There is talk of the Emperor William passing a night here—and even the possibility that he may be crowned here. We have had a week of delightful weather, but today it is cloudy, and a look like rain. I am sorry to see it, for fear these colds will come again. I am very impatient to start, and dread it too. Paul has just gone home in a fiacre. I am afraid of the night air for him.

Thursday—9th

We leave here tomorrow. Sue and Prentiss go with us to Rome. Great confusion getting off. Mrs. Reade is nearly well—foot not quite perfect, but as well in the cars as here. The children are impatient to be off. We go to Rome, from there to Paris through the south of France—then return here. Then to Switzerland—home in July.

Be cautious about much exertion when you move. I hope you will stay rather late in Washington. It will be easier for you. Love to all from *Your affectionate* MOTHER

Thursday, March 9, 1871

(*To General* BUTLER)

DEAREST: We go tomorrow. There are nine in all. The young ones may have a happy time, for the rest they will get on as they can. In my mind there is neither regret or pleasure connected with it. The thing is to go on in this or any thing else—till time is up. If we get away from here, fairly started, we may find some jollity on the road. I cannot write to Blanche that we are delighted. Therefore say nothing about it to her.

One acquires knowledge through labor and discipline. I suppose we shall not be exempt from the rule.

From Blanche's letter you are free from your cold, I am glad to hear, in good health and spirits.

You were right in thinking Europe would be tedious to you. With your habits you would be bored to death. They are all lively tonight. The boys expect great pleasure. I hope they will find it. The Lord preserve us from sickness in Italy.

That you and Blanche may get easily back to Lowell and pass the time pleasantly is the wish of

Yours affectionately, Sarah

Washington, *March* 13, 1871

Dear Mother: No letter from you. What have you been about that you could not send a line—if nothing more, just to let us know what portion of the globe you are wandering in at the present time.

Last Monday I went down to the Smithsonian as usual for my painting lesson. I returned about two o'clock and thought as there had been some talk of adjourning that I had better pack away the things in the attic. So I took off my dress, put on the little white woolen jacket, and went to work. It was nearly six when the work was completed. I felt a little headache, and tired in the back. That night I could not sleep well, and the next day was really sick in bed, vomiting in the morning for the first time, and a heavy pain just back of the eyes. About twelve there came a note from Mrs. Grant inviting me to lunch at two o'clock, and to aid her in receiving during the afternoon.—I jumped out of bed, and wrote an answer (the messenger was waiting) saying that I was confined to my room with a heavy cold. Of course with all the proper remarks—but that was my excuse. That day and the next I was very uncomfortable. But Thursday the cold broke, and is now gone, with exception of a slight cough. Father asked Mr. Richard Fay to dinner on Thursday. I did not attempt to go to the table, owing to sneezing and blowing—red eyes, and redder nose.

A very handsome glass for the dining room came during the week. It has been put up, and is a great addition to the room. The frame is of walnut, and ebony, with gilt tracing. It seems very absurd to have such a thing put into the house, when we are likely to leave it in the course of six weeks at the farthest, for at least six months.

The Senate has decided to remain in session, to discuss and pass if possible the Southern Outrage Bill, but no other. That cannot take more than a fortnight, then both Houses will adjourn.

Gen'l. Grant and quite a party have arranged to go to California the first of April. Father has been invited, and talks a little of going. If he should, and Gen'l. Ames will want to be off to Mississippi, I don't see but I must be ready to go home the first of April—although that is a month earlier than we had arranged. Gen'l. Ames says he shall take me on to Lowell before he starts West, or South, even if Father is here to go with me. After taking me away from there last August he is not going to allow me to return alone. In this I think he is right. After all, should the whole of life be devoted only to business—it seems to me not.

I wonder if you do not begin to think that you have plenty of time for your trip. More than four months more before you will start for home. I shall try and persuade Father to go out and join you. I hardly think, however, I shall succeed. Tell Aunt Nina that Father has had Phil ordered home, or rather East, on recruiting duty. He does not know yet in what city he will be stationed. I should think this might prove quite agreeable to Phil, inasmuch as it brings him into civilized life once more. I do not imagine it was possible to get him a position on the staff of any General.

Uncle Fisher is here and will remain, as long as Congress is in Session. He does not say so—but I guess as much.

I envy the boys the good time they are having, travelling around with you. Tell them that Gen'l. Ames is ready to whip them both when they get back—because they declared against the marriage. So they had better look out.

Tell Mrs. Farrington not to buy all the pretty things there are abroad—so that no one hereafter can have the pleasure of bringing home anything new. Love to the party.—Florence must behave well and take good care of the rest. Gen'l. Ames sends best wishes and regards. A kiss for you and the boys—from

BLANCHE

FLORENCE, ITALY, *March* 20, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: We leave tomorrow morn for Rome. I ought now to be in bed. To give you an account of what we have done and seen thus far is now impossible. We have done Munich, Innsbruck, Verona, Venice and Florence.—Now for Rome. Half of the party desire to go on from Rome to Naples, the others are doubtful. It is two hundred miles beyond, and we have to return on the same route back to Rome. There is a rumor tonight that a revolution broke out anew in Paris. That, if it proves so, will interfere with us.

I have bought watch chains for the boys, charms, etc. I am torn to pieces to know what to buy or what to do. There is no end to the sight seeing, no end to the jewelry, no end to labor. I stand it wonderfully. Mrs. Reade was almost angry tonight to see me so elastic and tireless. I do not know *how it is*—but I am to put through this work without failure or loss of time.

Benny clings to me like a burr. We are mighty travelers. We pair off two and two through the party. No trunks, each with a carpet bag and a shawl strapped. A lunch basket which we fill at the Hotel when we leave, and ride all day to the next city.

I must say good night. Dear love to your Father, yourself, and Gen'l. Ames. Take very good care of yourself—and look well after your Father. If anything happens to you at home I could not face the affliction. I will take care of those here, with God's help.

Your MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *March* 31, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter from Frankfort, for which we had been looking in vain for three weeks, came this morning. How unfortunate that you should all get sick. Do take care in Rome and avoid that fearful Roman fever, which so many people take. We are so glad to hear that the boys have been growing steadily. I don't think it would have been well for them to have remained another year. They ought to be at home with you and Father now. If not now, when can they ever be?

Everything goes on here, very much the same as usual. Father went to New York on business Friday night, returned Monday morning. Friday next, the Managers of the National Asylum are to sail down the Potomac to inspect the site of the new Asylum at Chesapeake Hospital.—Thence to Richmond. Father thinks of asking Mr. and Mrs. Spofford. He also tells me that he expects Judge, Mrs. and Miss Loring from Salem here the last of the week. He expects them to stop here, and go with him on this trip. I hope the time they spend here will be short.

Gen'l. Ames is in great tribulation today—for he is to make his maiden speech this afternoon. It is a very good one, and I think he can deliver it pretty well.

Mrs. Wm. E. Chandler is dead. She died giving birth to twin boys. Miss Nettie Chase's wedding takes place on Thursday at St. John's Church, and an afternoon reception at Mrs. Sprague's.

We cannot now tell when Congress will adjourn. They have taken up the consideration of the Ku Klux Bill, and may remain some weeks. Father and Speaker Blaine had a squabble the other day. Mr. Blaine was so much incensed by a letter of Father's to the Republicans of the House that he left the chair, and took his place on the floor in order to chastise him (with words, I mean). The letter is one of the best Father has ever written, nothing in it objectionable. But it touched Mr. Blaine to the quick and he lost control of himself, that some say he "frothed at the mouth," others that he "shook with emotion," others that "he cried." Mrs. Blaine knew that there was to be a disturbance and was in the gallery to witness it. The exhibition could not have been pleasant to her. Father was quite moderate, and had much the best of it.

Gen'l. Ames will not go down to Mississippi this summer, I think. His speech is very radical, and the whole society is so unsettled by the outrages which have been and are being committed that he concludes it wise not to go at present,—especially as his being there will be of no use to the people.

Father still talks of going to California the last of April, to be gone through the month of May. He may change his mind, however. I take Mrs. Spofford out to ride very often. She was here to lunch yesterday, and in the afternoon we drove up and down the Avenue. I shall make some calls today over in Georgetown and it is almost time for me to dress. I have already begun to count the days and weeks before we are to expect you. Love for all, a kiss for you and the boys.—You have not yet said you are glad you went, though I expect you do not regret it. Florence must be having a jolly time. Gen. Ames sends regards.

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

Washington, *March* 28, 1871

Dear Mother: Your letter came this morning, and we were delighted to hear that your party has so far recovered that you are able to start for Italy.

I should have written yesterday, but was feeling too unwell. We returned in the morning from a trip to Fortress Monroe, Dutch Gap, and the James River. We left Washington Friday at three o'clock in the steamer "Lady of the Lake." The party was large, consisting of Members of Congress (invited guests) the directors of the National Asylums, and a few ladies. Mrs. Senator Logan and two young ladies, Mrs. Smythe of New Hampshire, Mrs. Cavender of St. Louis—who by the way was sick in her berth all of the time, owing to the change of air, and water—someone whose name I do not know, Mrs. Gilmore and myself. The party numbered about forty. I should not have gone, for this kind of excursion is not very attractive to me. But Gen'l. Ames rather wanted to go—but would not without me—for in that event I should have been left alone for three or four days. He has been growing very thin and losing appetite for a month or two, and I thought the change would be beneficial. (Which it certainly has proved, if one can judge from the change in appetite.) So all things considered I made up my mind to go, and endure the sea-sickness if it was necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Spofford were invited and would have gone, but for a case of Mr. S. which he was obliged to attend to. I wore my black silk suit—hat—and brown jacket. I looked the house over from garret to cellar for my long blue travelling cloak. If you did not take it with you Becky or someone has walked off with it. I took Father's large shawl in its place, and it is well I did, for it was very cold in spite of peach trees in full bloom, and peas eight inches high.

The trip down the river was pleasant—everyone in good humor and inclined to be jolly. Father had a great deal of business to transact on Saturday at the old Chesapeake Hospital, so ordered everybody up for an early breakfast at *seven.* So we all crawled out, a good many of the ladies at six, so as to be in ample season for breakfast. Father and Judge Loring made their appearance about quarter of eight—and breakfast was served at half past eight. You can imagine the feelings of those who had been up an hour and a half in that sharp sea air. They were not only frozen to the bone but famished.

Then the Managers drove over to Chesapeake Hospital while the rest of the party inspected guard mounting, and the old

Fort—which has not changed a particle. At twelve we also rode over to the Asylum. It has been put into excellent condition by Clough of Cape Ann and will prove a very attractive spot. A very delicious lunch or dinner was served at two, and at six we were steaming up the Roads in the direction of the James.

Sunday it drizzled all day, but we could see the Gap from the steamer. The river had washed it so much that the space seems much narrower than it used. The Richmond people are clearing it out. All was smooth and pleasant enough until we left Norfolk on our return. The bay was very rough. We had just finished dinner when the boat commenced rocking. All the ladies were sick, and part of the gentlemen. I went directly to bed and kept it off for some time, but one grand jerk of the boat brought on the spasm in a way which could not be checked. That was all. I soon fell asleep and in three or four hours we were in the Potomac with smooth water.

I wish you could have seen my face when we got up the next morning. My skin has been very white and soft,—I have been exposed so little to the spring winds,—and the veins seem to be very near the surface because perhaps I am thin. At any rate, the rush of blood to the head caused by the seasickness, forced the blood through all the pores of the skin around the eyes, on the temples and under the chin, wherever the flesh was most delicate. Millions of the smallest black freckles could not have produced such a result. In addition to this I was in the greatest pain, cramps in the pit of my stomach, very much I should think like Mr. Farrington's dyspepsia. I asked Gen'l. Ames to get me a little brandy and water—which had proved efficacious once before. But the brandy was too strong for an empty stomach, and added nausea to the pain. I managed to get dressed, but remained in the berth until the boat reached the wharf—wore a thick veil to cover my forlorn face, and was delighted when the carriage was rolling towards home. We reached here about nine, and Jane had a good breakfast ready. I did not get over the cramps all day, though they were not as violent as in the morning. Today everyone is in perfect health and good spirits. My face is not quite free from the discoloration, or I should be out finishing up my calls, of which a few are left.

How glad you will be to get home, Mother. I hope to have everything looking attractive for you. Mr. Farrington came last Friday night after we had started our trip, and is still here.

He has been quite sick with dyspepsia, but is now improving. I told him Mrs. F. was the strongest of the party—and he did not seem in the least surprised.

Gen'l Ames sends regards to all, love to you, as do I. A kiss for you and the boys,
BLANCHE

ROME, *March* 31, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: We returned from Naples last night. Your letter, and one from your Father that Webster had forwarded to the Consulate here.—I was delighted to get them. You think your Father would come if I should urge it. I will not do it. He is happier where he is—and has work enough to do. I can do this now, with the help I have—and thoroughly—and with less expense than if more were engaged in it. Sue and I, Prentiss and Paul will see this party through and finish the business.

"See Naples and die"—one has never seen the concentrated turmoil of life but in this mad city. Fancy Rome in carnival time.—When we entered the town we rode three quarters of an hour to reach the Hotel—five o'clock in the afternoon, the day lovely—hundreds and hundreds of carriages—splendidly dressed women—sometimes one, in a carriage with robes outspread and nodding plumes blazing like Cleopatra. The haughty glance flashing in disdain—or fixed on vacancy in dreamy indifference. Narrow streets, frequent open squares with fountains with lions couchant statues, equestrians, jackasses loaded with fruits, a man holding on and guiding by the tail—two wheeled vehicles, dilapidated, covered with dirt, drawn by a little worn-out horse—running like a hare, under the lash of a tattered rogue who is showing the bareheaded peasant woman he is driving out that they can outstrip the grand ladies with their footmen and fine horses.

April 4, 1871

There is no use in trying to describe what we see. All these days have passed and not a moment of time from morn to eve. We rise at six or a little later, ready for breakfast at eight—garments shook and well brushed, hats on, ready to move as soon as breakfast is over. Nine people, every one with a valise containing change of linen, not a trunk in the whole party, same traveling dresses day after day, yet we look tolerably stylish. Every moment of the day is taken up, with sight seeing or hunting jewelry. Rome, Naples and Florence each have their specialty. Mosaics and cameos in the first, coral in the second, and turquoise in the last. All these nine people wanting something fill up every interval apart from sight seeing. Today four of our party left for Frankfort, Mrs. Reade, Katie, Aunt Sue and Prentiss, who was obliged to go to be ready for Heidelberg this month. His mother would not let him return alone, and Mrs. Reade had seen enough of Rome.

We stay till next week to get into the Vatican.—This is Holy Week and no passes are given. The Consul has promised to obtain one by next Tuesday. The Apollo Belvedere is there and we must see it. We may leave Rome the last of next week and travel, first to Leghorn, from thence to Genoa, to Milan, so on up through Switzerland (lingering by the way) up to Frankfort.—No chance for Paris yet. The pictures of all the places we have traveled through are very vivid in my mind. I think they will remain so, but as yet I cannot write them to you. I do not intend to idle, any time—if we cannot get into Paris. I shall finish my work and return home as early as I can.

On the whole we have enjoyed the time since we left Frankfort. No one has worried us. We were too many to be easily frightened—and without a Courier, or understanding the people except through Latin words, we have seen and enjoyed and appreciated more than travelers often do. I have been almost sorry that we did not go on with the others, but I thought it would be too rapid for the boys and rather cold in Switzerland. —Coming down through the Tyrol was grand, and we did not suffer from the cold. Of course we did not attempt to ascend any mountains at that time of the year. We were two days going through them and stopped one night at Innsbruck—hemmed in with mountains, the wildest, most delightful spot. Clear, bracing air, full of inspiration. Although we had traveled all day, we wandered through the streets till ten o'clock. The houses, three and four stories high, looked like sheds with those high mountains, so close, yet towering so high above us.

But I must not begin to describe. They are all in bed. Benny sleeps with me, Paul in the next room, Mrs. Farrington and Florence in a room across the passage. Your Father thought the boys should change to men before he saw them. He is mistaken. They have not changed at all, only a little taller. The same boys as ever. They are delighted at the thought of going home, and insist they will be there by the fourth of July. Dearest love to your Father. I had a short note from him two days ago. Take great care of yourself and attempt nothing remarkable, but go quietly on. Love to Gen. Ames.

Mother

April 6, 1871

(*General* Butler)

Dearest: We have been out all day—in half an hour go to dinner at six o'clock. If we dare venture the night air, shall drive to the Colosseum to see the ruin by moonlight. Losing our party has made us a little dull—and the present thought is we will not stay here more than a week longer.

We drove to the Villa Ludovisi, looked at the statuary, what there is of it, and strolled about the grounds for two hours.—None of these things create much interest, unless it is some masterpiece of art. That is a great creation and belongs to all alike, but a Villa is owned by an individual; you begin to question his habits, tastes, if he is worthy to have so much—at least it is none of yours and you pass on, indifferent. The jewelry street is close to our Hotel. When we finish sightseeing for the day we never fail to wander up and down, up and down—to look at and cheapen the price of it.

We are in the highest story of the Hotel, almost. The landlord has offered rooms lower down—we have looked at them, turned away, and walked up stairs again. The higher we get toward heaven, the purer the air. I have a horror of musty rooms near the earth. The rooms we occupy look out on the hill one street above us, so that our rooms are almost on a level with the fashionable drive.

We also can step out on a flat roof that has a summer house on it where we might breakfast, but do not. Some Germans did, however, the other morning.

Then there are a variety of flower pots that adorn this place, and the birds sing in the back yard and a fountain gurgles down there, and altogether I like this better than the other rooms. It is dinner time—I hope you are thinking pleasantly about us. If we cannot get to Paris the boys will hurry us home in June.

I do not think of anything much—but simply to fill the time and move on and on without pause—till I return home. I trust nothing will change till that is done.

Yours most affectionately, Sarah

Washington, *April* 6, 1871

Your letter, Dear Mother, dated Florence, March 20th, came this morning. We are all pretty well. I qualify the well, because Father and I have sniffy colds, which necessitate great puffing and blowing. Father made a grand speech on the Ku Klux Bill, and yesterday had a little encounter with Gov. Swan of Baltimore, a Representative—in which he came out, as usual, *best.*

Garrett Davis has been behaving in a strange manner for such an old man. Father was in the Senate the other day while Mr. D. was speaking, and took a vacant chair beside him, as he had some little matter to talk over with Mr. Thayer, whose desk is next but one to Mr. Davis', when the latter should have finished. With his head leaning upon his hand Father sat listening and looking at Mr. Davis—probably not hearing exactly what was being said, but lost in a brown study. The scrutiny made Mr. D. uncomfortable, for he presently took his seat, and facing towards Father, hitched his chair near to him, and saying "Do you come here to bully me, Sir? You are a d– – –d rascal." "I don't know you, Mr. Davis—and don't want to—go away sir" was the reply. But Mr. D. still continued, repeating his first remark. Father only saying, "Your age protects you,"—then *sotto voce* "Don't make a fool of yourself." Senator Wilson, at the instigation of Senator Casserly, came to the rescue with "Gentlemen don't do anything you will have to repent," and endeavored to quiet Mr. Davis. Father remained a few moments, then went off to the House.

Party feeling has been raging here pretty high. More so I think than I have ever known it. The bill for protection passed the House today—much to Father's relief—for he has carried the whole load and kept the members here in spite of their determination to adjourn.

Without doubt you will be run for Mrs. Governor next fall. I can see that Father has it strongly in his mind. I asked him what had better be done with the packing boxes in the yard. (A man had inquired what was wanted for them.) "Oh! keep them, they will all be wanted for packing furniture next fall." It will make a revolution, and it seems to me a disagreeable one, if you do break up here; still there is no use thinking about this matter, until the time really comes.

Ward, Grace and her daughters go home with us. The lady she has been living with speaks of her as a good cook, a very nice washer, and as far as she knows, perfectly honest. Her daughters equally reliable. If this is the case, I hope we may get on well. I do not try them here, because Jane seems desirous of remaining until we go.

Who do you think Father has asked for dinner tomorrow?

Why, your old beau, Mr. Willey. Isn't it rather funny that he should be coming here when you are away?

Aunt Lauretta wrote me a little note asking us to come there until the house should be put in order. I shall accept her offer for a day or two, so that the rooms may be well opened and aired before we sleep in them.

Gen. Ames made his Speech. He is now preparing a retort upon Frank Blair, who has been making uncalled-for remarks and false statements in regard to the South. Now that he has once started he will never stop. Between his speeches and Father's there is nothing else talked of from morn till night.

I occupy all my spare time painting. I have just completed a sunset scene (original) which Mr. Kaufman thinks possesses considerable merit. He was very complimentary today when I took it to him. I have also been copying that cattle piece of Gen'l. Ames' and succeed nicely. By dint of perseverance I may accomplish something by and by.

The calls have all been returned, but five—which I shall attend to, tomorrow, or next day. I am glad to hear that you are in comfortably good spirits. But what is the matter with Aunt Nina? She was expected to be the life of the party, yet from all I can learn she seems to be in the doleful dumps. She is expected to crowd enough enjoyment into the next four months to last the rest of her life, so that she will feel perfectly contented to remain quiet in dull old Dracut. How delighted the boys must be that they are able to snuggle around their Mother once more. I should enjoy that privilege myself.

A kiss for you and the boys. Father and Gen'l. Ames send love.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 11, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: I ought to have written Sunday, but the weather has been so oppressively warm that I had a great disinclination against leaning over a letter, even for the short space of half an hour. The thermometer has indicated 80° or 90° for the last four days, while a dusty warm, southwest wind has been blowing all the time. Coming so closely on the heels of a cold, raw spring, everyone feels the change disagreeably. The trees are in full leaf and flower, and in the square just opposite the men have been mowing today. It makes one feel as if summer were already passing.

Our household goes on in very much the same routine. Mr.

Willey came to dinner, and I had a pretty good one, I think. Nice pea soup, broiled shad, spring lamb, with fresh asparagus, tomatoes and green peas, custard, apple tarts, bananas, and oranges. Simple, but very good.

Father has been trying cases and speaking so much lately that his voice is quite hoarse. We shall be starting for home in the course of a week, then he will have a chance for rest. The President intends to give up his trip to California this season. The long session of Congress has delayed him so long this season is too far advanced. Father, no doubt will change his plans.

Gen'l. Ames made today what Senator Edmunds called a "magnificent speech." [1] It was in reply to some remarks of Frank Blair's and in defense of "carpet-baggers." It was about an hour long, and really remarkably good. Everybody listened with marked attention. Senator Chandler said to Gen'l. Ames—"Frank Blair feels pretty cross—he knows he has found his master." Blair said nothing in his own defense, but will probably retaliate tomorrow, or next day.

Gov. Alcorn of Mississippi has published a long letter in the Tribune (N.Y.) defending his own position and accusing Gen'l. Ames of making misstatements. So there are two opponents on hand to be disposed of. These, added to Father's performance, will give rise to a great deal of discussion and political business. It is rather amusing now—but danger, I fear, of its becoming the one absorbing thought.

The curtains are taken down, and put away—the woolens in the basement, in a box done up in tobacco and camphor, the muslin and lace in the attic. Tacks are all out of the carpets, but they are still on the floor except the one in the dining room, which has also been put away in camphor. I shall treat the parlor carpets as you did last year. I am becoming quite a housekeeper, but am very lazy—confining myself mostly to making calls, painting, riding, and giving directions. All the servants behave well, and things are generally satisfactory.

By this time I hope you feel that you did the proper thing in going abroad. The boys' delight at seeing you must have *almost* repaid you for the seasickness. I trust it will not all prove disagreeable. Tell Aunt Sue she had better come back with you, and stay two or three months.

Gen'l. Ames joins me in wishing all a delightful journey. A kiss for you and the boys, from BLANCHE

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[1] The speech follows this letter.

Speech of Hon. Adelbert Ames of Mississippi delivered in the Senate of the United States, April 11, 1871. Enforcement of Fourteenth Amendment.

The Senate having under consideration the bill (H. R. No. 320) to enforce the provisions of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and for other purposes—

Mr. AMES said:

Mr. President: At this epoch full of events of the deepest interest and greatest importance, while the nation is struggling to throw off the incubus which slavery and rebellion have put upon it, we should not be surprised, knowing the weakness of human nature, to learn that men once seeming true in the hour of our greatest peril, yielding to desire for place, viewing the issues of to-day with eyes dimmed with the prejudices of earlier years, desert the cause of the Union and join those who sought its destruction and would now rejoice in its overthrow.

Should such a one,[1] true only to his selfishness, as a reward for his apostasy be sent among us, what could we expect from him save vile vituperation, discourtesy, and offensiveness in denunciation of those with whom he formerly associated? And when questions of fact were under discussion, how reckless would be all his utterances, how inaccurate his statements, how passionate and void of logic his declamation, how immoderate and extravagant would his declarations be who had never known moderation or decency in things political.

Dreaded by his friends as an *enfant terrible*, he would be carefully watched by his opponents, that they might glean from his exposures the purposes of his associates, which must necessarily be confided to him, but which careful and prudent men would conceal. With these so great drawbacks he must have prostituted every virtue, recanted every pure inspiration, yielded up every consistency except the consistency of inconsistency, to win from his new-found friends the highest honors they could bestow.

Should unrepentant rebels and that Democracy which wept at rebel disasters put him forward as a standard-bearer, a conviction akin to certainty would find place in men's hearts that he was being used as a base instrument to accomplish what the guns of the former failed to effect on the field of battle, even aided by their allies at the North.

Confederates in a bad cause never forgive defection on the part of their leaders. With what contumely do they treat one of their most gallant and able generals. To him and all like him they apply the most opprobrious of all terms in their vocabulary, "scalawag." How must they and mourning Democracy in their heart of hearts despise and contemn him they buy with flattery and promises. With masked and midnight assassins as allies, why should they fail to buy, body and soul, him I describe? To justify the purchase he would out-Herod Herod, stepping from the prominence of profession on one side to the very head and front of the other. We find some men equal even to that.

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[1] Frank Blair.

What a remarkable spectacle. He who wore the blue in the days of rebellion now leading the rebel gray! Clad in cast-off garments of traitors, he would have no charity for those he deserted. It were even possible, though not credible, that he would assert in open day all the acts of Congress on reconstruction to be infamous. "Infamous!" honorable Senators, the descriptive epithet hurled at your laws, passed, after solemn consideration, under the oaths of your high office, with your deep sense of responsibility to the nation! How courteously, how gentlemanly, how parliamentary the word sounding through the Senate Chamber applied to your laws! With it well might we expect Republicans to be characterized as "rascals," "villains," "scoundrels," "carpet-baggers," and "scalawags;" terms indiscriminately used as synonyms. All this would be delivered with an assumption of political consistency and infallibility, of incorruptible virtue and superiority over less-favored mortals oozing out as well in thought as in air and action, so aptly described in the prayer of holy Willie, the hypocrite.

We have been told by the Senator[1] from Missouri that he and his friend Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, are willing to give "negro suffrage" a "fair trial!" How grateful should this troubled country be to the Senator and his friend Mr. Stephens, of Georgia! So, such counsels are to prevail, such is to be the source of all our political action. But he says, and I presume his authority is Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, that if, after this "fair trial," it be necessary, to preserve the free institutions of the country, to abolish "negro suffrage," it could be done by constitutional means.

The conduct of the slave during the war in feeding and protecting non-combatants challenges the admiration of the world. In these days of peace whence comes the danger from colored men? What inducement now, being free and citizens, have they to jeopardize free institutions? There is but one mode. This mystery is revealed by a visit to any polling place at the South. The few Democratic negroes who approach the ballot-box are not molested. The wisdom of their voting is not questioned. Why, in my State they sometimes received certificates of their Democracy which secured them from all harm, from the destroyers of free institutions, murderers, and Ku Klux. We see the same influences which may lead to the destruction of free institutions on this floor. Senators from the South, who have used words of condemnation of their political friends rather than for those who murder them, receive glowing eulogiums, while others are plied with such epithets as only the honorable Senator can command, because they, too, do not join in measures which can only end in the destruction of their friends. The Republican negroes are often prevented, through well-grounded fear, from leaving their homes on days of election; venturing to the polls they may be waylaid; there even violence with its strong arm withholds their right of suffrage. Failure of "negro suffrage" means failure to vote for the former master—nothing more.

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[1] Mr. Blair.

Should the colored man forget that it was through the instrumentality of a Republican President, a Republican Congress, and the Union armies that he was liberated; should he forget that his comrades were murdered because Republicans; should he be dragooned by men who would practically reënslave him into voting the Democratic ticket, then the "free institutions" of our country would be safe and none of the honorable Senator's "constitutional means" to "abolish negro suffrage" needed. If the negro could be made thus serviceable, should the attempt be made to "abolish negro suffrage," we should see men faced in another direction, marching to some new tune whistled by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, instead of keeping step to the music of the Union.

It is to be desired that this question of "negro suffrage" shall not be settled by those who believe him unfit for citizenship and those who as masters would have sold him to be cut up on the butcher's block, had such a disposition of his body brought in a few more dollars. Let the blinding prejudices of slavery have no part in the noble work of enfranchisement and reconstruction.

The honorable Senator from Missouri would have the country believe that corruption prevails in the Legislatures of all the southern States. He instanced those of two or three States, and then said, so far as he knew, such was the condition of all. It was his duty to know of what he was talking when making such sweeping charges. A candid man would have taken the previous trouble to learn the facts. He had sources enough, had he seen fit to resort to them. Would he not have been duly crammed, ready to give the dollars and cents even of Mississippi's indebtment, as he did that of Louisiana, were the figures such as to favor his argument?

With a generality he sweeps over the State with a "so far as I know" she is squandering her money, when he ought to have known just the reverse to be true.

His argument was formed to show that the deeds of blood at the South find, if not justification, at least some palliation because of corrupt Legislatures. He fails to show that cause in Mississippi. Her Legislature has not squandered the people's money nor refused to pay her just debts, as was once done when the State was controlled by men he now so highly eulogizes and with whom he is allied. That State furnishes him, therefore, no argument for the disfranchisement of the colored people that "the free institutions of our country may be preserved." Without universal suffrage our institutions would not be free. The colored man deprived of the ballot would be in a condition worse than slavery, for he would not have even a master's interest in him to the amount of his coin value. Take from him the ballot, and he will not have left even the shadow of right to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, nor home, nor resting-place short of the grave; often not that.

We should sincerely thank the honorable Senator for informing us how he and his new allies will treat the colored people of the South should they ever have the opportunity to consummate their desires. Such information, coming from the fountain-head, would teach the country the possible though not probable dangers of its immediate future. For this and similar utterances Republicans should be duly grateful, as it opens to them Democratic and Ku Klux secrets, while Ku Klux and Democrats would tremble at such unwise and premature disclosures. As the boy in the fable lashed himself to the anchor of the sinking ship, so the honorable Senator from Missouri lashes himself to this sinking cause.

The honorable Senator grows eloquent over the wrong of evil speaking, as "a burnin' and shinin' light" ought. At what under the broad heavens has he not hurled his anathemas? Since his advent here he has denounced in the wildest manner everything and everybody, save only the Democratic party and the Ku Klux. Hear what he says of the Republican party of his own State:

"I come from a State which has just escaped this thralldom, and I understand perfectly well what Radical rule is. A more shameless disfranchisement of loyal men and of good men never took place anywhere in the world than that which has existed in the State of Missouri. It was a thoroughly arbitrary government, in which one man appointed the registrars, and they the supervisors, and they the judges of election; and those men arbitrarily, without reason and against reason, excluded anybody they pleased from the ballot. The result was that in the State of Missouri, with a population of over 1,712,000, we cast at this last election only 167,000 votes under confessedly the most liberal registration we have ever had in the State since the war closed, while Indiana, with much less population, according to the census, cast 318,000 votes; double the number of Missouri.

"This simple fact shows that these men had kept from the polls more than one half of the voting population of the State by this disfranchisement, and in the mean time every interest of the State had been spoliated, every railroad that was owned by the State given away profligately to Radical partisans; and nothing saved us from bankruptcy except the energy and vitality of a great western community. We escaped by the action of a small number of men who had acted with the Radical party; but they were honest enough to see that the condition of affairs in Missouri could not endure without the destruction of all civil liberty, and they forgot the madness of the partisan in their patriotism as citizens, and rose against this malignant disfranchisement, and by the aid of the Democratic vote, liberated the people of the State, which at the next election can and will poll one hundred thousand majority for the Democratic party."

How eloquent over fraud and disfranchisement! How denunciatory of his Republican friends, excepting, of course, the few "honest ones," who, "forgetting the madness of the partisan in their patriotism," sent him here! How delicate his compliment to them! He can thunder against such acts, but when a voice is raised to stay the reign of terror and bloodshed at the South, the heinousness of evil-speaking of the people of a State fills him with horror!

The honorable Senator from Missouri denounces carpet baggers. Within a few days I have had the pleasure of rereading his justly celebrated Brodhead letter; in passing let me say it nobly did its work—ruining his friends and spreading arson and murder broadcast over the South. A Mr. Landrum, a member of the Legislature of Mississippi, spoken of as a leading Democrat, spoke as follows in the Legislature, pending a resolution introduced by Mr. Lynch in the house of representatives upon the 15th instant, reindorsing the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. I read from his reported speech:

"These amendments, sir, were ratified by fraud and violence at the point of Federal bayonets, and I have the independence to stand here to-day and reiterate and indorse the sentiments of Frank Blair, of Missouri, that the reconstruction measures of the United States Government were null and void *ab initio* and ought to be wiped out. And, sir, I say further that those southern men who have supported the Government of the United States in these acts of tyranny over the southern people, such men, for example, as General James Longstreet, should be classed by the future historian as Benedict Arnolds—as traitors to their country."* * *

"Circumstances prevented me from joining my fellow-citizens of the South in making war against the Government at that time. But, sir, let a flag now be raised against that Government by anybody in behalf of the oppressed South and in vindication of their rights, and I will be the first to rally under that flag. (He took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States upon taking his seat as a member of the Legislature.) I will take command of a body of troops, and fight so long as I have breath to put down a haughty, corrupt, and tyrannical Government, for the deliverance of an outraged people.

"I again repeat, reiterate, and indorse the doctrine of Senator Blair. I reaffirm that these amendments were carried by fraud and violence and are absolutely null and void; and I again assert, boldly and emphatically, that the name of General James Longstreet should and will be placed in history side by side with that of Benedict Arnold!"

Legitimate fruit!

As the professional weapon of the honorable Senator is his tongue, I was surprised to perceive that his vituperative powers have not perceptibly improved, although he has since had with it unlimited practice and instruction in the higher branches of the art from southern Democratic editors.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair must state to the Senator from Mississippi that to charge a Senator with vituperation is not parliamentary.

Mr. AMES. I beg pardon. Of the great benefits and blessings resulting from the crusades to the Holy Land, next in importance to the dissemination of Christianity were those which grew out of the intermingling and intercommunion of the several peoples of Europe. So would great benefits and blessings result from northern crusades necessitated by the rebellion into benighted regions, were not violence and murder now working their defeat. Man changes so little in centuries, even, that political creeds now are visited there by the same punishments that Christianity received at pagan hands in ages past.

Before this question of "negro suffrage" attracted much attention, and before men's prejudices were startled, the honorable Senator from Missouri said, in an order to his own soldiers:

"The Romans made their conquering soldiers freeholders in the lands they had conquered; and as upon your return to your homes you will find most of your occupations and employments filled by adepts from civil life, and as the Government has vast tracts of vacant lands, which will be increased by the war, the interests of the country and your own will concur in the apportionment of these lands to your use and occupancy, establishing a citizen soldiery to maintain internal peace and set foreign foes at defiance."

Also:

"If that object can be obtained by pacific means, then soldiery is at an end and your sole business hereafter will be to develop, enrich and improve our great country. To that end our soldiers should be provided with homesteads, and in no part of the country would they fare better or would they be more useful than in the South, which they have redeemed."

So thought and said the Senator then; so does he not think, at least so does he not say, now. What a portrayal of character in the contrast of "then" and "now."

Here, then, is the order from the honorable Senator, then a general of our Army, for myself and other soldiers to "carpetbag" to the South, and now he abuses us for following his advice.

Southern Republicans ask no confiscation, nor have they at any time. They simply beg to be unmolested in honest and lawful callings.

Senator Warner, of Alabama, in his speech on this floor, said:

"I remember a story which was current through the South, and was published generally in the papers, about the Senator from Missouri, and which was doubtless as groundless as most of the stories that he hears about his comrades. The story is, that at a political meeting in the neighborhood where the Senator had his plantation, his Democratic friends got a colored man to preside, as is their habit, in hopes to get the colored vote for Seymour and Blair. After the white men had got through with their speeches, which were largely made up of abuse of carpet-baggers, who, it was alleged, had gone down there to spy out and plunder the land, the colored president of the meeting was called on for a speech. He said, in response, that he indorsed all that had been said about these carpet-baggers; that he himself had been in the employ of a carpet-bagger, and had worked for him all summer, and the carpet-bagger had gone off without paying him; and, said he, 'I think you must all know him; I have heard his name called many times to-day; they call him Frank Blair.' "

The honorable Senator followed his own advice and went South with a carpet-bag. He has come back. So much only of the amusing anecdote is vouched for. This is submitted, not in the spirit which evidently controls the honorable Senator when speaking of carpet-baggers, or, as he once would fain have called them, "citizen soldiery," on "apportioned" lands which they had "redeemed," but to show that even so honorable a gentleman as himself is not above the slanderous pen. The honorable Senator begins centuries too late to cast opprobrium on carpet-baggers. The calling of such names has come to a pass that the Governor of this Territory and the Republican candidate for Congress are denounced as "carpet-baggers." Soon, no doubt, every Republican Senator on this floor will be denominated "scalawag" or "carpet-bagger;" and in the city of New York only will be found the model citizen, who, coming from beyond the Atlantic, without even a carpet-bag, and unable to speak our language, by his vote, under Democratic leadership, plunders and pillages that city as no other community on the face of the earth has been plundered and pillaged. Does Democratic New York send a carpet-bagger among us?

Since the war those who have changed their homes are to be numbered by thousands. Every large center in the country has become crowded with men whose experience during the war taught them they could by changing their locations better their condition. This has been invited in every section but the

South, where, alas! "carpet-baggers" disturb what remains of that peculiar institution, slavery.

Men as honest and honorable as the Senator himself went there, as they had the right to do; but having invested all their means and becoming crippled by unforeseen disasters, could not extricate themselves as he did; or, prosperous, did not care to return to their former homes to find their places filled by others. Honest and honorable now as then, they are the objects of unlicensed abuse from those who should be above it. Herein is the explanation. Slavery in its day of glory denounced and trampled on every opposing sentiment; and the spirit it has left in the land is that, and that alone, which decries and clamors against "carpet-baggers." I use the Senator's phrase, ever bearing in mind that northern men at the South of Republican, not Democratic, principles are meant.

He declared in his speech that the Army at the South had been "employed in driving voters from the polls and carrying the elections against a majority of the legal voters of those States." To this I replied that to the extent of my knowledge that broad assertion had no foundation in fact except where colored men had been driven from the polls by soldiers acting under the direction of white citizens who had obtained control of them, either by money or through sympathy. Whereupon he replied that my presence here was proof of the truthfulness of his assertion. I acknowledge that my presence here is one of the most marked illustrations of the consequences of the abolition of slavery and the results of reconstruction; but it does not prove his assertion.

The population of the State of Mississippi by the late census is about 832,200. I say about, because the returns of four counties are to be revised. In 1868, under the supervision of President Johnson's bosom friend, there were registered voters to the number of 155,720, giving, assuming the population now equal to that of 1868, one voter to every five and one third inhabitants. The colored population exceeding the white by about seventy thousand, the colored voters, this ratio holding the same with whites and blacks, outnumber the white by thirteen thousand. A greater proportional registration would reduce the ratio and increase this number. I make this comparison that there may be no doubt as to the predominance of colored voters. Their Republicanism is beyond all cavil. Full well they know the necessity of the continuance of the Republican party in power for their freedom and protection, though they have now but little of the latter.

The white people of the South, in a rebellious spirit—the honorable Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Sawyer] called it a "sentiment," the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Blair] styled it a "principle"—decided not to vote, and thus to defeat the measures of reconstruction. Yet the Senator accuses the Army of having driven them from the polls!

The election in Mississippi resulted in a Republican victory by a majority of thirty-eight thousand. Yet the country is informed that my presence here is proof of his assertion.

Previous to exercising any control in the civil affairs of the State my attention was called to the barbarous treatment the colored people were receiving at the hands of some of their white neighbors. At one time I was president of a commission to try men charged with the murder of some negroes, the burning of their houses, and expulsion of their families from the neighborhood. These deeds done by a mob were cold-blooded and fiendish, and though many testified to having seen the ruins of the huts, and the dead negroes, no one could be found to tell anything of the incendiaries or murderers. Profound ignorance fell upon the witnesses when questioned. All were obliged to be acquitted. Other cases of like nature came to my notice. Thus was I taught in the equal rights of a free people. Here is one illustration: at the recent massacre at Meridian, Mississippi, though some ten negroes were killed by a mob, but three men were found to have been engaged in it, and they were held to bail at one or five hundred dollars each.

As provisional governor and district commander, proofs constantly multiplying, often ocular, still further forced upon me the conviction that the colored people were subjected to grievous, crying wrongs. Senators whose blood is chilled at the mere recital of their wrongs can understand my position, seeing with my own eyes the scars, the sufferings, the blood, and hearing the helpless cry of thousands to me, the only one to whom they could turn for succor. I would not, I could not refuse to extend my protecting hand, the nation's protecting arm, in defense of those who, innocent of offense, with upturned faces, asked for life. If my action then was wrong, may I never know the right.

Previously little versed in matters civil, with ideas of equality and liberty formed in a New England village, I could but resolve, come what might, to pursue the course I did. And this is my reply to a partisan cry condemning my interference (as it is termed) by armed force in Mississippi.

In confirmation of my representations of the condition of affairs in the State I submit a telegram, already made public, from one who has received high praise from the other side of this Chamber. In considering the number of murders it should be remembered that that State has no large cities, but that its population is mainly rural:

JACKSON, *April 2*

GENTLEMEN: Lest the Government should be led astray by the reckless statements published in northern newspapers, on the information of irresponsible parties, and by other misrepresentations, I feel it my duty, as Governor of this State, to bring under your knowledge the following facts. I have before me the official returns, furnished by the auditor of public accounts, of the inquest claims presented and allowed in Mississippi for the last two years.

For twelve months of military government, ending March, 1870, they number sixty-two. For twelve months of civil government, ending March 18, 1871, they number precisely the same as the whole year, then including the transition in the popular mind from force to law. The civil power has been fully as successful as the bayonet in protecting life. In the last six months of each of the two years under comparison the number of murders thus shown was as follows: under military government, forty-one; whereas the number under civil government was but nineteen. While we thus see the military rule go on in an increase of crime which points to the presumption that it would lead to anarchy, we see the civil rule go on in a decrease of crime which points to the presumption that it will lead to absolute repose. I speak for only my own State.

J. L. ALCORN,
Governor of Mississippi

HON. A. AMES, *United States Senate, and* HON. G. L. HARRIS, J. L. MORPHIS, H. W. BARRY, G. C. MCKEE, *and* L. W. PERCE, *members of the House.*

This telegram requires a moment's notice. The author says "military rule" means "anarchy;" yet he asks the Legislature for "authority to organize and call into the field a cavalry regiment of picked men." The Legislature passed a resolution against the Governor's wishes, as I understand, "requesting him to call on the United States for troops to suppress violence" in the State. His telegrams show him not a little solicitous that Congress shall not legislate against Kukluxism. "Abundantly powerful" to protect the people, as he claims to be, yet he sent United States troops to Meridian after the massacre to preserve the peace. Why did he not do so without them?

In his attempt to present to the country the number of murders in the State it is unfortunate he did not go beyond the "inquest claims" recorded in the office of the auditor of public accounts. The State is rarely burdened with the "inquest claims" on Ku Klux victims. His source, as examined by him, shows but nineteen murders in the last six months.

Here is other information on this subject, a telegram one day later, signed by four members of the Legislature:

JACKSON, *April* 3, 1871

Hon. A. AMES, *Senate:*

The auditor's books show fifty-four killed from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1870, and eighty-three killed from March 1, 1870, to February 17, 1871. Report of inquest on many known to have been killed since January 1, 1871, not yet received by the auditor. National troops were sent to Meridian after the riot was over.

A later telegram by one day, signed by the same persons, is as follows:

JACKSON, *April* 4

Hon. A. AMES:

Auditor's books show killed last three months: January, 11; February, 14; March, 23. Auditor states at least fifteen more killed in March not officially reported.

Instead of nineteen murders in the last six months, there have been at least sixty-three in the last three months. Yet another telegram:

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, *April* 6, 1871

Hon. ADELBERT AMES, *Washington, D.C.:*

Thirty churches and school-houses burned during Alcorn's administration.

H. R. PEASE,
Superintendent of Education

Sixty-three murders in the last three months, and thirty churches and school-houses burned in one year! This where school-houses are not plentiful and education not general; significant evidence of the approaching millennium of "absolute repose." Well may the Legislature, convinced of the insufficiency of its own instruments, call on the United States for troops.

Of many letters of the same purport I give an extract from but one, received a day or two since from a resident of the State, an ex-Union officer, brave and honorable, known well to some Senators here:

"You would be perfectly surprised to see how the popular feeling and prejudice against northern men has changed for the worse. Though absent from home but some six weeks, I found upon my return that matters had grown perceptibly worse, and what a few months since were good-natured intimations of what would come to pass in case the Democracy got control of the State are now loudly and angrily proclaimed, and we carpetbaggers are given to understand that we must leave. The Meridian outrage is fully indorsed by all rebels here, and in speaking of the affair they generally express regret that more Radicals, white and black, were not killed. I am firmly convinced that there exists in every town and county in this State a thoroughly organized band of Ku Klux, and all I can say is, 'God help us,' if Congress should fail to enact laws for the protection of our lives and property."

The country is convinced that at the South wrongs and outrages, even to arson and murder, are daily perpetrated on Republicans because of their political principles. Such is known to have been the case in 1868. We are now here to legislate on this subject and this subject alone.

In 1869 I had to stand between peaceable and law-abiding citizens and this Ku Klux spirit, not perhaps so well organized and disciplined as now. Believing then, as I do now, that Democratic officials would not second my efforts to give needed protection, having many painful proofs thereof, and in pursuance of your laws, I displaced all such, together with those who could not take the oath prescribed by law. That those hostile to our Government should know that colored men were not slaves but citizens, and for their advantage as a race and in recognition of their claims as loyal men, I gave them office; to secure their rights in the courts I put them in the jury-box, and relieved them so far as I could from the unjust and oppressive legislation of their late masters. A successful and a grateful party sent me here. I came with no word of deception on my lips. I stated before the Judiciary Committee that had I not been elected to this body I would have continued an officer of the Army. Yet, after resigning from the Army, and when there was doubt as to my admission here, the Legislature by resolution asked it.

The honorable Senator from Missouri says Mississippi sent a major general here as Senator. Let him bear in mind the fact that the Senator from Mississippi is not a member of Congress and a major general at one and the same time, as was the Senator from Missouri, in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that "no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House of Congress during his continuance in office." Is not here an instructive illustration, showing that of those who proclaim so loudly of the sanctity of the Constitution there are some who, when it stands opposed to their interests, will sweep it away like a flimsy web?

The honorable Senator had the taste, peculiar to himself, to name the person whom above all others Mississippi should send here, a man who as judge decided that by the common law of Mississippi a master could not set free his own children, his slaves, by a valid will! The Senator's bold idiosyncrasy crops out visibly. He names a Democrat to represent a State which went Republican by a majority of thirty-eight thousand. He says Mississippi sent a vagrant negro to this Senate. As to his insult to my late colleague I have only to say that in all those attributes which constitute the honorable, high-minded, Christian gentleman Mr. Revels is in no degree the honorable Senator's inferior. Forced to a comparison, I by no means intend a compliment to Mr. Revels.

I regret, Mr. President, the necessity which compelled me to occupy the time of the Senate with matters more or less personal. But when the Republicans at the South, white and black, personal and political friends, are vilified, and the President and Congress denounced for their acts in behalf of an oppressed and a long-suffering people, I am constrained to give facts showing in one State the baselessness of such denunciations, and to bear testimony that the effect of your laws has been to sustain justice and protect humanity.

This discussion is not of my seeking or liking. Words and phrases are to me awkward weapons. Inexperience, inaptness, and disinclination tend to keep me from all such controversies. Yet fealty to friends and justice to myself demand that I return, though with a feeble arm, all blows, even when dealt by an unjust, uncourteous, and unscrupulous assailant.

WASHINGTON, *April* 17, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: Father wrote you a day or so ago, but I thought it better that our letters should not reach you on the same day. It is not best to have too much of a good thing at one time. Congress will adjourn tomorrow. We shall remain, however, for a week longer, as Father has some cases to try. There is no object in hurrying home before he is ready, although the season is so far advanced now, that it would be very pleasant. My packing is nearly complete. The linen, and lace curtains are in the trunks. Father will be for having a man waiter when you get home. I think I can dissuade him from it until then.

The Spoffords left for home yesterday. Mrs. Spofford's sister's child is dead. They have gone to attend the funeral, and will not return. Mrs. Spofford has been quite miserable all the spring with rheumatism and heavy colds. I think she is thinner than I have ever seen her.

Gen'l. Ames and I are going to Mrs. Grant's reception this afternoon, tomorrow to Mrs. Fish's. Which will finish the society duties for this season.

I am sorry you are not to have an opportunity of seeing Paris. Father thinks you had better try Russia. I am rather of his opinion. We have not had a letter from you for a fortnight. By which I conclude you decided upon going to Naples. Does the time pass any more pleasantly than it did—or do you all feel bored?

How glorious it will be when you and the boys come back. We shall have a very lively household. Father complains of being homesick. By homesick he means that he wants to see you—as we all do. Love and a kiss for you and the boys. Kind wishes for all.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 24, 1871

ADELBERT, DEARIE: Father and I have just finished our lonely dinner. You fill a great space at the table, if one may judge of it by the void now you are away. I felt just a little sad to have you go off without me, and refreshed myself with a tear or two, on my way home from the depot. Then betook myself manfully, or womanfully, to the newspapers, reading steadily until it was time to go to bed. Sunday morning, when I awoke and found the room with only my clothes on the sofa, only my head on the pillow, I began to doubt if I were really married or ever had been. So you see, it would not do for you to stay too long away.

It was a quiet day. I read the papers, wrote a letter to Charlotte Stevens, and *painted* a little, an attempt at my own portrait. It is needless to say that it was a failure, not in the drawing so much as the coloring. I took it to Mr. Kaufman this morning. He suggested that I should not have made the mistakes I did if I had painted "more rags." He wished to know if I had copied "the head from a picture." I told him, "No, from the looking glass." Father rode down to the studio with me, on his way to the Departments. He carried my box up the stairs for me. I forgot to tell you that the studio has been moved to 12th St.

Father encountered Mrs. Kaufman on his way downstairs. He says, she seated herself for a moment on the stairs below him so that he could not pass down, for the staircase is quite narrow—then took him by the hand, saying that she had watched him for ten years—had a large picture of him in Germany. Father said, in explanation of his being there, that he had just been up with his daughter to the studio. Father, of course, did not tell me all of the conversation, but he seemed to think Mrs. K. a queer sort of a woman to say the least. Oh! as he was going, he said to her, "My regards to Mr. Kaufman, and tell him I am glad to have met you." She replied, "I shall not tell him anything about it." She did, however, come into the studio—it must have been the moment he had gone—rushed up to Mr. K. with a very red face and excited manner, and told him something in German. I wondered at the time what it was that seemed to please and excite her to such a degree, and was quite amused when Father told me of his little encounter on the stairs. I walked home, as Father was using the carriage.

Col. Higgins has not called yet. Perhaps he has seen our departure in the papers.—Senator and Mrs. Ames are announced as having left the city. A part, alas! of that *worthy couple* remains. By this time you are nearly home. I hope the trip has been comfortable, not pleasant, because I am not with you and I am selfish enough not to desire for you to enjoy yourself in my absence.

Do not neglect to give my love to your Father and Mother, and the other relations. Tell them you have been a very smart boy this winter, and deserve great attention and praise. Tell John you have made *two* speeches, and ask if he feels satisfied. I don't know but I shall be ready "to obey" by the time you get back, Dearie. At any rate I'll see about it. A kiss, and good bye—from BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, MINN., *April* 25, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I am convinced that my lifelong devotion to my one superstition has been a mistake. The moon seen over the left shoulder brings the good luck—not over the right as I have always supposed. I reached here this morning at seven, in time for breakfast, having had a very pleasant journey. The weather, cooler than Washington weather of late, was just right for traveling. We met with no accidents and no delays. In Wisconsin I telegraphed I would reach here this Tuesday morning; and upon reaching McGregor learned that the first night train and sleeping car of this season were to leave for the North. Had I been a day earlier I would have been compelled to stop over there one day. As it was, I came through within the shortest possible time—with nights of solid sleep and meals of awful dimensions.

I find all our folks well, though till recently they have been afflicted with very heavy colds. I have had a chat with each, and I need hardly tell you that they have learned from me all the secrets in my possession. Father has just begun on his barn and garden. I fairly beat Old Sol on his journey North. Here we see the grass beginning to peep through the ground, but the trees have not yet dared to put forth their buds. Yes, I wore my spring overcoat, but I have, you may remember, an old Army coat here which I shall wear if the cold demands such a sacrifice from me.

I have missed morning, noon, and night, my better self—you, my dear wife Blanche. The knowledge that in a week I shall start on my return cheers me every moment. I have been thinking that I would like to have you with me in W. during the extra session were such a thing possible. A kind greeting for your Father and love to you, dear one. ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 26, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: After a long silence of three weeks, your letters have been received. I had begun to think you had forgotten that part of your family which is on this side of the Atlantic. Father had the impression that you had eloped. Every morning at breakfast the cry was "still no letters." We are glad to hear that you have been somewhat interested. It would seem a great pity to have gone through all the seasickness for nothing.

The boys' plan of returning in June, to be at home on the 4th, is admirable. In a little more than two months we may see you all again.

We start for Lowell next Monday. Gen'l. Ames has gone to Minnesota so as to be able to return for the short extra Session, which convenes in May. He will stop a few days in Lowell on his way here. The house grows more and more lonesome. Father is only to be seen at meal time. I amuse myself with painting, and attend a little to the packing up. The work is so far completed that I have only two or three things more to attend to before I am ready to start. It has not been laborious in the least. No doubt we shall get home with the greatest ease. Gen'l. Ames wanted to go on to Lowell with me before going West. But Father did not care to be left alone for a week and it was finally decided that he had better start West and leave me to the care of Father, who, by the way, is going to stop two or three days in New York. Clancey I suppose will go on with us.

Charlotte Stevens, for whom Father obtained an excellent place in the Dead Letter Office, wrote declining it. She said she had held herself in readiness through the fall and winter, but concluded after the receipt of my letter that there would be no place, and so had taken a school. For that, however, she could obtain a teacher in case she desired to accept the place. Her father and mother were opposed to her coming to this climate at this season of the year, more especially as in sickness there would be no one here to assist her.

I am very glad to hear the boys have not changed. It will be pleasanter to have the alteration take place under the eye, where it will appear more natural. Dear old boys—the time they have spent abroad will seem much pleasanter, that you went over to travel with them.

I called upon Mrs. Grant last Tuesday. Mrs. Fish last Wednesday. At Mrs. Fish's, I was presented, rather, Lord Tenterden and the Earl de Grey were presented to me. The Earl gave a reception. Commonplace-looking men, not much style or elegance. Oh, I started to say the Earl gave a reception Saturday night to which we had cards. Father went, arrayed in white necktie and swallow-tail. Gen'l. Ames had gone West. My dress was packed away—not to be taken out for such an occasion. So Father represented the family. I have told you all there is of interest at present. Life goes on without much incident. All the pleasanter, no doubt.

Love for you all. Kisses for you and the boys. I look for you now the first of July—and shall count the days.

Most affectionately, Blanche

Frankfort, *April* 29, 1871

My dear Blanche: Returned to Frankfort this morning at seven o'clock direct from Lucerne, riding one day and one night. We went to Lucerne meaning to sail down the Lake of the Four Cantons further into Switzerland, thence to Zug, on to Zurich, up to the falls of the Rhine, back by Strasbourg to Frankfort. We found it a little too early for Switzerland, that is, too cold. The rain was pouring at Lucerne, and the mists so heavy on the mountains that we could see nothing, so returned at once to Frankfort. Have been gone on our Italian tour from the 10th of March to the 29th of April, visiting Munich, Innsbruck, Verona, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Rome again, Leghorn, Pisa, Spezzia, over the mountains to Genoa by private conveyance. From Genoa to Milan, to Como, and crossing the Italian Lakes Como, Lugano, Maggiore to Arona; then by rail over the Mt. Cenis pass to Geneva. We should have gone by the Simplon pass in hired carriage, but were told the difficulties so early in the season would be too great. The boys are not yet satisfied. Paul wishes to see more of Switzerland, to make a trip from here to Dresden and Berlin. While I am giving orders and finishing what is to be done here, we may go to the two last places, a short time, also at Hamburg. Of seeing Paris there is little or no hope. Paul urges England and Ireland, taking the steamer at Queenstown instead of Liverpool. I have returned to Frankfort full of action, ready to accomplish all that can be done, and return with all speed home.

I am afraid you will have trouble with the servants. I had hoped that Richard and his wife would go, because they are in some degree reliable, but if you take care of yourself they can take care of the work until I get there at all events, which will be sooner, without doubt, than was planned when we started. Make no attempts at putting up curtains or lifting up your arms. Servants must do it, or leave it undone.

I am glad to hear that Gen'l. Ames is speechifying. It would not surprise me in the least to hear that he becomes a brilliant talker. In fact, it is just what I expected. He will be annoyed with sharp shots, but that is nothing for a soldier. Give him my congratulations.

There were two letters from you awaiting me, and one from your Father. Now that I am here I will have the boys see all that is possible, and do it economically. But I am buying considerable, many things. We have not yet spoken for our passage home, and I cannot say exactly when it will be, but we are quick movers, and I have no desire to linger.

Be careful to go slowly down stairs, or you will twist your ankles. "Use all gently," think of what is pleasant and beautiful, and avoid irritation.

Ben is happy with a Geneva watch. I am stroked and kissed a hundred times a day. Paul decides for an American watch, too patriotic for anything foreign. Prentiss has gone to Heidelberg. So many of the students have been killed during the war that the opening lectures were delayed for a week, for want of numbers.

I am afraid your Father will regret giving up his place in Congress. We might not move the furniture even if he were not in Washington, but that could be settled hereafter.

Paul has bemoaned that he did not find time to write, and thinks we have been very neglectful. Much as the boys are pleased with travelling, they are wild to get home, and expect a gay Fourth of July. Dearest love from the boys and

Your affectionate MOTHER

FIFTH AVENUE, *April*, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: No Mother yet, and will not be till late Monday, I fear. I have arranged to go down to quarantine to meet them. If there should happen to be any ship fever, or small pox on board, then they will be quarantined, and I too, so the boarding Master says. However, I will risk that.

I hardly believe it possible to put in an appearance before Wednesday morning. *Your* FATHER

WASHINGTON, *April* 26, 1871

You have been away three days, Dearie, and I am very anxious to have you back again. A long letter from Mother has driven away the gloom a little.

By this time you have gone to Fort Atkinson, and are full of plans and projects. I wish I were with you, Love, to plan too. It is said women always want to know what is going on, and to *boss* the job. Am I of that kind? If so, it may be quite as well that I am far enough away not to interfere. How proud you will be of your old mill when it is finished. I must accomplish something equally grand.

I send your picture today, by express. I took it and the copy to Mr. Kaufman. He said it was "good." I mean the copy. Say to your Mother I am sorry to have kept it so long, and had no such intention when you sent for it. I did not have as much spare time for the work as I expected.

We are really to start on Monday. I feel as if there should be lots of things to think about, yet cannot tell what. I suspect nearly everything is accomplished. I was up before Father this morning. It was lonely, and I thought I had better go downstairs and hunt someone up. I still sleep in the third story. I shall not move down. It seems more homelike to me there.

Your clerk does not get on very fast with your speeches. I fear he is disheartened by the quantity. If I knew where to direct them I could take some of them off of his hands.

I painted *my* portrait all day yesterday, with tolerable success. I shall succeed in making some horrible monstrosity—no doubt. Don't laugh, Love. I know you must be inclined to, when you think of my former attempts in this direction. Love for the family—Kisses for yourself—from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 27, 1871

I write you a short note this morning, just to let you know I am well and thinking of you, Dearie.

Father has gone to the Great Falls of the Potomac with some gentlemen, Jonas French of Boston among the number, to look at the Seneca Stone Quarries. Father has some idea of buying them. He had breakfast this morning at six. I was a little late, and Father had to eat alone. No, Mr. French was in to have a cup of coffee with him. They will return about seven, so I am to be alone all day long. I went down to the Smithsonian yesterday for my game of croquet. My side was victorious *of course.*

I enclose two newspaper slips which may interest you. That in regard to *Mrs.* Ames I happened to run across in Frank Leslie's of April 1st.

Now you are to have the benefit of the letters Alcorn procured from the colored members. It is plain you cannot rely upon them much, and it is well you are not called upon to do so. You have no odds to ask of anybody. Good bye, Love,

BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, MINN., *April* 30, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I have been homesick for you, Dear One. Though I am among my own family, there is a great void which nothing fills. I miss you everywhere. At Calmar, Fort Atkinson, on the cars, here—at each and all these places you have been my sunlight and now I want you sadly. Up to last evening I had not received a word from you, and really felt deserted, as well as anxious about you. I knew you would have written were you well, and your silence frightened me. But last evening I was rejoiced by your two letters.

At Ft. A. we did nothing but examine the surroundings on Thursday. The same evening Father and Uncle left for home. The next day Bullis came and we at once began to perfect our titles, or buy them, for flowage. I got the right from Glass, the German next the mill, for ten feet head for twenty acres—half of my forty—and sixty dollars ($60) cash. A very good bargain for me. His main reason was to obtain a road from his farm to the highway. The next man to him sold us the right of flowage for seventy-five dollars ($75). The next for fifty dollars ($50). These three are on the north side of the river. There is a fourth man about a mile from the mill we did not see, but whose claim will be but a few dollars. On the south side there are but two persons owning lands we will flow. One of them will probably give us the right. The second we can settle by commissions. He, the second, is one of the real estate owners in the village—a very mean man, who tried to blackmail me. His woodland will be but little hurt by flowage. Bullis thinks we can force him to terms. I was a little indignant towards him and ready to fight. His course releases me from all or any claims the villagers may feel they have upon me.

I left with Clarke, the lawyer, instructions to finish up the rest of the business, which he said he would do and communicate with me. It was train time, and as Bullis had to be at court the next day, we left. I was very well satisfied with the way in which he did his business. And particularly satisfied with the day's work. By it the value of the property was increased twofold. I have no doubt you are asking yourself if I have concluded to build this season. I have in my own mind, though John and Father oppose it, especially Father. I have not yet announced my final conclusion. Father has not yet decided whether he will lease to John and me or not. John thinks my building or not at Ft. A. will have some influence on his decision and asks me to withold mine for the present. I shall build, however. Mother and I agree entirely. Father hesitates.

Everyone asks for you and remembers you with pleasure. I am writing in our little room—rather early this morning to catch the mail. It is so cold my fingers are almost numb.

ADELBERT

Washington, *April* 30, 1871

Del: Everything is ready for a start tomorrow morning. I wish, Dearie, you could be here to go on with me. If I could see you just long enough to give you *one* kiss, it would be a great satisfaction. I have missed you very much, Love. Far more than you have me, I suspect, for I was left in the same old spot, with familiar things to remind me constantly of you. Your letter came yesterday morning, and made me happy all day.

Kinsman came in the evening. Took a cup of tea, and sat some time at the table looking rather forlorn. I took pity on him, though I wanted to write you, and asked him to try a game of billiards. The invitation seemed to delight him. He reminded me that I had always beaten him, and seemed to anticipate a like result, with great glee. I was unsuccessful however, and he had the satisfaction of winning two games. Feeling a little tired I decided not to play anymore. Kinsman went off on an errand for Father, and I arranged the table and paper for a little chat with you. I was hardly seated when I heard Father thump up stairs. I listened to hear if anyone were with him. He seemed to be alone. Feeling a presentiment that I was wanted, I went down and found that he was waiting for someone to play with. He treated me very badly though, Dearie. He cheated. That is, *I* think he did. We played an even game. I mean, he did not give me any odds. I was pretty tired, but lucky, and had made about fifty points to Father's thirty when Clancey appeared on the scene. I remarked that Father was playing rather poorly. To my astonishment he insisted that he had been counting his shots "one at a time instead of three." What could I do? I mildly asked him if he meant to cheat his "only daughter in that way." Finally I agreed that the last half of the game should prove which was *the humbug.*—Mr. Clancey to be judge. I won by nearly forty points. Father, you know, is very careless about counting. No doubt part of the time he counted one way, part the other. We had a good laugh at his expense.

Mr. Clancey was much opposed to going directly through to Lowell. He argued against it in every possible way. I knew, however, that it would be quite lonely for me in New York. Father is always too much occupied to attend to me, and I know no one there intimately. Moreover, it is no doubt better that the servants should go directly home, and they would hardly know what to do with themselves if they went alone. So I was obstinate and carried my point. We shall take the boat if we can. If not, the sleeping cars, at eight o'clock. Father has upset all the arrangements in a most masterly manner. It is the kind of thing that frets Mother so. I do not care anything about it, because in fact it is no affair of mine, if he chooses to have it so. He has engaged three men. One as coachman, one as table servant, one as gardener. These, with Grace's family, will make seven people to feed. Grace will have her hands full. I have no doubt she will prove equal to the occasion. We shall need Lizzie in the course of a few months. The great objection to the plan is that it will be difficult to employ so many until our family is larger. However, that is no matter.

You write the grass is just starting in Northfield. Can you imagine, we are having strawberries here? Did your Mother seem pleased at the secret you had for her? Did she think it a good reason for your visiting Minnesota alone?

So you want me here during the extra session. Well, Dearie, we will talk it over when you come to Lowell. I shall expect you a week from yesterday, and watch for the telegram until it comes. Father will not be home until Friday or Saturday, so I shall not leave Aunt Lauretta's until the last of the week.

Ah, Love, letter writing is not half as nice as talking, is it? Don't stay away, and force me to do it much. Is it well to be so fond of a person that happiness depends entirely upon them? I am a little doubtful. The only safety is in making the other party equally dependent.

I have had your things moved into the room next Father's. You will be quite comfortable there, if not quite as elegant as in our old quarters. I prefer you should miss something when I am away, so take care to have things look a little desolate.

Remember me to your Mother and Clara. Regards to the relations. Goodbye, with a kiss from

Your wife, Blanche

(*Mrs. Ames leaves Washington for summer at Lowell, Mass. Senator Ames on return from Minnesota via Lowell, to remain in Washington until the Senate adjourns.*)

Lowell, *May* 11, 1871

Senator A. Ames, *Washington, D.C.*

Dearie: My first pleasure and duty is for you this morning. Father has just started full speed for Boston, and I have nine hours all by myself. There are plenty of things to do which will take up the time. The morning is pleasant, and I have seeds to plant, household affairs to attend to, music and painting to fill up the intervals. I shall not be likely to suffer for lack of employment.

I waited at the depot yesterday until I felt sure you were on the train, but did not dare to wait until you started lest I should be too late for Father. I would like to have seen your dear face at the car window, and nodded a *very* last goodbye. I thought of you all day, Love, and my first idea this morning on waking was, Del is in Washington by this time.

I received a letter yesterday from Charlotte Stevens, in which she says, "When Gen'l. Ames comes I shall go out for meals." Of course she will not, as you cannot live there with no one to cook for you. You will find her a gentle, pleasant girl, rather inclined to be afraid of you. I hope things will be arranged comfortably for you. I had them fixed as well as I could, but changes of which I know nothing may have been made since then.

Fate has been very kind to me, Del. I do not deserve it. I ought to be grateful every moment for so much happiness. Life seems so much better, and nobler, now that I know you. It was good enough before, but now—Well, I love you, that explains it all.

I am going out directly to work in the earth for the benefit of "the little cove." While you are *Senatoring*, I shall be gardening.

Grace and the girls are doing finely—getting into the routine of daily work—better and better. Tell Charlotte not to be afraid of the rats and mice. I noticed them so little I did not know there were any.

Good-bye till tomorrow, Dearie. You may have as many old paper and ink kisses as you want. But if I were you, I would hurry home and have some real ones from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 12, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I reached the city all safe. I came near not getting in but by chance found Mr. Whitney's servant in the cellar, the outside door being opened, and gained an entrance. I went over our room thoroughly, pulling open drawers, etc. In one of the little drawers on my dressing table I found a number of your letters and a half dozen or more of my photographs, which (the latter) I will send you.

Upon the advice of Mr. W. I went over to Gray's, caterer, across the square to the west, and took my breakfast and engaged board at ten (10) dollars a week.

Returning to the house I saw the young ladies. Miss Stevens, it seems to me, has somewhat improved. The other I saw in the dining room with curtains drawn, and so have but an indefinite idea of her appearance, but judge by the first glimpse by a faint light she is quite good looking.

After breakfast I saw Boutwell, and told him the *shebang* was again open. Thence I went to the White House to find only Babcock. Thence to the Capitol to get my mail. Among many letters was one from Egan, the officer who has been in the Rocky Mts. and who was transferred to the Artillery at my request. He wrote from this city. He left a very fine cane for me, one he bought in San Francisco—gold-headed, etc. very beautiful. As I do not aspire to a cane, I shall preserve it as a relic.

I had a large mail. Many letters were very complimentary. I naturally doubt such. I do not think flattery or praise, even when more or less deserved, a wholesome kind of food.

Newspaper editorials were even more abusive the other way. They made but little impression, perhaps because of their injustice, and because of my consciousness that I am doing right—in fact am utterly unable to do otherwise or act in a way to secure their commendation.

I was really tired and glad to get to bed. I am in your Father's room, and dreamed of traveling and missing the cars, trying staging—being constantly delayed, and in danger of robbers, etc. My health is excellent and my appetite *more so.*

Now at half past one the Senate has adjourned till Monday. I regret having come so soon—a great loss of time is it not? I will devote myself to my correspondence. The treaty has been published in the N.Y. Tribune. Please tell your Father. We are in hopes we shall get away in two weeks. I miss you more than I can tell. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *May* 12, 1871

Senator A. AMES, *Washington, D.C.*

DEARIE: Father, Mr. Clancey, and a Mr. Alexander are in the library. I have left them to their own devices, and am alone in the billiard room. The day has been so warm the room is really uncomfortable. I hope it will continue mild, so that I can drive Mr. Clancey up here, and appropriate the library myself.

I expect a letter from you tomorrow, Love. I hoped for one today, although I know well enough that there had not been time for one to reach me. When one is hungry, one always hopes it is dinner time. So with me, I am in a starved condition when you are away from me, and want the mail to come every hour.

I must tell you what I have been doing today. The first thing after breakfast Father and I took a little walk through the garden, arranged for planting some young peach trees, enriching the hedge, etc. Then Father left me to go over to the Wamesit Power Company.

I concluded the early morning would be best for my gardening, as the sun would not be so warm as later in the day. I neglected your letter, sent Florence to the house for some flower seeds, ensconsed myself in the hotbed and proceeded to dig.

It took me nearly three quarters of an hour to arrange things to my satisfaction. By that time my back was pretty warm from the sun, and cheeks like full blown cabbage roses. I persevered, however, till the hotbed was finished, then came into the house leaving a little work behind the greenhouse for tomorrow.

I devoted half an hour to the arrangement of my hair, then Laura came to help unpack the trunks which stood in the entry. This we did, and they are all put away in the attic, much to my relief. I dislike to see them standing about. It makes me think we are going to start off again.

Dinner, callers, over to Aunt Lottie's to take her out for a drive. She was obliged to hold that heavy Gardiner on one knee all of the time, so that he might have his back to me. If we ever have a boy, I hope he will behave better. If he doesn't *his Father* may whip him.

Uncle Parker and Major Babson were here for tea. The Major is from your County in Maine, which will account for the way he has led my respectable uncles astray. No one can resist the blandishments of a *Lincoln Co. Maine man.* I am free to confess I could not, and I consider myself as unimpressionable as most people.

While standing with Father by the pond, I remarked upon the funny look of the tadpoles, with their great heads and little tails. To my astonishment Father said "Why, don't you know you began in just that way?" I confessed my ignorance, and still feel doubtful, although he gave rather a lengthy discourse on the subject. Do you suppose, Del, human beings, while being formed, ever wriggle around like tadpoles? Alas, for human vanity, if such is the case!

Uncle Reade came on yesterday with a letter for you in regard to Phil. I enclose it. He explains what Father has done, and wants you, I suppose, to second his motion. For Aunt Nina's sake I wish you might be able to get him ordered to the East. It would give her great pleasure to find him here on her return. You will know exactly, however, what you can do, and what you cannot. So I have nothing to urge or say in the matter.

I called on Mrs. Nesmith yesterday. When she saw me and thought of her daughter she could not control herself, and put her head on my shoulder and cried like a child. I felt so sorry for her, Del, and said a little prayer that Mother might not be afflicted in the same way.

Now, goodbye, Love. I have given you a *long* letter, if not an interesting one. Kisses from your *family*. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 13, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: My heart was gladdened this morning by a letter from you. I rejoiced at the knowledge that you were contented, busy and thoroughly satisfied with your household arrangements. Yet, I was malicious enough to half wish (only *half*) you could *enjoy* for *one millionth* part of a second the loneliness I feel in this barren old barn all by myself. I forgive you, however, for being better pleased with your childhood's home than you were with this house when I deserted you a few weeks since to go West to my relatives. I have nothing to do, at least am doing but little but regretting I came on so early, that I did not remain with you till time to reach this city on Monday morning next.

Mr. Boutwell has captured me. Yesterday he came here before dinner and was here when I got back from my dinner, leaving the house at about eleven o'clock at night. Today he will come around before dinner, take me to dine with him, and after dinner we will trot back to the billiard table, to trot around it for how long I dare not say. You need have no fear of my getting into bad company while the Hon. Secretary is here, without his family as he is now, and retains his faculties!

Miss Stevens is disposed to be very chatty. She came into my office and offered to assist in keeping my room in order, etc. but I declined. She asked for the key to the piano for Miss Kidder who she says plays remarkably well. Your Father told them to use the piano, etc. I looked everywhere for the key in vain. They found it, however, and in the evening were entertaining a friend with music. I am glad that they have a piano to amuse themselves, for it must be rather lonesome for them. In fact, Miss Stevens said she was homesick for the first time the day I came. They will not hurt the piano, I presume.

I cannot tell, how long we may remain in session. Some say two weeks, but I fear 'twill be near three. I send much love,

Your husband, ADELBERT

LOWELL, MASS., *Sunday Evening, May* 13, 1871

DEARIE: My intention was to go to church this morning—but it has become a paving-stone I fear. Friday night I took a bath, perhaps it was too warm, perhaps I was not careful about wiping perfectly dry. Saturday a cold east wind was blowing, which made me feel like several old grandmothers, stiffened in every cord and joint. This morning I still felt rather badly, which combined with the cold and high wind blowing prevented my doing my duty like a good Christian. I speak of my ill feeling, as an excuse, Love, not a complaint, so please don't think I am *growling.*

Thinking, Del, if anything should happen to me, I would like to have my letters arranged so that you could take care of them, or burn them, I have spent the day in putting them in order. Throwing all the unimportant things away—retaining those only which have some interest to me. Of course, Love, if it should be necessary for you to take care of them, it will make but little difference whether they are interesting to me or not. But they were scattered about the house where you could not have found them, and there are some which I do not care to have anyone read but you and I. It seems a little thing to do, yet it has occupied steadily the whole day. I have finished at last, and shall put them away in a box on the top shelf in my closet. When you go to Northfield I want you to bring on my letters to you and let me put them with yours. You remember we left them in the bookcase in the little room. The marriage certificate, Father's deed, wedding photographs, notes of congratulation, are all in the same box. All the newspaper notices I have of you and myself, I will paste into a blank book. I have already fixed a good many but have not yet finished. I wish, Dearie, you would save all in regard to yourself, bad as well as good. They will be of interest to "the little cove" as well as to us.

You must not think that I am becoming fearful or hypochondriacal, quite the contrary, I am so happy and well I fear I do not give the chances enough thought. Whatever the result, Darling, I bless you for all the contentment and joy you have given me. The future cannot rob us of the past, and you have made me very, very happy. Your letter came to me last night. I am sorry you find it so dull, yet I am glad. Sorry that my Love is lonely—glad that he misses me.

Don't let old Boutwell impose upon you. In that word "old" I take revenge for all the moments he has robbed me of. If it were not that the exercise is good for you, I would never forgive him.

Yesterday Fanny Talbot, and Maria Nesmith called. While walking down the path by the pond Fanny gave a little squeal, as a brown adder ran out from the grass onto the gravel in front of us. The pugnacious thing, not more than a foot long, stopped, reared its venomous little head, and darted its forked tongue as angrily as if it had been a gigantic cobra, with power to poison the very air. I called the gardener to kill it, and as it was determined to show fight, it did not move, giving the old colored man ample time to come from the cabbage plants he was planting. Miss Talbot and I did not remain to see the execution, not caring to witness a disagreeable sight.

I have been laying my stiff bones to the bath, and cold weather, but on reflection, it is quite possible sitting down on the grass to pick violets may have had more to do with it. For I was much more incapable of moving at night than in the morning.

You should be at home, Del, to take care of your wife and family. Maria N. asked me yesterday if you did not worry about me all of the time. I was forced to tell her "no." Without doubt she will think you a very indifferent kind of person.

Father spoke to me this evening about having Stevens sleep in the house, so that he might be here when I am alone. I told him I could easily get him to sleep here when it was necessary—which would be better than to have him here all of the time. So, Dearie, you need not feel uneasy about me in the least. I shall be guarded against even a scare.

You may be obliged to use your gold-headed cane, in spite of yourself, on the boy. It will be none too good for him.

Now, good night. I slept with your letter under my cheek last night—feeling a little lonely I took it to bed for company. There was really a great deal of consolation and comfort in it. My love to Charlotte. Kisses for you, Adelbert, from

Your wife, BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 15, 1871

MY DEAR BLANCHE: I have done nothing, hardly, since I wrote you yesterday, except to read on the Finance question and sleep. I cannot tell you how much I miss you in the mornings about getting-up time! Were you only here to tell me when to start I should like it much. As it is, I lay and toss till despair almost comes over me and I reluctantly kick myself out of bed—if not literally kick myself out of bed I have the same feeling—that I deserve kicking out of bed.

I am quite provoked at the way matters are going on in the Senate. We have not seriously attacked the work before us. Sumner, who is better informed in such a matter than anyone else, asks delay. In fact, his whole life is in the Senate Chamber, and he would hold us in perpetual session if he could. Aside from him there is, I find, a general distrust as to the treaty. Instead of being the glorious victory the papers have heralded it to be, the question is asked is it not a defeat. Tomorrow the discussion on it will begin in earnest. But as so many are to be satisfied and as the language employed is so vague, the results thereof so important, I fear a longer session than we have been lead to believe there would be. However, two weeks' steady talking is a pretty long talk.

The accompanying note[1] was received about a half hour ago. The Hon. Secretary has now come—is up stairs brushing off the table, preparing for war.

Miss Kidder has just come in and I spoke to her telling her that I had fixed up this room for her. She said, "We will disturb you." "No," I said, "I can write in my committee room or in Gen'l. Butler's office." She thanked me, so the indications are my geniality may lose me the room.

I hear the Sec. clicking the billiard balls.

Goodbye. I love you and think of you more and more, were more and more possible. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *May* 15, 1871

MY DARLING: Conscience has been reproving me all day for not having written yesterday, or at least this morning. The

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[1] I propose to call at 5:45 for the purpose of further debating the issues of Saturday last.

Boutwell

more as Mr. Clancey handed me your letters just after breakfast. You are very kind and thoughtful of me, Love. I think of it and bless you for it a thousand times a day. You may ask is this kindness from a husband to a wife strange, or the exception? I really believe it is. How I wish all were as happy as I. What a delightful old world it would be.

Except that I do not wish to feel irritated, I would give vent to considerable anger, when I think that I have been deprived of your company five days without the slightest cause. It seems to me we were not very bright, Del, or we would have known that old committee would require a week for consultation and arrangement. A set of *old slow coaches*. My only consolation is that you will not be able to spend so long a time away from me in Minnesota. You cannot leave here until the second week in June, and will have to be back by the last of July. Oh, but that is a long time, nearly six weeks! It seems as if you had been away from me a month already, when it is only seven days. The next time it will be six months, at this rate. I am not grumbling, Dearie, I only want you to know that I *do* miss you very much. It makes me feel as if life were being wasted to have you away from me.

I spent the day from eight till four out of doors, only coming in for dinner. In the early morning directed the old man about the flower-beds, took a drive with Maria Nesmith in her phaeton, did a few errands in the town, returning to my flower-beds at twelve o'clock. After dinner, Stevens and I, with Phil and the old wagon, went down to Long Meadow for the pitcher plants I promised Mr. Smith, and sent them off by express this evening. All this made me a little weary, so I took a little rest on the bed for an hour or two before tea.

We have just finished that important meal, and Mr. Farrington is downstairs with Father. He brought four pretty little speckled trout for breakfast on one of his finest china dishes. I will return it tomorrow, with a pitcher of cream. If my love could only have some. The cows have gone into the pasture, and it is delicious. No doubt I ought to try and drink it instead of tea and coffee. It would be much better for me, and that other, which will poke its head up for notice in every plan for the present or future.

Why should you "kick yourself out of bed in the morning," Del? The best thing you can do is to sleep all you can, and grow fat. With your family, you ought to begin to grow aldermanic. I shall want someone to keep me in countenance.

Father does pretty well, but there is too great a difference in our ages to make it satisfactory.

Is it not a pity the Treaty has proved so unsatisfactory? No doubt that old English High Com. feel they have fixed nicely. This to me is the aggravating point. Everyone must feel that we have been a little outwitted. No amount of money can salve the wound given our pride. We are rich enough. It is not possible we are to be satisfied with a few English sops. We might have taken Canada with some degree of good will, although that would not have amounted to much, as we shall have it ere long, anyway. You hear enough of this twaddle, Dearie, without having any from me, so we will change the subject.

You are nearer me than you will be in Minnesota, and as you are obliged to be away, I am quite as well content to have you in Washington except that it interferes with the mill building, which is now becoming a very important matter, or we shall consider it so when we try boarding in W. with a baby and nurse. You will have to pass a bill increasing the salary of the Senators.

Good night. I hardly know what I have written you. It makes very little difference after all, as the main object in writing is to assure you I am well, and loving you always.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 16, 1871

DEAR ONE, BLANCHE: It is now nine o'clock in the evening. I have just dismissed the Secretary for the purpose of writing my letter for today. Upon coming home from dinner I came in through my office, and fearing I might be called for by the Secty. I quietly took my pen, paper, and ink in my hands, wearing my hat that there should be no sign, and stole up stairs to have my chat with you where no one could find me even for the purpose of knocking billiard balls about. But unfortunately for my worthy purpose someone was in the office looking directly in my room. I kept on my way and saw the back of the Sec. Soon, however, I heard tramp, tramp, across the dining room floor as I crawled up stairs. Mr. Whitney called "Mr. Senator." He was followed closely by the foe, and I was soon a prisoner—my love's letter delayed beyond the evening's mail. It was really an affliction. I made up my mind I would not play beyond nine, and badly thrashed him, the disturber of my peace, every time.—My only revenge. Last night, too, we played till nearly midnight. I shall have to concoct some scheme—some method of ingress and egress in and out of the house that I may be *safe*. I like to play in *reason*, but as it is I have no time to myself. So you see, your lover has a grievance—and it is something to have a grievance—as the world goes it seems to be really necessary. How feelingly I discourse on it. Poor me, poor grievance.

At twelve I went to the Senate, there to sit till five o'clock to hear not the treaty discussed, but the course to be pursued by the Senate in ascertaining through what channel the Treaty became public. All this seems so unnecessary and such a waste of time that I got almost disheartened seeing the days slip by and I no nearer my Love apparently than the day I reached here nearly a week ago. Please tell your Father that the Treaty was not discussed today. Great efforts are being made to learn how the proceedings of Executive Sessions become known to the public. I am disposed to be reticent, expecting one of these days that I, with others, may be called upon to give a reckoning of how I have kept my trust.

I agree to your attending to your papers only on the ground that any of us may be called away at any time. There is no need, Precious, of any fears or forebodings. In fact, we won't talk about them, will we? You must not get cold and stiff! So my love, be careful. ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 17, 1871

MY DEAR PRECIOUS WIFE, BLANCHE: I was prevented last evening from writing you at the proper time for the mail by our friends the Lee's. I now begin in the Senate chamber with the intention of sending you by earliest mail whatever I may be fortunate enough to write. For you must know we are now having a very exciting session—not an Executive session with the treaty under discussion, but a battle royal with what is known as the "Fourth Estate," the newspaper press. All day yesterday as I wrote you, we were considering the course to be pursued with the correspondents of the New York Tribune who obtained surreptitiously the treaty and telegraphed it to that paper. Today we have an open session, through fear of the public I suppose. The two correspondents are at the bar of the Senate, i.e. they are sitting on a cane-bottomed chair at the left of the Senate door in front of the Vice President. The newspaper correspondents' gallery is crowded with the gentlemen of the "Fourth Estate" who with the shadow of their pens frighten not a few of our number. At least such is my opinion.

The sorriest, saddest morality I have ever beheld as belonging to an honorable man is displayed by our neighbor in front of me, Mr. Tipton—an Ex-Minister of the Gospel. His logic, pursued to the end, would make us all a set of cutthroats, thieves, and Ku Klux, only bound by our oaths to protect each other's honors against every effort of the law to punish crime! The power of the pen is, alas! mighty. Someone has suggested that those who court the press are candidates for the Presidency of the U.S. The uncharitable thought the suggestion very good.

It is now half past three. Garret Davis has the floor and is interrupted from time to time by Hill of Ga., a man no less prolix.—Davis at moments of interruption fills himself with wind and off he goes at as good a pace as ever. Where, when, how he will stop is really painful to think of. It is all very disheartening to me, as I wish so much to be with you. Good-bye, I am as ever Yours, ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *May* 18, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I have come from our committee room at the Capitol to get the chance to write you in peace and quiet. I had no sooner reached the house after dinner yesterday than Mr. Whitney informed me that "the Gov. is up stairs and wants to see you." Up I went to begin the tournament which ended only at midnight.

Today I send you Blair's speech with his reply to me marked. You will find it on the last four pages. He certainly does not soar very high in his flights, hardly beyond the fumes of the barroom. Withal he has been very complimentary to my capacity and my standing as a man. I certainly could not return his compliments.

At Gray's, where I am now taking my meals, I have met Col. Winthrop, a friend of mine of whom you have heard me speak. Also Gen'l. and Mrs. Chipman. The latter knows you, speaks of having exchanged visits with you—met you and so forth—withal being not a little complimentary.

It is now time to go to the Senate chamber. In a few minutes the contumacious newspaper correspondents will be before the Senate with their answers as to the manner of obtaining the treaty published in the N.Y. Tribune—the event of the time, exciting evidently much more interest and feeling than the treaty itself. I will send this off by the first mail. The correspondents have refused to answer the proper questions put them. This an hour and a half ago; since which time there has been a discussion as to what shall be done with them. Logan has just made an excellent speech for the severest course on the part of the Senate, inveighing against the recognition of that morality which holds as sacred the oaths between rogues, thieves, etc. including even Ku Klux and correspondents when operating in violation of the laws of the land. Of course, I take his side of the case—which is my side of the case. Yet we are being beaten by the votes of the weak-kneed and the candidates for the Presidency.

Our friend Davis of Ky. has the floor. You will pause here, I know, and look at the date of this to see if this is not the last letter I wrote you. It is not, however. You must forgive the similarity of my letters, but you must remember my days are just the same. Senate—dinner—billiards—and more billiards—and more. Conkling has just interrupted Davis by a five-minute sentence—Davis starts off anew after the manner I spoke of yesterday.

I doubt whether the Senate will adjourn over Saturday. Today we adopted a resolution which brings us together at ten o'clock in the morning. Being so anxious to forward our work, it is not probable that they will throw away a whole day. With much love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *May* 20, 1871

We have just finished breakfast, Del, 'tho it is not yet half past seven. Father is off for his Saturday in Boston, and I am left to spend the day as best I can. I have given you up for this week, Dearie. Your letter, received last night, was not encouraging.

Father received your telegram in regard to writing a public letter to you yesterday. I believe he is still undecided as to what he will do. He expects that he may be asked before the Massachusetts Legislature to deliver his views on the fishery question. So you may not have a letter inflicted upon you after all.

Part of yesterday I passed out doors. Took Aunt Lottie and the baby to ride, called on the Nesmith's in the evening. I am getting badly burned and freckled. I very much fear my Love will not approve of my appearance, which would be far worse than not being well. I hardly know what to do. What is the use of being strong and ugly.

On my return home, I concluded—Mr. Clancey and Father being busy—I would amuse myself taking a bath. The water was just right, and I had comfortably ensconsed myself in the nursery closet when I heard Father thundering up stairs, I supposed on his way to the billiard room. But no, he walked directly into the nursery, towards the closet. I said warningly, and complacently, "Father I am in the bath." "Yes, I see you are, but the whole house is being flooded down stairs, and the Devil to pay." Off he rushed down stairs again. Of course, I felt sorry that we should be obliged to pay Mr. Satan, and concluded if such were the case I had better finish my bath, and get so much good out of it anyway.

I was barely out and in my night dress, when Father came up again, and desired me to let off the water. Although I considered it a foolish performance, inasmuch as the leak must be about the tub or in the escape pipes, I did as I was bid. On examination we found the tub had given away in two places. My weight increased the holes, so that all the time I felt I was getting the better of his Satanic Majesty I really made matters worse.

"Much ado about nothing" you will think. But you know, Del, staying at home as quietly as I am now doing, there is very little of incident to write, and I fear you will grow tired of hearing me say I love you.

Very few persons call, it is not the season of year for the ladies, who are all busy with spring sewing and house cleaning. The young men, of course, have ceased to feel an interest. I think I hear you say, "Do you care Blanche?" No, Dearie, I have thoughts and plans of my own in which they have no part. A woman must cease to care much for her husband and *family* when she longs for or misses the attention of other gentlemen.

I read that part of Mr. Blair's speech which refers to you. If he can do no better than that, he is little to be dreaded. He does not touch upon, or refute, one of the points you made against him. A very poor attempt, in my opinion.

When you fail to hear from me regularly, you must not fear I am sick. Whenever I am in the least indisposed I will let you know, if it is only by a line. But there will be no need. I am perfectly well. Farewell, Love. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 21, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: As I want to tell you what I have done since I last sat here chatting with you, I will proceed chronologically.

Yesterday after dinner, for the want of something else to do, I went to the President's grounds to hear the music. There I saw a very pleasant array of fair women and brave men. Of the former was the correspondent of the world—Miss Snead—dressed rather richly I would say.

I walked about nearly all the time while there with Senator Wilson. I got him to talk of Senatorial times when Sumner was beaten over the head by Brooks. All M.C.s went armed then. He wore two pistols and he said so accustomed to such scenes did he become he felt almost inclined to open fire. Not his words, his idea. He explained Sumner's absence the next day. He said "He (Sumner) was detained at his house by a brutal, murderous and cowardly assault." A tableau resulted.

With the exception of a few Army people and a few politicians I saw none of the large crowd I knew.

As I was about finishing dressing for Secretary Fish's reception Mr. Boutwell came in and asked for a game of billiards before we should cross the street to Fish's. I accommodated him and beat him. The party was in honor of the soon-departing High Joint Commissions—the English members leaving on Tuesday. Many asked for you, etc. Among them the Fishes, old and young, long and short—also Mrs. Shurtz with others. Mrs. Chipman's front hair presented the frizzled, snarly appearance that ladies hair sometimes presents now-a-days. She is apparently a very amiable, pleasant lady. The President was there—also Mrs. Grant—but at no time were the rooms crowded. Creams, cake, strawberries and wines were served—the first two being passed about by waiters. I was at home before twelve.

I was telling Senator Morrill of Me. that I was feeling a little chilly yesterday. He said "fevers and chills are very abundant this season, call on Dr. Pope, the homeopathic physician, corner 14th and I streets. He is my physician and state your case." This I agreed to do, and did. He, the Dr. told me I was threatened with the "dumb chills"—there had been more cases of that kind this season than he had ever known before. He gave me some sugar in small doses, to be taken every two hours, and I gave him one dollar. I have been taking them since, and have few, if any, of the symptoms of yesterday and the day before. Faith hasn't done anything towards the cure.

Love, ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *May* 22, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: We were in hopes today that we would adjourn tomorrow so we should be able to leave the city tomorrow evening, but I think we will not till next day after tomorrow, Wednesday. If so, I will be with you Thursday evening. I will telegraph you from Springfield, or Worcester, probably.

You say your friends say you are just the same as before your marriage, and ask if it is not complimentary, to which I say *NO*. You are much *better* now than then. I prefer a thousandfold that you should be as ugly as a hedge fence and well, than pretty and sickly. So go out doors, get tanned, freckled, anything, keeping well and strong, if you care to consult my eyes or wishes.

You must excuse this brief note. I will be with you in a few days—a thought which gives me much pleasure, for I love you,

ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 23, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I received copies of your Father's speech this morning and circulated them among the Senators. Everyone thinks it very able.

My friend, Senator Morrill, came to me and said "There is an answer to Butler's speech, and it is this." Taking the treaty he called my attention to Article XXXIII which says "The foregoing Articles, XVIII to XXV, inclusive, and Article XXX of this Treaty shall take effect as soon as the laws required to carry them into operation shall have been passed, etc. Parliament of Great Britain—of Canada and Prince Edward's Island on the one hand, and by the Congress of the U.S. on the other." Now, Article XVIII and those immediately following are those which embrace the fishing question. So you see, Congress has this subject under its own control, and need not act on these Articles; in the meantime the other parts of the treaty will go into effect.

The fisheries are thus certainly secured. I wrote your Father about it today. But wish you would read him what I have quoted herein that he may know facts. I wonder if he knew it all the time. Mr. Morrill of Maine, my friend, said when speaking of the letter—"Did you see how Butler kept his feet under him all the time—no stumbling there—he knew what he was doing." etc. He said your Father must have noticed this point. I hope so. We do not want him to make any mistakes in criticising a document, whatever else he may do.

We have just adjourned to meet at ten o'clock tomorrow, and it is the decision of almost all of us to force a continuous session till the matter shall be settled. Corbett of Oregon has the floor. He is prosy and pointless. He will perhaps be followed by Sumner again—on what I know not, unless it shall be the fisheries. As soon as the Treaty shall be settled I think we will avoid all side issues and will scatter.

This morning I got up pretty early—say eight—I *intended* to get up even earlier than that to attend to my correspondence preparatory to leaving. With my clerk I went to the garret and brought down all my books I do not need here, to have them folded—i.e.—wrapped in paper—to be sent home to Minnesota. At ten I went to the Committee meeting on Finance. We are, as you know, to work in Committee during the month of Nov. And I am on special sub committees to investigate *iron and tobacco.* 'Spect to know lots about those subjects by and by.

I am going to dinner now. You must know I eat lunch regularly, bread and milk and strawberries.

I eagerly watch the passing hours, knowing they bring me nearer my home and much-loved wife. ADELBERT

Senator Ames was in Lowell from May 25th to June 15th, when he left for Minnesota.

LOWELL, *Friday, June* 16, 1871

DEAR DEL: You have been gone from me two whole days—need I write how much I have missed you? Yesterday everything and everybody seemed in a very unsettled state. Several times I caught myself feeling a little irritable and wishing for the quiet of the days we spent together. That annoyance has all passed now, however. Of course, I want you Dearie, but am happy and content.

Last night Mother and I talked till after eleven. As we were up at half past five, the day was very long, and I have been weary in consequence, so that Mother suggested I should put off my letter to you until tomorrow. I could not do that, lest you should feel troubled at the silence and imagine that something was wrong. Whatever happens, I must not neglect the "head of the family."

It is very pleasant having the boys home again. They seem more and more like the same old fellows. Paul is kind and gentle, while Benny's remarks grow dryer and dryer. Last night the poor boy was swinging backward on the bar down in the grove, when that old post which he pronounced decayed broke and let him down on the top of his head. The bar was fixed at the highest point, and the fall was quite heavy, jamming his teeth together, bumping the top of his head, straining his neck. He came home, said nothing to Mother about it for nearly half an hour, then crept down to the parlor where we were all sitting. Florence said, "Well Benny, how is your head?" "Why, what has happened to him?" asked Mother. "The post broke" said Ben, and while he spoke great tears welled up in his eyes. "Do you feel sick, or does your head ache?" "No, only foggy-like." He could stand it no longer, but put his head on Mother's shoulder and gave two or three great childish sobs. We flew for camphor immediately and Ben was rubbed and petted to his heart's content. This morning he was all right, only a little stiff in the jaw. Father asked him if it would work, when he appeared at breakfast. "I don't know," said Ben, "but I shall give it a try." So you see, Del, you have a great baby for a brother.

We rode over to see Aunt Nina yesterday. She says she had a "good time and is delighted that she went to Europe." So people change their views from day to day and week to week. She brought me the loveliest doll, with real hair (golden) and real eyelashes (black), wax head, arms and feet. Florence is to dress it. I suppose I am to practice with it so as to be in good training. Joking aside, it is really beautiful and about as large as a baby. Wasn't it a funny idea to buy a doll for your wife? Florence informed me that they had intended to get a silver fillagree *rattle* in Geneva, but rain prevented. The rattle was no doubt for you. I write only that you may know I am well, happy, and thinking of you, so you must excuse stupidity and all faults.

Good night. Love to your family, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *June* 18, 1871

You are home by this time Del, and engaged in planning and chatting over "our" mill. I wish I were with you, but that is foolish and useless. All the morning I have spent in putting into the bureau in the nursery the little cove's wardrobe, which I find on inspection to be *very* complete and satisfactory.

You and I are driven to the closet in my room, where I have arranged the drawers for our convenience, giving you half, and as many more as you desire. I do not intend to have you crowded so soon by the little nose breaker.

It has been raining very hard all day, and the pond is fast filling. None of us have been to church, but are passing Sunday in a quiet decorous manner at home.

Bye and bye I shall get Paul to give me the prices of the things bought in Europe. I wish to know what my debts are, and it seems to me better that they should be paid. I noticed by your remark in regard to the little wardrobe you felt a little sensitive on the subject, and I think I should avoid anything which gives you the slightest feeling of that kind. It is best to be perfectly independent. I feel that as well as you, Dearie, so we will be.

People are making very complimentary speeches to Mother in regard to your wife. Mrs. Farrington says she has seen nothing so pretty abroad. You must not allow these remarks to make you conceited, Adelbert. Handsome is, etc.

Tuesday there is to be a small picnic at Tyng's Pond. All the members of our family, with a few outsiders, among them Mrs. Tufts, who came up yesterday to make a call and brought some fresh-baked turnovers and a small peach pie, saying she thought something "not cooked at home might taste pleasantly." People have no idea what good appetites and constitutions there are in our family. We require no pampering.

I will ask the boys to catch a few more fish for the Pond. The two you put in must be lonely.

Did your Mother like the picture? Of course you will say yes, Love. At any rate she will like the feeling which prompted the present. I must confess though I wish it were prettier. Sometime I will paint one more acceptable.

You expect to finish the Mill so as to begin running by the time the new wheat is in, do you not? I am beginning to have a very hurried feeling. You must finish the Mill. Paul must go to college. Ben prepare for the high school. Father run for Governor, and *I*, why, I have my affairs to attend to and I do not mean to neglect them. The work is planned for us all. I wonder if we shall all be successful. I am so selfish I rather hope Father may not be. If he remains in Lowell the prospect for next winter will not be quite so agreeable. All the other projects meet with entire approbation.

I think of you constantly and try to imagine what you are doing and saying. This week I shall picture you at Fort

Atkinson in your grey suit and straw hat, overseeing the workmen. The tableau is very satisfactory. Now I must say good-bye, my Love, BLANCHE

Dousman House, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS. *June* 19, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: You may be surprised at the heading of this page—when you consider that I was in Chicago Friday and but to the Miss. river this Monday evening. I explain. I reached here the first time on Saturday evening, and as I was leaving the car with my two packages John spoke to me. He had been to Fort A. and to the river here on business. He was expecting me.

We left by the night train and went to Calmar, thence to Fort A. by carriage Sunday morning. The day was spent there. Our mill is a very serious undertaking. I will write more of the details by and by.

When I met John Saturday night his head was full of a scheme to exchange the Fort A. property for a small mill one mile from McGregor, giving a bonus of some nine or ten thousand dollars difference. You may be aware of the fact that John, as well as Father have dreaded *our* undertaking at Fort A. Here I will put it on record that my ardor has not been seriously disturbed for any length of time. John had much to say in favor of the exchange—so we returned here this morning with our mill wright to measure and compute. The more I looked into this property, the less I was inclined to "trade." John was eager still. When we began to talk "exchange"—Fort A. for McGregor—the owner of the latter declined to take any real estate in part for his—all had to be hard cash. Such a bargain would have necessitated the abandonment for a number of years of Fort A. Even John declared against it, and the responsibility of deciding against him and Father was avoided. What we have done, and how, I will not undertake to tell you here.

I have today been feeling homesick for you and cudgling my brain for some excuse to return to you. I fear I shall not find it before the time agreed upon. I love you, dear Blanche,

ADELBERT

NORTHFIELD, MINN., *June* 20, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I reached here safe and well early this morning, finding all the folks well. Nellie and her boy were at the depot to meet us, and before we left Father drove up. I got into his buggy and drove up to the house. Mother has not looked so well for a long time as she now is looking. Father has completed his barn, which I honestly believe is better, so far as relates to the strength, material, workmanship, etc. than any house in town, his own excepted. It is surmounted by a cupola like the tower on yours, with a horse for a vane. The whole structure being complete in all of its parts. Business with our mill is and has been good. The crop will probably be an average one. Thus the prospect for next year seems a good one.

I have changed my mind about the Fort A. mill. I shall build it of wood, not stone. In digging for the wheel pits, after getting down about two feet they got through the layer of rock to a clay which extended down some four or five feet at least. The structure seems to be like that. Successive plains of rock separated by thick layers of clay. I was advised by my chief workmen that they doubted the capacity of the rock to sustain the heavy stone structure I proposed to erect. And inasmuch as the mill must be firm and solid, and as the water will constantly assault its foundation, I shall act as advised. It will reduce somewhat the expense of the undertaking. The excavation for the mill foundation and the labor in the dam will be more than anticipated. The earth taken from the foundation was thrown outside, on the river side of the mill where the willows were growing. By this an island as it were will be formed next the mill—the river itself passing over the dam further out in the stream. The mill will be surrounded entirely by land—the mill end of the dam being built up so the water will never flow over there. It was an economical arrangement, and liked by me.

My presence was not necessary previous to my actual arrival. I could not well have delayed longer, however. The excavations will be completed this week, when we will begin the masonry work and then shove on as fast as possible. I shall return there tomorrow night, taking Father with me. I find I must begin to attend to my own business. I shall do so with no little satisfaction, as I see it will be of advantage to me. I shall stay, while there, with Uncle Hez who occupies one of the *new houses* of the town, a house with at least one advantage—it is without those charming pets known as bedbugs, of which we knew so much when sojourning in that part of the world.

Father has just come with the morning's paper wherein I see Mr. Alcorn has removed some of my political friends in Mississippi—good Republicans but unfortunately not believers in his

Caesarism. You must give my love to all your family. Love to you and our family, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 23, 1871

DEAR ADELBERT: We are all well here. Everything moves on in the same ruts day after day. The household seems happy, peace and goodwill reign triumphant.

You, my Love, must have had rather an annoying time about the exchange of mill property. I do not know of anything more harrassing than to be advised to change one's plans and projects, especially when the advice is a little in opposition to one's own judgment. The unsettled, uncertain feeling it produces is very unpleasant. You are so equable, Dearie, it may not have troubled you. Of course, with my knowledge of the matter, I have no opinion to give. But my first thought when I read John's proposition was "Oh I hope Del won't listen to it!" So much for impulse. I felt quite relieved when I found you did not favor it, and the owner's terms would not admit of it. I always did dislike "trades" and am opposed to abandoning any undertaking unless it seems entirely impracticable. It causes one to appear unstable, and recalls the fable or story which I read you in Hans Andersen "The Old Man is Always Right." You know, Love, I am only theorizing, for I know none of the pros and cons of this affair, which may be an exception to all rules.

Does the undertaking at Fort Atkinson frighten you? No doubt it is serious, but if well done the more satisfactory on that very account. I do not believe it is ponderous enough to overcome your strength and resources. Remember John spoke of that property last summer as of great value, and hated to let it pass out of hands. It is as good now, as then, and we have thought of it so much we have grown attached to it. At least *I* have. It is much better that you did not take John in with you, is it not? If he were part owner in the Mill privilege, you could not feel so free to act in accordance with your own wishes.

Last evening I was in the library with Mrs. Butler, engaged in embroidering a little flannel skirt—when I heard footsteps, and looking out of the window saw three dark shadows pass. I thought they might prove to be callers, so *hid* my work. In a few moments, Mr. Kimball, Greenhalge, and Owen were shown in. They made quite a long call, and were amusing as their principle object seemed to be to make good-natured fun of each other. I felt just a little queer seeing these people again, especially when Mr. Kimball said *eleven* months ago today, we were photographed. Happy months they have been to me, Dearie, and I thank you for them, trusting that all others will prove as delightful.

Love to your Mother, Father, and John. You, my Love, must not grow downhearted and gloomy. *Grasp* the horns of any dilemma and you will conquer it. Dearest love,

BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, MINN., *June* 22, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just been looking for your letters, which I found at the bottom of my trunk which was in the closet off of our room. I will mail them to you forthwith.

Yesterday I did nothing but loaf about the mill—talking—speculating with Father about his farm, examining for the tenth time the gooseberry bushes, the strawberry vines, the trees, the grape vines, etc.

Yesterday we had some rain. The river here is low—so low that we cannot run as we would. I was glad of the rain—but when I saw that the heavy clouds were swinging down to the South I fell to hoping it would not rain so much there as to interfere with the dam at Fort A. A divided interest you see—"were either dear charmer away"—How we pray for ourselves and our interests, utterly regardless of other people and theirs. Of course—why not? But a reason, at least why our motives should be known and weighed. Somebody else's might weigh them down.

Fannie yesterday brought me a pretty bouquet. I think she will make not only a fine-looking woman, but a very superior one, should she have fair opportunities.

I will send you a letter from Judge Tarbell, he who wrote that peculiar letter wherein he said he would not take sides in Alcorn's controversy with me. It will amuse you, I know. Alas! How weak we poor humans are. I see by the papers that Alcorn has removed the Mayor of Vicksburg and taken the state printing from my friends—replacing them by my opponents and by men—one at least of three who is a stranger to the principles of our party. My regret is that my friends are losing place. The acts show Alcorn in his true colors. But it is all one to me—except for the poor colored people he is so maliciously misleading.

I shall go to Fort A. tonight to remain till Saturday night when I shall return here to pass the Sunday. I am well and with a good appetite. The hours we keep are real—well—real heathenish. Why, we eat breakfast at about six o'clock a.m.! As a result I went to bed last night at about nine o'clock p.m. Awful isn't it? The early worm will be snapped up by some bird.

I am glad your Mother is with you to care for you and watch for you. Loving you as ever, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 25, 1871

Mother and the boys have gone to church, Del. Mrs. Butler was too lazy, and I too *stout*, to do duty in that direction. The day is beautiful and your family is perfectly well and happy.

I have not had a letter from you for two days. But I know how much you are moving about, and that your time must be very fully occupied. I am curious to know how the work is progressing at Fort Atkinson, whether you are a little disheartened or still sanguine. There is generally an ebb and flood tide in the affairs of men. It may be yours are ebbing now. How spendidly the mill will grind, when the turn comes. Try and think of me, Dearie, in all your plans. I cannot bear the thought of your growing away from me. The baby has separated us a good deal this summer. It must not separate our thoughts and plans.

Did you know, Del, that there was an article in the paper—I say "the paper" for I do not know which particular one—to the effect that Mrs. Senator Ames had gone to Lowell to prepare a wardrobe for a new arrival? Mother told me yesterday someone had told her so.

There is nothing new to tell you. Florence comes over quite frequently, seemingly in pretty good spirits. Aunt Nina I have seen but twice. She contents herself with home. Mother will ride over from church to Dracut, and bring Aunt Lottie and the children back to dinner. Aunt Lottie was at the picnic, but two of her old beaux were there, and I doubt if it was quite pleasant for her to meet them, tied as she was to the apron strings of the children, looking so thin and pale. I know from the expression of her face she was not happy.

I have been sewing a good deal lately, that is embroidering. I have avoided reading much, thinking that I should have ample opportunity for that by and by, when I could not do anything else, and I had better be fresh for it. You can imagine my surprise and indignation, when Mother informed me last night that I would not be allowed to read a word. My last consolation is taken from me. I shall begin soon to consider myself a martyr. What *trials* we have, do we not?

You with the mill, I with frustrated plans. Are you turning grey, Del? Nobody could keep good looks and spirits long under such very trying circumstances.

Have you told John how good I have been to you, "nagging" you but little? I miss your kind words and praise, Love, so am fishing for them in this roundabout fashion. As I ask questions I imagine I hear the answers. Love to all our relatives. I think of you constantly, and look forward to your return. *Your loving wife*, BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *June* 25, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: Your sweet letter of the 20th inst. came last evening. That of the 19th yesterday forenoon. I was very glad to get them. I was inclined to be anxious, heeding more the possibilities than the probabilities.

After mailing your letter in Chicago, I met in the hotel Genl. Gilmore of Washington. He told me that the Washington papers noticed my departure from that city before the Senate adjourned and gave as a reason the same we, you and I, know to be why your Mother returned from Europe. The Saint Paul papers and others have had the same fact in various forms. Since your curiosity has been excited I give you the facts.

You are right, as you always are—at least, you always are to my eyes and judgement—in supposing I would not find things wholly satisfactory at Ft. A. All was well except that John had not ordered in time the lumber for the dam and the flume, which passes under the mill. I shall leave for Minneapolis tomorrow morning at seven o'clock to order lumber for those purposes and ship it, by rail of course, as soon as possible. The freshet has caused delay, though the day it came on the workmen were ready for the lumber, yet not one stick had been ordered. When I begin, as I shall tomorrow, I shall work like a Trojan. I find my thoughts are, as they ought to be, much preoccupied by the work before me.

I wrote you of a partial check to my ardor by John's scheme to buy or exchange for the McGregor mill. Yesterday he started something new. Someone told him that one could buy mills cheaper than they could build. Millers, failing to make as good flour as their neighbors, become disheartened and are eager to sell. A mill near Winona was spoken of. I think the suggestion a good one—that is, that there is truth in it. When John told me, I through him telegraphed his friend the miller at Hastings for the facts. This was yesterday. No answer has come this Sunday. The answer will come tomorrow. Should the report by John be true I think it would be wise to buy. It probably isn't. Thus you see I am distracted first by one thing and then another, with my legitimate work a week behind hand. But—buts are good things—but should John's report be true and I *buy* it, it will prove a great saving and his neglect an advantage instead of a damage. *But* again, it may *not* be true.

I wish you were with me or I with you. I am expending money freely for my material and as I never have before spent, for any cause, such sums—any sums in fact—I feel the responsibility very much. Then, Father and John are saying "You are making a mistake" etc. I do not get much sympathy. Then again, the business here is not done as I would do it. Of course I shall not fret—am just a little annoyed. It will be but temporary. All this kind of business is quite new to me. It is said eels don't mind skinning when they get used to it. I have as much philosophy as any eel. Trust me for early tranquility and serenity. I shall be as chipper as a lamb after this, my growl. All this will do me good.

I rejoice in my happy lot—a precious, loving, noble, loved wife who is all the world to me. I rejoice in health, health for all those dear to me, and perfect health for myself. I rejoice that in about a month I will be with you again.

I did not get here till two days after your picture's arrival. Then I paraded it and the folks before it, to listen to words of praise perfectly satisfactory to me—and you know I demand more for your works than you do yourself. Mother has it standing on the table in the parlor. I hope you will not go fishing often at the pond, for I fear the water. You must keep yourself carefully from all kinds of danger because—I cannot bear to have ought come to you—my constant thought. I love you,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 28, 1871

DEL: I have just come in from riding—to find your letter, written after your trip with your Father to Fort Atkinson. How fortunate that John had neglected the lumber. If it had not happened, who knows, but the dam might have been just half completed, in such a condition that you would have lost your lumber and work. I expect everything will go on swimmingly, now that my Love has taken it in hand. We must attend to our own affairs if we wish them exactly satisfactory. I am glad to see you in such good spirits. You say you have only had one letter from me. More are on the way, which will tell you I am perfectly well and happy. I do not think you will be obliged to come on until the time arranged. That is the first week in August. I shall be careful—and no accident happening—all will be well.

Alcorn seems to be doing his speedy utmost. Let him—however well or poorly he succeeds, it is nearly the same to us. We will not allow him to prove a bugbear.

I have ceased to give any attention to household affairs. The family is so much larger, things cannot go on as quietly as they did. Grace and the girls continue to do well. Love to all. A kiss for you, my Darling, BLANCHE

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *June* 30, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here this morning, to see a mountain of work before us at the mill. I am, however, eager in my task. I am much more contented to be here and feel that I am doing something. I shall work my men the Fourth of July if they will work—and extra hours also. I shall do as I have always done—urge forward to the greatest speed consistent with safety. The more I consider *our* mill privilege the better I like it. The mills near me are very poor. The flour is so inferior that my Uncle's family can't use it. They gave some of the Northfield which they are using to a neighbor, who thought it the most remarkable of flour. None of our neighboring mills send to the Eastern markets, I believe. The mill above us—the one known as the Spillville Mill—had its dam washed out the other day of the freshet. I knew one below it was treated in the same way, both being very inferior works. They, one and all, are rivals I have no fear of. Wheat is some eight or ten cents lower here than at Northfield. So you see, if we get once well established we shall be rich before we know it.

I rode over to find everything looking well—the water down, lumber coming, the load, one, from Minneapolis—and by Monday I expect to be in full blast.

Uncle Hez has come on his way to the mill. It is three o'clock. The mail goes from the depot at four. Business again abbreviates my letters. With a world of love—a wish for a glorious Fourth— ADELBERT

July 2, 1871

DEAREST: Your letter dated June 28th has just reached me. You are not yet in good spirits, my Love—which is a pity—

inasmuch as it frets you and causes your work to seem harder than it really is. You say you are just beginning to begin to get ready. That is a great deal.—A thing well begun and prepared for is half accomplished. Women find it so in dressmaking, and there is every reason to believe the same rule holds good for mill building. You will not have to come home to me, Del, for five weeks—that is the 10th or 11th of August. In that time much can be done. Surely enough to prepare and get in readiness all material so there may be no more delays like the present.

After they have begun fairly to build, excuse me, Dearie, if I say I do not think you will be of much use or importance except in the way of paying bills. Your busy time must be now, and when the mill is almost, if not quite, completed. I feel confident you can give me three weeks in August without damaging *our* interests in the least.

I am very hopeful on the subject, and well pleased that all your "trades" have fallen through. I always did prefer a brand new dress to an old one fixed over. It wears, and looks better. It may cost more, but so it should, for one can get more out of it. My illustrations may seem very feminine—that is no matter, if they are to the point. My only regret and trouble, Del, is that I am not with you. I cannot bear to think of you as low-spirited and despondent. I am confident I could cheer you up. *Don't let's fret.* By this time you may be all right, so I will not lecture you longer. You will begin to think I have been to church taking lessons from Dr. Edson. Such is not the case, though, Mr. Impertinence. Your family is not presentable. Another reason for gloominess. But we shall mend, and so will other things with a little time and patience.

Of course your Father will come and see us—a pretty way it would be for him not to. I cannot write to urge it because he has already left you. Perhaps your Mother would have come East with him if you had not been there. It is a pity if she has changed any plans on that account—for you will be at Fort Atkinson so much I fear she will be lonely, especially as Clara is away. Give her my love.

Mother and the boys are at church. The boys are still *boys.* They come around every night to kiss Mother and myself before going to bed. Sometimes they are too late, then they call out "Good night, Mother—good night, Blanchie." There is considerable yelling and noise about the house, but that is to be expected. Paul told Ben yesterday when he was not behaving well at the table, that when his big brother came home he would see the difference, and mind his p's and q's. Ben retorted something about hitting his *big brother* over the sconce if he attempted any interference. So you see what you are to expect, Del. Prepare yourself accordingly. Oh, Ben also decided you would not show fight, but take to your heels, and ask me to lock the chamber door. Perhaps you will have to give him a taste of your prowess—in order to fill his mind with sufficient respect.

Getting married has brought lots of trouble upon you, has it not? Do you wish to change the order of things? You ought not—Dearie—for I love you, and that is something. Better perhaps than being alone. At any rate, it is now too late for regrets—for I am with kisses,

Your Wife, Blanche

Hico, Benton County, Arkansas, *May* 29, 1871

Hon. Adelbert Ames,
Washington City, D.C.

Sir: I have perused, with profound interest, your speech on Enforcement of Fourteenth Amendment, delivered in the Senate on the 11th April, 1871. And I improve this opportunity to thank you, with a heart full of gratitude, for your defense of those, who, like myself, are often denounced as Carpet-baggers.

I often hear grave charges against *all* who come from the North, and a residence of upwards of five years among Southern people, proves to my mind, that Frank Blair is the leader of a large majority now at the South.

Your excellent reply to his remarks will ever claim the admiration of intelligence and truth.

Carl Schurz has acted an ignoble part, and his example has done much to embarrass Union feeling in Missouri. I often think that, ere long, the Rebellion will be repeated, and then woe to Northern families at the South!

We have adopted your name as one to honor a little one recently born unto us, and pray God that should his life be spared, he may grow to love his Country and be just towards men.

That you may long live to defend the right, and finally, to bequeath to mankind a name and fame as lasting as the Peaks of the Ozarks and as pure as their crystal Springs, is the earnest wish of every Patriot.

Respectfully, Nathan Hughes, M.D.

Ft. Atkinson, Iowa, *July* 5, 1871

Dr. Nathan Hughes, M.D.
Hico, Benton County, Arkansas

Dear Sir: Your letter 29th May reached me here. I am sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me and am highly gratified to know that you, a stranger to me, view my efforts in so favorable a light.

I am not professionally a speech maker, the one you refer to being the second I ever made. I was educated at the U.S.M.A. at West Point, N.Y., graduating in May '61. With a feeling of loyalty and the intention of protecting Union men from the assaults of unrepentant rebels I found myself in '69 in command of the Dept. which comprised the state of Mississippi.

I labored to protect the inoffensive colored men and those who for four years had fought at my side. In the U.S. Senate I have labored to the same end. Entirely ignorant of politics, laboring simply to further the ends of justice, I soon found half the press of the country abusing me. As a soldier, sensitive to all words which reflected on my honor, I saw myself painted by a partisan press in the oiliest colors. Supported by the consciousness that I was laboring in the cause of truth and the right, I was in no manner annoyed by the false and senseless howls of my enemies.

As I did when commanding in Mississippi, as I talked in the U.S. Senate, so shall I continue to act and talk in the future. I enclose a speech made in March last on the condition of the South.

Again thanking you and yours for the honor you have conferred on me, and wishing unlimited good fortune to your house, I am, *Very truly yours,* Adelbert Ames

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Lowell, *July* 4, 1871

Your letter, Dearie, from Minneapolis shows me that you are very busy and happier than you have been. This, of course, delights me, and I feel confident the clouds have entirely lifted by this time, leaving my Love in the full blaze of sunshine.

Mother, Father, and the boys have gone to Squam to pass the "Fourth of July." Mother was a little doubtful about leaving me. You know she is very cautious. I persuaded her, however, that there was no cause for anxiety, and as Father was very urgent she decided to go.

Mother told me a few days ago that she doubted very much if you returned in season. She would not be surprised at anything happening at any time. I told her you were to return by the first week in August. "Well," she said, "he may be here, but it is as likely to take place before that. After all, it will make no great difference. You know he is anxious to come, that is sufficient." "Yes," I said, "if all is well. If not, perhaps it would be some satisfaction to him to have been present." But, Del, I believe Mother to be wrong. To be sure I know very little on the subject. But as the matter is entirely uncertain, the best and only way is to follow out the plan as we arranged it and "trust to luck."

This, I think, is to be a very quiet day. There is nothing particular to be done in Lowell and the weather seems stormy. Mr. Parker is to have punch and fire-works in the evening. The rest of the household will go over. I doubt if I do. Riding is not pleasant to me and there may be strangers present. I am best at home these days.

Thomas is waiting to take this to the office. I hope he will bring me a letter in return, from one who is loved, missed, and thought of constantly by his Wife, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *July 5*, 1871

DEARIE: Your Father has just been here and gone again, in a great hurry, as he always is. He came up from Boston in the eight o'clock train, and insisted upon going down at quarter past twelve, giving as a reason for such haste his desire to get to Maine, this week, and no steamer would sail after this evening till next Monday or Tuesday. I urged that he had not seen Father and the boys, who would be home at one o'clock. Well, he would stop on his return and have more time to look around and see the mills. He is looking very well, and has had a cool pleasant trip so far. He regrets that you are to leave Iowa so soon, for he thinks you are needed there to look after matters. So do I, Love, and perhaps you had better give up all idea of coming. At the best it is a very uncertain matter if you are here in time. I know, Del, it is your wish to be here, and that will make me contented. Think it over, Dearie. I will be happy however you decide.

Two letters came yesterday. You are in better spirits I see, and things look more satisfactory. Your Father speaks of business in Northfield in a much more sanguine manner than he did last Fall. He is glad, I am sure, that you are building, although he wishes to be in a position to say "I told you so" if anything goes wrong. Speaking of the old mill at Northfield, he said it had cost more to put it in order than to have built a *new one*. So, Del, you are on the right track. He seemed perfectly astonished to see me looking so well, spoke of it several times, altogether seemed to be lost in wonder at such a robust daughter-in-law. Therefore, you have no cause for anxiety. Now, I will say goodbye till tomorrow. Love for you, Dearest, from BLANCHE

LOWELL, *July* 6, 1871

DEL: I am glad you are well and in better spirits. No doubt the life in the open air will be beneficial to you. The tan will be becoming to you,—there you have a great advantage over your wife.

Your Father seemed to think that it would have been better if I could have gone west with you, that you would be better contented if I were tramping about with you from place to place. I hope and believe this is true, for I want you to miss me all of the time. Not enough to interfere with your plans, but to keep you from forgetting me. I don't think there is much danger of your doing the last, however, at present.

Last night after going to bed I thought over my suggestion in regard to your not coming on, and I am ashamed to say, Love, I repented me, that I had made it. The summer would seem so very long without one glimpse of you. The days are very monotonous as it is, with your visit in the distance to cheer me. What would they be without it.

Not that I am in the least unhappy, but I have not enough to do. That is a trouble easily remedied, you may think. Not so easily as you might at first suppose. I feel a great desire to be active, to move about—so lay aside my embroidery and undertake something. A few moments is enough to tire me of it so that I am glad to sit down again, with little or nothing accomplished, and my mind still eager for active employment. I suppose the truth is mind and body do not work well together. One is springy and light as ever—the other weighty and cumbersome. Whatever the trouble may be—six weeks of this kind of life does not look so very inviting, and each day I find myself wishing more and more earnestly that the time may be shortened.

There, Del, I have *grumbled* to you, to my heart's content and feel better already. You must not suppose though that I do not understand perfectly *how well I am off*. (A very badly constructed sentence.) I do, and know that it is owing to perfect health, this desire to do more than I am capable of. So instead of growling I ought to congratulate myself, but I must have the pleasure of complaining to you. From all this you can easily see I am not a good adviser. One moment I write come, the next I feel sorry. So you must even judge and please yourself without aid or suggestion from me.

I enclose a little slip cut from the New York Standard. How do you like the society and climate at Newport? Is it not strange they should print so much falsehood? Any personal items, true or false, seem very acceptable.

I have just been in Mother's room hearing Ben's geography lesson. I shall become quite a school mistress in time. Goodbye for today, Dearie, from *Your loving Wife*

LOWELL, *July* 7, 1871

DEAREST: I have just returned from driving. Mother seemed to think a little change of scene would be good, just to break up the sameness of the days, even if the riding was not over agreeable. So we drove to Mrs. Pearson's, whom we found preparing to move up to the old farm. Then to Aunt Nina's. She is looking rather thin and haggard. There has been a good deal for her to attend to since her return. She brought down the wax doll for me to look at. It is arrayed as far as underclothes are concerned, and is certainly very pretty. If our American doll is not prettier—why I will present you with Aunt Nina's London production. Will it content you?

In a month from now you will be starting for Lowell. Only four weeks for you to arrange matters so that you can leave them for a little to take care of themselves. What a trouble it is to have a wife to visit. I am sorry for you, Dearie, but it is your own fault. The only consolation you can get out of it all is that there is someone to love you more than you can ever know.

I don't like to hear of your walking on the railroad track. To be sure you are not deaf or blind, and if there were any trains running would be likely to take the cars instead of walking. Yet in spite of all this, I don't like rail-tracks. Isn't that womanish?

I am glad you carry some defensive weapons about with you, if you intend to spend much time in those horrid, shall I call them hotels? They are pretty rough *looking* people in Calmar, although they may be as gentle as lambs for all that. Thinking of you always, BLANCHE

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *July* 8, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: Frank Wyman has been telling me news. He said he and the "boss" mason were walking up by the old fort last night where they met a man who, taking them for strangers, as they are, undertook to tell them about our mill and its owners. They pumped him. He said I had more money than the man who is building below us a mile or so.—That I had one hundred thousand dollars before I was married—that Gen'l. Butler gave you another hundred thousand *and so forth!* If money, or what is about the same thing, reputed wealth, goes for anything we stand remarkably well with some of our neighbors. One hundred thousand here is equivalent to one million in the East. Therefore we must be rich— Being so, why should we build a mill?

Have I told you of the hours I keep here? I have breakfast at six and immediately after trudge up to the mill where I remain till twelve M. Of course I have a general supervision of everything, being careful not to annoy my head workmen, gaining information by few questions or learning the reasons why by a suggestion or two. At twelve we go to town for dinner—about half the gang bring their dinners. We return at once to remain till six, doing the last five hours just what I did the first five, except my letter to you is written usually in the forenoon, that there shall be no mistake about its getting into the four o'clock mail.

I shall go to Northfield tonight. With a world of love for my darling Blanche, *Your husband,* ADELBERT

LOWELL, *July* 9, 1871

It is Sunday morning, Dearie. Your wife is in the nursery, prepared for a little chat with you. Her thoughts are a little distracted by a large black spider, which is running over the floor. The question is whether it ought to be killed—decided in the negative. So you can imagine her disgust and trepidation as carefully lifting the horrid thing she skillfully jerks it out of the window. It is to be hoped your family will profit by this example and will grow up gentle and considerate, not inclined to hardness or unnecessary cruelty.

I had two letters from you last night, Del. What a grand mill you are going to have. *Five* run of stone— Why, there are but six, if I remember rightly, in the big mill at Northfield. Then it is to be of brick. Rather stylish, isn't it?

I do not care how brown you are—Love. It would not be well for you to return priding yourself on good looks. You will find a wife who is not so pretty as she wishes she were, and it is well that things are to be equalized a little. I have a suspicion too that tan is becoming to you. Still there is not much opportunity for you to grow vain, when your looking glass is a tin pail, an article not given to flattery in the first place, and sure to grow rusty with time.

On some accounts I am glad you are not here, at present. I am carrying on quite a business in the apothecary line. Olive oil and camphor—olive and cologne, black tea and rum—are in constant use. I don't suppose they are of much use, but I must do what I am told. These would not be agreeable to you. I am sure they are not to me, and I am glad you are spared the infliction. Do you ever go swimming in the Big Turkey? Perhaps the water is too cold. I let the water into our bathtub every night, just to step in and out again only for a dip. The weather is quite warm, and I do not think it harmful when I do not linger. It requires considerable strength of mind—to come out just at the right moment. The water is very enticing.

Del, it is not well for you to fast so long, and I forbid it, when it is possible to avoid it. Had I been with you, you would have found means of getting some kind of a lunch, no matter how simple, and you ought to take equally good care of yourself. You must have passed many a farm house where you could have had a bowl of bread and milk. I suppose the people who were with you prevented that. Where one might be accommodated, several could not. Still, Dearie, it is not well to be careless.

The days pass slowly—still they are slipping away. Soon I shall have you back again. I regret the long journey for you this warm weather, and try to console myself with the thought that the change of air may prove beneficial. Longing to have time fly faster—thinking of you always BLANCHE

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *July* 11, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: That I might have a good night's rest and escape the bed bugs of Calmar, I went to McGregor and returned to take the train here. It rained a little at McG. Upon arriving here I found the rain had been so heavy as to prevent the work going on. The afternoon was fair and we all buckled down to our work. Things did not go very well yesterday.

The first grating of the machinery was on Sunday. John informed me he had paid a lumber bill amounting to about $1500.00, which bill on examination proved to be only a letter telling us what a firm was prepared to do, stating prices. Yesterday morning John was to telegraph our firm in Chicago not to pay the draft. I presume no harm will result. I need not tell you that both John and Uncle Hez were sorely annoyed; —the latter for endorsing the paper as being right and John for paying such a bill on a mere letter of proposal.

Secondly—the lumber for the dam did not arrive.—Thirdly my master dam builder whispers to me that my flume is too narrow (10 ft.) to admit the water so that the head shall not be injured. My master millwright says I need not be concerned on that score but that it is all right. I laugh, on principles, at it all. One thing is certain—good will result from the mistake about the bill—as will from our freshet. Everything seems to be working for good. I love you, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *July* 13, 1871

We are stirring quite early this morning, Del, for this family. Father went to Boston on the first train, which accounts for it. We have fallen into bad habits since Mother's return, seldom finishing breakfast before half past nine. What a contrast to your time. Six o'clock is *real* early. You should be ready to go to sleep by nine in the evening.

If I had been with you this summer, do you think you could have prevailed upon me to rise at half past five? I have no doubt you do. What faith you must have in your wife's good nature. Indeed, Love, I should like nothing better than to be with you, gnats and other bloodthirsty insects to the contrary.

I am sorry to hear you have the reputation of being so wealthy. Everyone now will do his best to make something out of every transaction, thinking, "Oh, he has got enough, I ought to have a little of it."

I hardly know what to write you, Dearie. One day is very like another. If I were only a little less robust, and could feign sickness, it might be something. That is, I could keep giving you most mournful and heartrending accounts of the distressing and dangerous symptoms. This consolation is denied me. I am most unromantically well, and no doubt shall continue to be. So there will be no opportunity for me to work upon your sympathies and harrow your feelings. Are you not sorry?

We are waiting for Tom to return from the depot and harness the horses. The day is very warm, and I do not care to ride, but the fresh air and exercise no doubt will be good for the family. Behold me a martyr. Almost as much a one as you, Del, with your blistered hand and split glove. Our troubles and trials are grievous and hard to bear. How we have to suffer!

Col. Kinsman ordered in Boston a cane rocking chair with a high back, no arms, and the seat broad like a gentleman's arm chair. The manufacturer was quite slow in making it, so Mother told the Col. to buy one of the ready-made patterns and send it up, and then could send the other when finished. They have come. Father sat down in the large one, to see if it was comfortable, did not say anything when he got up—but I observe it has been carried into the hall and placed before his table. The other is quite easy for *one* person, but when the house becomes so crowded that it is needful for two people to occupy one chair, Father may find his nose out of joint. One of the same style would please your Mother very much, I think. Give her my love. For you, Dearie, love from

Your Wife

LOWELL, *July* 14, 1871

How glad I shall be to see you, Del. I shall now begin to count the hours and minutes till you arrive. I consider that I have sacrificed a great deal for that old mill and the family. I trust they will pay in proportion.

I rode with Mother over to Aunt Lottie's yesterday, and have quite made up my mind that I do not wish to see her and her youngest again for a month or more. It is dreadfully discouraging. Why I would rather be a toad under a harrow, than lead her life. Of course, I preach and say "I will not do so, I will manage better than that." But as time passes and I see the venom of that little imp I begin to have doubts, and dread that which seems to await me in the future. I told Mother last night I should not go over there any more. It put me in bad spirits, and gave me a most gloomy prospect of the next few years. I shall have, however—let the worst happen as regards peevishness and tyranny—a dear, good, kind Love to aid in bringing order and subjugation. So I will hope the best, and keep away from my Aunt's at present.

The boys go into Mother's dressing room every night to be rubbed. Mother thinks it strengthening to Paul's back[1] and shoulders. Ben will not have Paul rubbed with rum unless he is. So the process has to be gone through in both cases—although there is no need of it in Ben's case. I am called upon to cut sails for boats, make pennants for marking running courses, to hear lessons and listen to numberless plans for improvement and frolic. I can hardly realize now that the scamps have ever been away. They are waiting to take your letter to the office. So I will say Goodbye, my Love, BLANCHE

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[1] When a small boy, Paul, playing in the barn loft, slipped and fell down a grain chute. His back was so seriously injured that his body remained small as compared to his massive head and shoulders.

LOWELL, *July* 15, 1871

DEAR DEL: We are all up quite early this morning. Father has gone to Boston. He has not been feeling well lately, and is a little troubled about himself. I think it is all owing to his leaving off smoking. He still misses the narcotic. It will, no doubt, be some weeks more before his system recovers its natural tone.

Filling the pond with water has proved a failure, so far. I have not seen the fish since you went away, and conclude they are dead. Yesterday or the day before, the boys discovered that the escape pipe which lets off the water from the bottom was partly open, and clogged a little with sticks and straws, so that the water has been running out almost as fast as we could run it in. Moral— It is always best to investigate things instead of taking matters for granted. Because there was two feet of water in it after some of the long rains, I concluded the pipe must be closed, and did not examine it. What a goose you have for a wife, Del. Don't you feel ashamed of her? Next week I shall busy myself arranging a mosquito net over the bed in my room. The flies bite dreadfully these warm mornings, and it is best our family should not be disturbed by small torments. Goodbye, You are thought of a thousand times a day, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *July* 25, 1871

MY DEARIE: Three letters from you last night. One written on our Anniversary, a gentle, loving letter—the others show that there is a little hitch in your work which frets you because you are limited for time. Perhaps you have had rain by this time. There is a storm brewing here, which everyone but Uncle Parker will hail with delight. He, poor man, intends giving a garden party tomorrow for Katie, and rain will sadly interfere with dancing, supper and lanterns out of doors. If the drought continues in Iowa, it might be well for you at Fort Atkinson and your Mother in Northfield to give an entertainment in the open air. It never fails to bring rain here, and it is to be hoped the Fates are as propitious in the West.

The delay is, of course, exasperating to you. Still you cannot tell what good may yet come of it. So far things have worked well, why should you doubt the continuance of good luck?

You know that I was expecting you here last Friday[1] by every train, and my disappointment took away a little from the pleasant thoughts I ought to have had on such a day. Everyone remembered it and spoke of it to me. Maria N. was coming up to kiss me. John Kimball wondered we did not celebrate. Aunt Nina compared the state of the weather with that of last year, very much in favor of a year ago. So each had something to say. I, for my part, pray that the coming year will bring as much happiness and loving gentle kindness as we have had in that just passed.

I say "we" Del, for you must have been happy, if it were only from the reflection of the content you had given me. One week from tomorrow you will be here, and I shall have the anniversary kiss already for you.

Mother is quite anxious for you to come. She says her mind and time will be considerably occupied by the boys and their preparations for school, and it would, or will relieve her somewhat to know that there is someone "thoughtful, watchful and prompt" to be with me. The truth is, she wants someone to share responsibility and keep her in countenance. Not that there will be any need of it, but Father is away so much she can put no reliance upon him in case of an emergency, and Mother is one of those who always hope for the best, but make preparations for the worst. So your company will be a blessing to your wife, Mother and the boys. They want your aid in fixing the pond.

The days are passing very slowly, but still are passing, and each hour brings you nearer. Sometimes it seems almost wicked for me to wish time to pass so quickly instead of enjoying to the utmost these beautiful days. They may prove to be my only days, which I am squandering so recklessly, longing continually for something different and to my fancy better. I know it is wrong, if not wicked, and shows a most ungrateful disposition. Here I will make a good resolution, and try to keep it.

Mr. Owen has decided to coach Paul. He will board here, and go down to Boston every day at noon, returning at six o'clock. I am a little sorry he is to be here for the next two months, yet do not know that it will make any difference. I had pictured the house empty, except you and Mother, and one naturally hesitates before blotting out a pleasant prospect.

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[1] July 21st, wedding anniversary.

I shall write you a little letter tomorrow, which may reach you Sunday. If so, it will give you the last news you can have before seeing your wife—she loves you, Dearie, and is allowing the golden moments to slip away—their beauty and brightness obscured by her great desire to have you near. BLANCHE

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *July* 26, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: Three days more and I shall start for Lowell via Northfield reaching my destination about one week hence.

I have letters from my friends in Miss. urging me to be there in Sept. as they will then have a state convention—when a "new departure" may be taken—at least I hope so, so far as the Gov. is concerned. I must try to be there and ventilate my notions on the situation. No hog on ice was ever more independent than I am, and shall be in matters political. Should I make a speech I have no doubt I shall show it, not rudely or coarsely, but clearly and unmistakably. I can make no definite plans till after consulting with you, my precious one. I am becoming rather hostile to nose-out-of-joint-putters. Time, it is said, makes all things even—we must seek revenge. Ever thinking of you and longing to see you, ADELBERT

Senator Ames was in Lowell on July 29th. His son, named Butler, was born August 22, 1871. Senator Ames left Lowell for Mississippi via Iowa, September 13th.

LOWELL, *September* 13, 1871

DEARIE: I write a little note to assure you that the baby and I are in the most flourishing condition. I go down to dinner each day, but think the mornings and evenings too cold and damp for the lower story. The baby eats all the time, as he did when you were here. For that matter, Mother says she can see him grow, he is so much bigger in the morning than when he goes to bed.

We miss you, Love, very much. You have won the hearts of all the members of this family. Each one has expressed regret at your departure. The baby does not mind much, I suppose. He fretted all day yesterday, but that may have been owing to his Mother's being out of spirits the day before.

By the time you see this, you will have been in Northfield and Fort Atkinson, and found all things to your satisfaction, I hope, for I should very much regret if your attention and goodness to me should be the cause of things going wrong during your absence.

I am forbidden to write long, so you must be content with the knowledge that *we* are well, thinking of you, and loving you always. Remember me to all—and do not forget

BLANCHE *and your baby*

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *September* 15, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here yesterday at mid-day. As I rode along on the cars I saw the roof and chimney of our mill over the hill. I think I might have felt more satisfied at viewing my first results at making money had I not had a feeling that my purse was hardly long enough for the enterprise.

From the cars I came here to dine. After dinner I marched up to the mill. The mill house is completed externally. On the frame is a sheeting of planed boards—matched at the edges. It is not painted—nor do I intend to paint it, but next year to face it with bricks.

The dam is finished. At least, so far finished that the water runs over it. All there remains to do on the dam is to fill up a little at the ends to make it more secure against high stages of water. This filling up can be done at any time—is being done now—and does not interfere with the use of the water in the flume. Tomorrow night, all but six men of the laborers filling in at the dam ends will be discharged. This work of filling in will continue back of the mill and about the dam, till next spring perhaps. Two or three men will be kept at work.

The cellar for the house is about completed. The frame will be raised in a day or two—and the house so far finished that Uncle can get into it in some three or four weeks hence.

Everything looks well—a fine mill house—and apparently plenty of water—*but* it will cost about $23,000. I shall be glad to get off so cheaply. Yet the property will be worth it all, and more too. With love to you and the boy,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 15, 1871

DEARIE: I am sitting by a coal fire in the nursery and the baby is sleeping in my chamber. The weather is, and has been, so cool it was thought best to have a fire to wash and dress his lordship by. He was a good boy this morning for the first time during that operation, and did not attempt to cry once. So we must conclude the poor little thing was cold and uncomfortable.

My letters, now, will, I have no doubt, be filled with his perfections and imperfections. If it grows tiresome, Love, I will try to sing some other tune. I believe I am beginning to love him a little. It is pleasant to hold his fat hands and kiss his smooth round head.

The vaccination has not taken. I shall have Dr. Kimball attend to it at once. How is your arm, Del? Mr. Owen's has taken finely and he had the same vaccine that was used on the baby. The Doctor probably did not put the point fairly in.

I miss you, Love, all of the time, but try to console myself with the thought that when you come back you will find everything more to your taste. All the signs of sickness will have vanished. I know how disagreeable they are to gentlemen. Equally so to women perhaps, but they are more used to it. You are in Northfield by this time. I trust you have found all well. My love to your Father and Mother. Kisses for you, Dearie, from your wife and boy. BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *September* 17, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I found the folks all well. Nellie and the four children are at Minneapolis visiting her relatives and enjoying the State Fair which was being held there last week. I find Mother has a dress-maker here, and that she proposes to go East in a few weeks with the intention of visiting you at Lowell and of spending the month of Nov. with us in Washington. This I have urged her to do. Although she has not fully decided when to go or how, should she go, to dispose of her time, I still think I shall be able to induce her to adopt substantially my suggestions. She regrets to go and leave the house by itself—alone with no one to watch it. But I am pooh-poohing the idea. I don't want to see her a slave to this old (although new) house.

Father is well. He has been making advances towards John to get back the mill. As a result of our consultations I am of the opinion that he will come back, and that John will be given by Father his (Father's) part of the farm as an equivalent, and in addition I will give John my part of the farm for which I have paid about $2500. Of course, I get no equivalent for my losses by the change. In this way (if this change be made) Father will come back again and John be satisfied. What both Father and I would give him would be about $8000—whereby he will come into possession of a home which will always be sufficient to support him well. He will have a competency. I am not particularly rich just now, but I can make this present for the good which I hope it may bring. I think by John's humor that his evil genius has been at his elbow and whispering in his ear words that are doing evil.

Since I came here I have been led to believe that one of the estimates of my chief millwright was about two thousand dollars out of the way—which being true will reduce my whole expenses to about $21,000. Everything looks very well for the next year, except that the wheat crop is much less than the average crop. Father is disposed to see evil before us because of the short crop, but we say "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I venture this quotation as a rarity.

Father has decided to go east with Mother. He will probably remain there but for a couple of weeks. You, of course, will ask Mother by letter to visit you at Lowell. I think she would like your invitation much as it would make her feel that she is not intruding on a daughter-in-law. A world of love for you and the boy, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September*, 1871

DEARIE: I received your letter from Northfield today and was astonished to hear that you start South so soon. In fact, I do not now know where to direct this letter, but expect you will write me before I send it. I will write your Mother as soon as I am equal to pen and ink. You gave her my *verbal* invitation, as well as Mother's, I hope.

The baby is fretting for his supper, so I must leave you for a few moments and attend to his lordship. I wonder if your Mother will think he looks like you.

You say the mill at Ft. A. will not probably cost more than $21,000. So much the better for us. Every hundred less, the greater the gain. Our purse is a short one and will have some heavy pulls this winter, if I mistake not.

I am glad you are so well pleased with your undertaking, and wonder how you can tear yourself away to attend to politics. Your Father, it seems, is not contented with idleness, but longs to get back to his old business. There is one thing about the proposed arrangement which I do not understand. That is why *you* should pay John for allowing your Father to come back into the business, nor why your Father does not give you as much as he does John, if it is really necessary to pay for the matter. It seems to me you will be the greatest sufferer by the matter if anyone is to be harmed, for you are senior partner and become second, while John is only second and is reduced to third. $2500 is a good deal to you now—when we shall have to economize to pay debts on the mill—but that is not all you have given, for looking at the matter fairly, you have paid half of your father's portion.

Father gave me the $25,000 when I was married, but when his property is divided, my share will be less than that of the boys by $25,000 with interest from the time I received the dower. Will it be the same with regard to you and John? If not, Del, you may consider you have paid or will pay $4,250 for having your Father take back the lease, and this at a time when you are straining every effort to pay for the Mill. You say from John's manner you think his evil genius has been whispering in his ear. Can you blame Nellie if she looks after the interest of herself and family? Her aim, naturally enough for her, is to get all she can. The only thing you can do is to see that it is only a rightful and just portion. I *am* glad your Father thinks of taking back the lease but it seems to me *you* have to pay heavily for it. I am annoyed a little about the matter on your account, Dearie, for I have felt your anxiety and have wished a thousand times I could aid you. At this distance, and from your short letter, of course I do not understand all the reasons in the case. I only give my opinion as the subject presents itself to me, and hope I have not annoyed you, Love.

The baby's vaccination has not taken. Dr. Kimball tried it again today. This, the third time, will I trust prove successful. I do not like to have the poor boy cut so often. You must hurry home, Dearie, or I shall begin to love the boy better than I do you. I have not taken him to sleep with me yet, but shall soon, I think.

The month is over today, but Mrs. Farmer will stay on for a week or two longer, until she is wanted for her next engagement. Not at a dollar a day, of course, but for the same I should have to pay a nurse for the baby. She is not over agreeable, but as you are not here to be annoyed, it is a little better she should remain for the present. She will have departed by the time you return. I have written you a long letter, Love, and my eyes are very weary. Good night and good-bye to one whom I love better than all the world.

BLANCHE

Northfield, *September* 18, 1871

Dear Blanche: I have had a busy day this Monday. John and I return to Father the papers passed when I was here last spring, and he comes back in the same position occupied by him in the mill before that time. He is now our senior partner. Father and I give to John our interest in the farm. As I wrote you, my part amounts to about $2500.00, Father's more. I have signed the deed of transfer. It will be sent you for your signature, which you will give if you consent to such a disposition of our property.

Tomorrow morning Father will leave for St. Paul, thence with a party to some point one or two hundred miles farther north on a hunting excursion. He will remain absent for about two weeks. On his return, he and Mother will leave for the East. Mother will pass the month of October with her relatives in Maine. She will probably get to Rockland Me. about the fifth or sixth of October. It is real winterish weather here. It is overcast and cloudy looking and feeling as though it might snow. We have fires. Mother is knitting a pair of mittens for Father with a forefinger place so he can load and fire his gun without getting his hands cold.

I am admonished that I should be in a more Southern latitude among my political friends—my constituents. I shall make no delay. From Chicago I will go to Cairo, thence to Columbus, Ky. and on by rail to Jackson.

I am constantly thinking of you, and watching the time as it passes with the hour of our meeting ever in my mind. You must kiss our boy for me. *Love from* Adelbert

Lowell, *September* 19, 1871

A letter from you, Dearie, was handed to me this afternoon. I am very glad to hear that you have made so much of your trip in safety, and are in apparent good spirits.

You seem very much pleased with the mill. Will it start work this fall? I am amused at your Father. You should tell him there is one great objection to his buying half—that is—"all the members of my family want to be Captains." From experience I know this to be true of his youngest son— Isn't it Love?

We are quite busy here now. The dressmaker came a week ago, and will continue on for some time. I can wear hardly one of my dresses. I am having some of them altered. Whenever I look forward to the winter I am in a state of mind bordering upon desperation. Mother says it is because I am not yet well. I certainly feel perfectly incompetent for everything, yet there are many things which must be attended to. The only thing I can do is to stop thinking and attend only to those things which come up day by day. Dr. Kimball vaccinated the baby this morning. This time I doubt not it will take. I pity the poor little fellow, but he is so fat and strong he will stand it better than a weaker child.

We are all well. Father does not come home except on Saturday night. Mr. Owen remains here for good, or rather until Paul is examined, which will be a week from next Thursday. The boy grows prettier every day. You will not be ashamed of him when you return. I compared him with your cadet picture yesterday. You are just alike about the lower part of the face. With love for you from BLANCHE *and the Baby*

CHICAGO, ILL., *September* 20, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: You see I have reached Chicago on my way South. I wrote you briefly from Milwaukee about midday. John and I went to see the railroad officials and learned to my surprise that they charge ten cents *more* for bringing a barrel of flour from Fort A. to Milwaukee than they do to bring one from Northfield. Their reason therefor being that competition near St. Paul compels a reduction in rates, while at Ft. A. they have it all their own way. Surely a reform is needed.

Coming to this hotel for supper—I met Gen'l. Merrill, our groomsman, at the door on the street, having his boots blacked. He was late in keeping an engagement to dine with a friend and I only had time for a few words. He said he had read of our boy, and wished to be remembered when I should write you.

I shall leave here at eight, and expect to get to Cairo by two or three o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

I send you a world of love, ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 22, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here late this afternoon, after a somewhat tiresome and dusty ride. I met but one person, a political friend, I knew after arriving in the state and before reaching this city. From him I learned some news—the purport being the same as contained in my letters from friends here.

After dinner, while dressing, I saw out of the window a soldier in our uniform and, yielding to the impulse, proceeded forthwith to camp. You know I was ordered here in '68 and remained here till I went to Washington. I find many objects are very familiar, even to the one-legged Negro, who, using both hands to handle his crutches, peddles apples with his basket suspended from his neck by a string. There are two companies at the post—the same as when I was here, the same as were here a year ago. It was really pleasant to look upon the button and the cloth. The soldiers apparently knew me, and assumed the soldierly position they would have done had a star blazed upon each of my shoulders.

I had a call from French immediately upon returning to the hotel. He has just returned from Natchez. He said that the yellow fever prevails there to such an extent that it has been declared an epidemic—some six or eight persons dying daily. Of course, I shall not go there and will keep away from the river where the disease may extend. Since I began this I have had a number of calls. Everything looks well for a united party. Alcorn is intensely disliked by all true Republicans.

I have been thinking of you and our child almost all day— It would rejoice my heart to have even a glimpse of you. It is now late. Loving you always *Yours*, ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 23, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: The train from Vicksburg has just come in and on it Mr. Davis and Mr. Shannon, the young gentlemen who were members of the Major Kirkendall's household last year while we were in Natchez. They left N. because of the yellow fever, which though not perceptibly extending is creating no little alarm and causing not a few families to leave for more healthy localities. Mr. Kilbourn, him we met at N. still remains there in charge of the office.

I have met quite a number of friends since I arrived yesterday. They seem very glad to see me. They all tell the same story. Alcorn is exceedingly obnoxious and the true Republican spirit prevails on all hands.

Alcorn—Sunday—here I was interrupted yesterday and had no opportunity to complete this letter since— What was I going to say of Alcorn— I have forgotten—whatever it was matters little. He is dishonest and everybody knows it. Therefore his influence is on the wane.

Last evening Capt. French, Judge Hill and I spent at Capt. Shaughnessy's. Capt. S. is the man I had appointed U.S. Marshall for the Southern District of this state. His wife gave us some fine music and the latter part of the evening was spent at cards. Mrs. S. is a Southern lady, and one of the handsomest and most ladylike I have ever seen. Her marriage with a "Yankee" is most romantic. Her brother attempted on two different occasions to kill her husband, Capt. S., Capt. S's only fault being that he was a Yankee.

I wrote you that the yellow fever was at Natchez and at Vicksburg. The people of those cities are not a little stampeded. I shall, because of it, visit for a time my friend, Maj. Howe (who called on me at Lowell) in the north part of the state. French will go with me. Howe has a billiard table, guns and dogs, and we will have a sociable time.

Did I not tell you our election is to take place on the 7th of Nov.? I will be delayed thereby one week longer than I at first anticipated. I will write to Senator Sherman and find out when the Finance Committee will meet. I may be influenced by his answer—going to Washington instead of remaining here. Yet I think I had better remain here till the election.

I think of you a great deal and miss you very much. I have had no letter from you since I arrived here. I am becoming real parsimonius of time when I see it going while we are separated. However, it will not be but a few weeks before we shall again meet. Kiss our boy for me and take many for yourself from your loving husband, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 25, 1871

DEARIE: We are all quite excited over the coming election. Telegrams are coming constantly from the various districts giving the number of delegates. So far the returns are *most* favorable. Father came home Saturday night, was at Boston today, and is now engaged in writing a speech of acceptance in case he wins, and drawing up a set of resolutions for the Convention. Father's trial comes on Wednesday, Paul's on Thursday, so this promises to be an eventful week.

The baby is well, of course. We weighed him on the 22nd, and he pulled down the scales to thirteen pounds and a half, which is an average of over a pound per week. This is considered remarkable. He is a good baby when let alone.

Mrs. Farmer took it into her head that tomatoes and sugar would be good for him. The result was three afternoons of crying and pain. While holding him yesterday I noticed some little spots of red in the milk and recognized the tomato. Mrs. F. had gone out for a walk. When she returned she asked how the baby had been behaving. I told her that he had been sick all of the afternoon, and tomato pulp did not agree with him. She denied having given him anything but a little sugar off of her tomato, that she guessed she knew better than to give the pulp to a baby. I told her I saw it in the milk. This rather silenced her. Hereafter her meals will not be sent up stairs. She will wait till the others have finished, then go down. Of course, it was only a small quantity that she gave the child, but nothing is good for him but his Mother's milk. When he cried while she was eating she gave him the sugar to keep him quiet. Today he is all right and good natured. I have taken him to sleep with me. Soon I shall be used to him, but at present his continued little grunting and squeaking keeps me awake the greater part of the night.

I am anxious about you Dearie. Do not do anything careless or expose yourself to any danger from those cowardly ruffians. I love you, think of you always,

Your wife, BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 3d District, Mississippi
SARDIS, *September* 25, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I am, you see, at Sardis this Monday noon. The collector whose office is referred to above is Major Howe, he who visited me at Lowell a few days before our child was born. Sardis is in the northern part of the state, where the land is high and rolling and the climate healthy. I am here today because I was stampeded from Jackson. I have already written you that the yellow fever prevailed, both in Natchez and Vicksburg. There was a doubt raised by some as to whether the fever was actually the yellow fever or a form of it. The black vomit exists in all the cases. The Spanish for this fever is "the vomit." The cases have proved fatal in almost every instance. Whether this fatal fever with its black vomit was or was not the fever known generally as the yellow fever became a question of no very great importance. This form had terrors enough for me, and I packed my trunk and came to this locality. It may all turn out that we have been unnecessarily alarmed—and that there is no danger. So much the better, should it prove so.

With me on the train came four families of my friends, who go North to avoid the fever. Quite a number of cases were reported in Jackson. Some four or five persons were said to have died of it. We took no heed of the order of our going. Do you know, my Love, that I begin to suspect that were you my wife during the war, my love for you should have caused me to have made but a sorry soldier.

French will come here tonight. With our friends we will have a party of six or seven, all bachelors, like myself—all young—all fond of talking of our wives and babies. Under such circumstances I have no doubt we shall be able to get on well. We will probably visit some of the northern counties and quite possibly go to St. Louis to see the fair for a few days.

We will hold our consultation tomorrow.

Need I tell you, my Beloved, that I shall be most careful to avoid any and all sickness and diseases for your sake—for my own and for that of our boy. ADELBERT

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 3d District, Mississippi
SARDIS, *September 26*, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: It is early this Tuesday morning. I have just had my breakfast. In a few minutes I am to ride out to Major Howe's place with him—a distance of nine miles. I like this part of the state much. It is high land, of the highest elevation in the state, and seems more like the North—in fact, *is* North, as compared to the southern end of the state. This place is but fifty miles from Memphis—a two hours' ride by the cars. When we buy a house to live in, I think one of these northern counties will contain it.

I see by yesterday's telegrams that the yellow fever has really seized on many victims in Natchez and Vicksburg. It must be severe and absolutely present in these places, otherwise the city authorities would not permit word to go to the world that such was the case because it utterly destroys all business. I have not heard from Jackson since I left. French was to come here this morning but did not. He may be up today.

There are some little things about the political situation here I would like to write you, but dare not because the mail employees are believed to open letters occasionally—the employees or some of them being the guilty parties being rebels. My letters to you would and do doubtless prove a rare temptation. The danger of having the letters read is only such as to cause me to be silent on political items which concern myself. I find the political situation perfectly satisfactory. In fact, I was never so strong as now.

How is our boy getting on? I have not had any word from you since I left Minnesota but I think of you both as well and strong and think I see you with joy in your eyes as you gaze on our dear child. I long to share the moments with you.

ADELBERT

Lowell, *September* 27, 1871

Dearie: All here are well. Paul went down to Boston today for his examination for Harvard. I have but little doubt about his getting on well.

We have not heard the news from Worcester. I suppose the convention is still going on. I send you a slip from the Boston *Journal* which will show you how matters stood this morning. Mother had a telegram from Father last night, which said "All goes on well—great expectations." It is the most exciting contest this state has ever known. The only question now is—Butler or Anti-Butler? All the other candidates come under the Anti-Butler. I am sorry you could not have been here to attend the convention. Mr. Sumner remarked to Ben Perley Poore, "Why this man has captured a district, is trying to capture the state, and if he succeeds will aim to capture the Presidency." Mr. Sumner showed his fear and the reason for his opposition. Wasn't it funny?

You will not know the baby, Del. He is changing from hour to hour. Already he seems most grown up. I am having him trained in the way he should go—to the great amusement of the household. Next to eating he enjoys his bath. He is as difficult to hold in the water as a little fish. While he remains strong and well, he is a very pretty plaything. I believe he does take up the attention somewhat— I doubt if I think of you as much as I used. He claims every spare thought and moment. You, Love, would have but a poor chance if there were a dozen babies. How glad I am that I am not in your place. I should not like you to be my wife and have a small infant to care for and love—it is far too engrossing. I can understand now how Susie Crosby, although separated from her husband perhaps forever on account of his bad conduct, could say "the baby pays for everything." Your nose is being decidedly put out of joint.

I am quite well and in good spirits, as you no doubt have already surmised from the tone of this letter. I am waiting impatiently to hear how matters please you in Mississippi. Tomorrow perhaps will bring me news. Goodbye—my Love—kisses from Blanche *and the Baby*

Memphis, Tenn., *September* 27, 1871

Dear Blanche: I came up here from Sardis this morning with Major Howe and his brother. They had some business which brought them here and for the want of something better to do I came along. We shall return this p.m. at four o'clock.

Yesterday we waited in vain for French, and Major Howe and I rode out to his plantation some eight miles from the depot. He has a very large amount of land—some twenty-four hundred acres—an excellent residence, etc. There are some two hundred and fifty Negroes, large and small, on his place. He is succeeding in planting. His wife and child, and his brother's wife and two children, are at the North. They will remain there for a month longer.

I am at the table of the Peabody House reading room. This house is J. Davis' resting place, and the headquarters of the Southern chivalry—whatever that may be. I shall pay the postage on this letter as a precaution to peering, letter opening, mail functionaries.

French and others at the late convention at Jackson talked it over and concluded that they would run me for the next Governor and elect me to the U.S. Senate to succeed myself. Such a programme would keep me out of the Senate but one year and two months. This seems to be the wish of all the true men of our party. Whether it will be carried out is another question. There will be time, two years, for many changes. I need not tell you I build not on this foundation, but speak of it to show you what the feeling here is. I send many kisses to you and our child ADELBERT

SARDIS, MISS., *September* 28, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday I wrote you from Memphis. After finishing my letter and having dinner I found a delegation from the county between this county and Memphis, had come to the city to see me. They were old friends; and furthermore, as they were, and are, having some trouble there in putting forth a good ticket and as the colored men are to be influenced, I was greeted as one able to do a favor—such a greeting is always a kindly one. Some of the delegation are true, good friends.

You know, my loved one, you wanted me to be ready to make a speech whenever I might be called on. Well, last night I began. There is a Republican club here, the majority of the members being Negroes. Hearing of my presence in town they sent me an invitation to speak to them. Disliking to speak, yet glad of the necessity which would compel me to speak, I agreed to make a talk. It was a kind audience, not critical—on the contrary, an audience I feared might not be able to comprehend my exposition of the political situation.

I spoke from a half to three quarters of an hour. While here and there were easy natural things, the greater part was labored—at least such is my opinion of my effort. Of course it was beneficial to me, and I am in hopes that after a number of such efforts before such kindly non-critical audiences I shall feel at home on my feet before a crowd.

It is very winterish here. In going to Memphis yesterday we took the five o'clock morning train and found it so cold I had to walk in the cars to get warm. This morning it is quite chilly. My fingers are from cold white and bluish. This is fortunate on account of the yellow fever. A frost kills the fever. We have had no frost however, but the cold must be hostile to these tropical diseases.

I had a letter from French last night. He will be here today. He says the cases of yellow fever at Jackson are but few and that the physicians express the opinion that all danger is past. Last Sunday when there I was very much stampeded. Pulverized charcoal is regarded as preventive to the fever. So French bought some at the apothecary's and we dosed ourselves till the train left at two o'clock the next morning. I assure you I was glad to escape from such a place. I shall move about among these northern counties till the fever subsides there—and of its disappearance I shall be very certain before I shall return to J.

Yesterday was an important day for your Father—that of the nominating convention. When in M. yesterday and here since I have been trying to get word of the results of that convention but as yet have not had a word. So very anxious am I, I have set the telegraph operator in this town to work to learn what he can on the subject.

Today our boy is one month and two days old. Today I hope and believe that both the boy and his dear Mother, my Beloved, are well and happy. I have just been thinking of our happy condition and realizing the fact that we are indeed blest and that we ought to be happy. If we are not now, I do not see how or when we can be ever. The cause for any concern on your part on account of the murderers of this state has passed away—yet, I am careful and cautious. I have escaped the dangers, were they great or small, of the epidemic at Jackson—I am in excellent health—I have you, my Precious to love—our child—am loved in return and beyond all this see no essentials for our happiness. In a little more than a month I will be with you again not to be separated for half a year at least. Could more be asked? ADELBERT

Sardis, Miss., *September* 29, 1871

Dear Blanche: I have been a little blue since I received an answer yesterday to my telegram asking the action of the Worcester convention. I prayed that your Father might succeed after being abused and slandered so outrageously by the press. But my hopes have been blasted. Now I try to see wherein good may result—for you know "The darkest clouds oft bring the sweetest rain." "And what seems loss may turn to greater gain." Will he profit by the lesson—will it make him less restless? Or will he succeed next year when perhaps he will try again for the place? I am very sorry for him. His enemies are bitter and will make much of his defeat. Wherein comes his consolation? So the first part of yesterday was spent in trying to get news from Mass. and the last part of the day in sorrowing at the news obtained. And the "blue" coloring has extended over to this day.

Yesterday Capt. Pierce and his wife came here. You remember her, do you not? She was at Vicksburg with us. She asks kindly after you.

I had a telegram yesterday from French. He says there are no new cases of yellow fever at Jackson and that the doctors think all danger has passed,—that the plague will not visit the locality. However, I shall be very cautious in my movements.

Today in about half an hour I shall leave with Major Howe for Hernando, half way between here and Memphis, to attend an immense meeting of colored people. Speeches will be made by the campaign orators—and I expect I shall be called upon for a speech. My experience of night before last leads me to believe that I may get on passably well. I shall be content if I even do that.

I have had no word from you yet. I anxiously watch to hear from you.

Adelbert

Sardis, Miss., *September* 30, 1871

Dear Blanche: Yesterday was expected to be an important day in our speech-making life, but for good or otherwise the expectation was not realized. At Hernando yesterday were the Lieut. Gov., the Atty. Gen'l. of the state, and the Sec. of State, the latter a colored man, and other less brilliant luminaries. I might, could, would, or should have spoken, but just as I was to be called on my friends led me off to a consultation where some of the colored men through the intrigues of the democracy were inclined to bolt the regular ticket. All things considered, the day was not a success. Before the consultation terminated, but not before discord showed its hideous head, the train came, and we had to leave for this place.

A band of music came from Memphis for service here today. All the speakers are here and all is noise and excitement. A nominating convention will be held after the speaking, etc. and as my friend Howe holds the wires he is very busy. I expect to speak today—but whether I will is the question. I have now been here about a week and feel I have made a pretty long visit. Yet I will prolong it a few days and then try Holly Springs for a short time. The cold weather is upon us and I hope the frost may be able to reach as far south as Jackson and Vicksburg.

I feel that this is not a very interesting letter, but congratulate myself that I have even done so well. Love to you and the boy.
ADELBERT

Woodford Farm, PANOLA CO., MISS., *October* 1, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: By the head of this letter you will see I am in the country. This is the plantation of Major Howe and his brother. It is customary with the Major to spend the Sabbath here. In the room with me are the Howe brothers and three other white friends; and at the end of the long table at which I am writing is a colored man, one of the nominees for office by yesterday's convention, who is telling us how the colored people like the action of the convention. A general talk on the condition of the county and the sentiments of individuals is going on.

Yesterday morning I only had time to begin my letter when I was called away to the convention. There were some two thousand colored men present. They came from all parts of the county—some on foot, some on horseback and others by rail—some coming twenty or thirty miles. It was a grand success. My friends who managed it have been congratulating themselves on their unqualified success—as I think they have a right to do.

You may feel anxious to know how and what I did. Well, my Love, I stood up before an audience of some two thousand whites and blacks, Republicans and Democrats, and spoke for about three quarters of an hour. During the whole time I was at ease, my wits about me, the ideas coming without effort and put forth without difficulty. At no time did I find it necessary to reconstruct a sentence or in any way rearrange my words. In fact, I found myself gesticulating—asking my audience "Is not that so?" etc.—receiving not a little applause. I was very well pleased with my effort. I have stated the *case* as I understand and appreciate it. My friends were disposed to be complimentary. At any rate, I was and am content and regard the step as a very important one for me so far as may relate to my public life. I shall probably speak quite a number of times during the campaign. Thus you see I have made some progress—and even that is something. I am very anxious to hear from you. Love for you and the baby,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 2, 1871

DEARIE: We are all well—that is the first thing you will wish to know. The baby grows fatter and stronger every day. He is beginning to show temper. During such exhibitions I threaten him by saying his Father will soon be home and will punish him if he is cross. This does not have the subduing effect it ought, and I very much fear he does not regard you with sufficient respect and awe. You must return and attend to your son's education. I object to being made responsible for his training. He has changed very much. You will hardly think him the same baby you kissed goodbye three weeks ago.

Paul has passed his examination and enters College with some conditions today. Mother and Florence went down to Cambridge with him this morning to attend to the furnishing of his rooms.

Father is the only one who has been unfortunate in the summer's work. He was cheated out of his enterprise. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson did all they could against him. I believe I told you Mr. Sumner sent for Smith, the Boston Caterer, and asked him to use his influence with his people against Gen'l. Butler. Smith replied, "I have the greatest regard for you, Mr. Sumner, and appreciate all you have done for my race. But Gen'l. Butler is not interfering with you in any way, and I must support him." Mr. Sumner dines Mr. Smith when he is in Washington, in view of which fact I suppose he thought nothing could be refused that he asked. Father has shown that he has immense strength in the state, and has gained more by this campaign. So it is not at all to be regretted that he made the trial.

You do not say much in regard to Mississippi politics. Do you feel contented with the aspect of affairs? You thought last winter some of your adherents were going over to the enemy. How is it now? Have they become disgusted and returned? I wonder if at the end of four years you will find things under your control. Be very careful about the yellow fever, Dearie. Run no unnecessary risks.

I think of you constantly, and look forward to your return. Six weeks is a long time though, Love. I shall have to keep very busy that time may not drag. It is not as lonesome as it was before the baby came, however. Are you glad of this, or sorry? Kisses and caresses from your *family*. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 3, 1871

MY LOVE: Your letter of the 28th came today. I hailed it with joy as an evidence of your good health.

I am so glad about the speech making. It is just the thing. In the first place it gives you confidence in yourself. Then again, it brings you more in contact with the people of your state, which is most advisable. I now feel that your trip will be of some avail, and in a certain degree cease to regret your absence.

The baby knows me at last without the least doubt. I have watched for some time past for a sure sign of recognition. This evening it came. I had been out riding and brought home some autumn leaves, which I was anxious to press at once. I had disposed of about two thirds of them when the baby cried out for his supper. I heard, but decided not to attend to the call until I had finished the leaves. The little cries grew more and more frequent, and strenuous, as baby became impatient. He had worked himself into a good scream when I took him from Mrs. Faunce, and said "Poor baby, your supper is here." He gave a little good-natured gurgle and remained perfectly quiet in my lap until all was ready. It is not very gratifying to know you are cared for only on account of what you can give. Still, it is better that way than not at all.

The vaccination has not taken yet. I believe Dr. Kimball is too old and too nervous to do it properly. The child's flesh is so tender he cuts too deep, and it bleeds too freely. This morning it was tried again, I trust with better success. The smallpox is very prevalent here. Fourteen cases a day—seventy-five patients in the pest house, and they are making accommodations for more. People are very much alarmed about it, and trade is so dull the stores are all deserted. People will not come in from the country. A red flag by day and a red light at night is hung out from every house where there is a case. Mother insists upon holding her nose whenever we pass one. I hold it best not to think about the matter at all.

For the last three weeks there has been a dressmaker here altering and arranging my dresses. I believe they are about completed. I have returned to my original figure, and am once more presentable. Of course I rejoice at this. I had no desire to grow matronly so soon,—not until your hair is very grey—and your dear old face full of wrinkles. Then perhaps I shall be content to grow a little stout and old—but not till then.

You ask me to send a copy of the baby's picture, if I have one taken. Of course I should, but I should not dare to take him down to the city till the vaccination takes. More than this, I have not the least idea he would keep still long enough for such an operation. No, Del, I want you to picture to yourself the same little red, pugnacious being you saw three weeks ago.

Mother always inquires about you, Dearie, when I receive a letter. We are all fond of you, and miss you very much—that is all but your boy—I don't believe he cares much about it. Your wife does, however, enough for two, which makes it all even.

Father is in good spirits—will probably keep up his organization and keep a lookout for the future.

I must say good-bye and good night, Del. Love from

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 6, 1871

DEAR DEL: I did not write yesterday nor the day before. I was very sorry to neglect my Love, but when evening came I was so very tired I really could not sit up to write a letter. Today, however, I was quite determined nothing should interfere with my duty to you. You wonder, no doubt, what I have been so busy about that evening should find me weary. Well—Wednesday I took care of the baby all day and he was very, very uneasy. Yesterday we were all employed making some curtains for Paul's room at College. Not being quite strong yet, I am exhausted before I know it, so that I arrange to do more than I can accomplish.

Yours of Oct. 1 came today. How glad I am, Love, that you are speech-making and feel in some degree pleased with your efforts. Do you remember the last day or two before your first speech in the Senate? You declared you could not, and would not make the effort. Now, behold the difference. You not only can and will make the effort, but you feel rather disappointed if you miss a single opportunity. Three cheers for Hon. Adelbert Ames! I will tell the baby about it, and we will have a quiet little chuckle together. I will whisper to him that your bump of self-esteem is developing gradually. He will say that is because you are a Father. I can tell the boy all of my thoughts, he is so capital at keeping secrets. When nursing he fixes his eyes on my face, and pays the greatest attention to all I say. I love the boy, Del. His mouth best, then his eyes, and chubby little hands with the strong looking little thumbs. I squeeze him within an inch of his life. Would it be very wicked if I were too eager and pressed the last inch? You see I am getting foolish over the child. Yet I do not even now consider him at all wonderful. The charm all lies in the fact he is your boy and mine.

There, I will not speak of him again in this letter—except to say that the last vaccination, performed on Wednesday, is not going to take. Dr. Kimball also vaccinated Mother with the same vaccine. Her arm is taking, which shows the virus was good. I do not know which to blame—the baby or Dr. Kimball—but this is the fifth time that *poor fat* arm has been cut, and it begins to seem cruel. You have never spoken of your arm, so I conclude nothing came of it.

I am preparing things so as to be ready to start for Washington without much difficulty when the time comes, and my Love returns. Good night, and good-bye, till tomorrow.

BLANCHE

Office of United States District Attorney
Northern District of Mississippi
HOLLY SPRINGS, *October* 7, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here this morning at three o'clock. I found a large mail awaiting me and among it your letter of the 28th ult. I was made glad by once more getting words of love from you and being assured of your good health and that of our boy.

I am stopping with Col. Wells who is keeping house. He and wife send regards.

You need not be jealous of Maj Howe's billiard table, or dogs or guns. I long and long for my precious Dear. On the other hand I do begin to feel jealous of the baby. If he has "put my nose out of joint" I will wreak vengeance on you by *pulling* his nose out of joint. Beware!!! I love you, Darling, and will consent to your loving the baby if you will only continue to love me. If however, you can do but one at a time we must make up our mind for a jolly fight against our boy baby. I love to have you write about yourself and him. Of those two subjects I never weary. Write me all the particulars. I think you pretty sharp to catch the nurse at her evil deed of feeding the boy with tomatoes. I'll trust you against the world. I send a world of love to you and the baby,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 8, 1871

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday evening, and I am in the nursery writing my Love what will, I fear, prove a stupid letter.

This morning I went to church for the first time, and when I returned I took Babsie out for a short walk. He soon fell asleep. The outdoor air has a very subduing effect. Mother is very fond of him. She seizes him a dozen times a day, and watches him with the greatest interest. He is getting to be a nice plaything, and can smile when pleased at anything.

Yesterday while bathing the baby slipped on Mrs. Faunce's hand and was turning over with his face downward into the water. He put out his little fat fist and catching hold of the edge of the tub held himself in position until she was able to rescue him. He held hard, while the expression of his face showed great surprise and fear. We had to loosen his little fingers one by one and reassure him with smiles and caresses. He is very fond of lying with his head on my shoulder and arms around my neck. Sometimes he pulls my earring—sometimes both hands are clutched into my net and hair. I am going to teach him to pull hair, so that your mustache will suffer this winter. I want you to suffer some pains and penalties.

I do not count the days you are yet to be away, Love, for the time is so long I should grow distracted before it was half over. I confine my thoughts to the present as much as possible, and lay plans for the winter instead of for the next two or three months. I think of you every time I look at our baby, so you will not be forgotten.

Paul has been up from College to pass Sunday. He is greatly pleased with things, especially the arrangement of his rooms—which a Junior pronounced rather "loud for a freshman." They may pull his curtains, tear up the new carpets, and steal his mats. He has been put to bed twice already. But the hazing has so far been perfectly good-natured, and nothing to complain of. I should say (of which to complain,) I am very careless about the construction of my sentences and must take more pains. Why don't you scold more, Dearie? Love from the baby and your wife,

BLANCHE

Corinth, Miss., *October* 8, 1871

Dear Blanche: You may be surprised at the heading of this letter. You see I am moving about. I got here this evening from Holly Springs. Our friend, Capt. Pierce, as U.S. Marshall had arrested a number of Ku Klux, and brought them here, and Col. Wells, as U.S. District Attorney found it necessary to come here—and I decided on the moment to see my constituency here—so here I am.

Last night I had a serenade and made a speech—a short one. You see, I persist in speaking—to good results I hope.

Pierce did not come on the train with us. So, Col. W. and I are here alone. The P.M. of this city, a colored man and a friend of mine, asked me to speak to the colored people of this place tomorrow night, which I have agreed to do. Thus, you see, I shall try again.

The programme I spoke about when writing you from Memphis will I think be carried out. I find I have a host of earnest, devoted friends who wish to do anything and everything for me. The mail is not a secret one, and I will wait and talk to you.

Love for you and the baby from your devoted husband

Adelbert

Lowell, *October* 10, 1871

Dearie: Here is a morning kiss for you from Blanche and the baby. Now I am ready for a chat. Well—I went out yesterday afternoon and made quite a number of calls. Everyone wished to know about the baby, and expressed great surprise that I was well and strong enough to be out so much. People also deem it strange that I nurse my child. What can they be thinking of, Del? Do they think because I have been in society a good deal and am supposed to be somewhat fashionable, that my heart is made of adamant, and all the natural affections have been driven out of my nature!

You will be pleased with your boy when you return, Del. He is so strong and fat. You can roll him around to your heart's content, with no fear or danger of breakage. He is far more Ames than Butler. But his cheeks stick out as if stuffed with nuts, and it is difficult to trace resemblances.

Father has gone to Washington for a few days. On his return will stop in Philadelphia and make a speech. Our family now is quite small—only Mother, Ben, myself and the baby. Should I put the baby first, and say the baby and myself?

The Autumn days are delightful, full of freshness and vigor. If my Love were with me, I should be perfectly content.

I read of great fires on the Western prairies, in Minnesota as well as Iowa. I hope they will not prove in any way disastrous for you. But the burning of farms and wheat will, I suppose, affect the price of that article somewhat, thus interfering with profits, if nothing else.

I expect three or four letters from you today. A kiss, Love, from

BLANCHE

SARDIS, MISS., *October* 10, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: I reached here this afternoon at four, having left Corinth at half past seven this morning—coming via Memphis. Yesterday Senator Blair of Mo. was in Corinth. My friends thought it a coincidence. He is south as a member of the Ku Klux Committee now in session in Alabama and is prowling about in this state. I did not see him.

I have already written you about the political situation. I have been very cautious in this matter because I have been afraid of the letter openers—of mail robbers—and my frank as well as your name would at once attract attention and excite curiosity. I could not ask for anything better than what now exists. Briefly making this statement I feel I had better inform you of the details by word of mouth.

I do not know but that I may have had for a moment or two slight twinges of jealousy of our baby—the rival for your affections—the insinuating boy who is stealing into your heart and crowding me out; but I suspect the more you love him the more you will love me. And as I want you to love me *all*, why anything which can make you love me *more* ought not to be frowned upon by me. There is a saying "love me, love my dog".—Would not the converse be true, loving mine will you not love me? I *guess* so. I'll love the baby and you—you will love me and the baby, and health being granted us, we all will be very happy.

I have had letters from Jackson to the effect that there is no indication of fever there now. French has gone north for his family. As my time to stay here is expiring—as I must go to Natchez and other points on the river if the condition of those localities will permit, I think I will go to Jackson today. Your letter to Mother is a very kind one. I love you

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 11, 1871

DEAR DEL: I have just finished washing, nursing and putting the baby to sleep. Mrs. Faunce was called away yesterday afternoon, and the entire charge of the boy devolves upon Mother and myself. He enjoyed his bath very much this morning—cooing and ga-gaing to his heart's content. A wonderful child!

You say you imagine the baby and I riding out daily—gaining health and strength. Why, Del, I have not dared to take the child off of the grounds on account of the small-pox. This is abating now, however, and I shall risk it. I do not know whether the last vaccination will prove good or not. There is a small blister on his arm—but no redness or inflammation. Dr. Kimball will be up in a day or so to look after his work.

I do not see but things are working well for us. Your affairs in Mississippi seem to be satisfactory to you. Those in Massachusetts ought to be, and I trust Iowa and Minnesota will give satisfaction. Are you not glad that you had no property in Chicago? How dreadful to have a whole city laid in ashes!

Do you go to Fort Atkinson again this fall? I should think it would be needful, although I cannot bear to think of anything which will keep you longer away.

Good-bye for today, Love. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 12, 1871

MY DEAR LOVE: I left Sardis yesterday at three o'clock and reached here at one o'clock this morning. Upon awakening this morning I found it very cold and going downstairs learned that there was a white frost this morning. Today I found that there are no cases of fever (yellow) here and the general opinion is there has not been any at any time. The fever which has been so malignant and of such a suspicious character is called the swamp fever, and is not infectious. The frost this morning puts all doubts at rest—the danger of yellow fever is now considered past.

I find that my name has been put on large posters as a speaker at a meeting of Republicans in a county above. I expect to go—and shall if I am not elsewhere doing the same thing. I begin to suspect that I am very anxious to be able to make a good speech and that I am ready for any occasion which may tend to my advancement in that direction. I have also consented to notify my friends in Vicksburg when I shall be there that they may get together the Republicans to hear me speak. At Natchez when I get there I will also speak. So you see, my Precious, my bark is launched and that I am on the boisterous sea of *talk*. As I have already said, the political outlook is very favorable and I feel amply paid for all my efforts in behalf of our friends and our cause.

I read most eagerly all you write of yourself and the baby and only wish you wrote more. So you must not for a moment imagine that I will be wearied by your talk of my loved ones.

The time for me here is rapidly shortening. This is Thursday. Three weeks from next Tuesday the election will take place. Within this time I will have to go to Natchez and other points on the river if possible. I shall have to hasten my steps, as you can see. The few days immediately preceding the election I will spend at Holly Springs so I can leave the state for Lowell the same night, whereby I will gain some twelve hours time.

I love you,

ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 14, 1871

MY BELOVED WIFE: I have been thinking of going up the river to see friends, but have about abandoned that idea. In fact I will not have time. I am very anxious to go to Natchez, for I think I could do some good there. The old members of the legislature have been renominated there, French among the number.

Although Mr. Alcorn has been fighting hard for his own personal adherents he has uniformly been beaten everywhere. Now as he is to go to Washington he and I will have a "row." The warfare he began on carpet-baggers when he became Governor is raging more fiercely today than ever, and now comes the question, Shall he whip me or I him in Washington? Of course, the members of the House of Rep. will side with him as they have already. Therefore, I will have my hands full—single-handed and alone I must fight—a real jolly Kilkenny catfight it may be. Our friend the Governor is in town but as yet I have not seen him. He began last winter in Washington his social hostility, and I will let him continue it as long as he pleases. He is most bitterly hated by the Republicans and when I see the evil consequences of his course I fear I am falling into the state of mind my friends are in. No matter, it is well to go with the crowd.

I send you and the baby much love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 16, 1871

MY DEARIE: Last Friday morning while Mother and I were washing the baby the doorbell rang and Lizzie came up to say that Capt. and Mrs. Ames were downstairs. I finished the boy as soon as I could and ran down to greet them, apologizing for the delay. Your Mother said she wrote me the day before leaving Northfield. As I have not yet received it I suppose it was burnt in Chicago. Your Mother, owing to the delay from prairie fires and Chicago, was in haste to get to Rockland, as she had written them when to expect her. I could not persuade her to remain longer, and at two they left for Boston and the Bangor boat.

Your Mother will return when we start for Washington and go on with us. Your Father returns soon to Northfield. He told me to tell you that you had better go to Ft. Atkinson before returning to Lowell. Your Mother suggested that you wished him to attend to your business there, but he still thought you had best return that way, and I agree with him, altho' I cannot bear to have you away a moment longer than is necessary. It is so needful for someone to attend to things there I should suppose, and no one can do it with as much interest and thought as you.

Your Father does not seem at all pleased that you built this year. He says you have drawn very heavily on the Northfield Mills, and that the money was needed there, and you could have made much more money from that than Fort Atkinson. In spite of all this, I am glad, *very* glad you have built, Del. For I fear another year would have presented the same difficulty in money matters, and should the old mill do anything you will have gained a year. I trust it will prove a fortunate year, and that your Father's profit and John's may not be sensibly decreased owing to the funds you have drawn. But should it prove otherwise, have you not aided in establishing the business enough to make matters just and equal?

Of course, you will ask, "What did Mother think of the *Baby?*" Well, she was not enthusiastic, that is not her temperament any more than it is mine, but she decided it was a fine healthy child. He would not go to her and keep quiet, for he was quite sick from the vaccination, which has at last taken.

The poor little arm was swollen and looked very sore. He will have a "*beautiful scar.*" I take him out riding almost every afternoon. The motion of the carriage is still strange to him, however, and he will not take his eyes off of my face while we are moving—until sleep closes the lids. He will not even stop to wink. I wonder what consolation or assurance my face gives him. Mother says he will make a very handsome boy—and your Father thinks if we can get him safely through the winter "he will be worth raising." Aunt Nina also thinks "he is worth raising." When you return I shall ask your opinion on this subject, and if you think he is not—why—he is good enough for me, and you need not have him. What fun you will have with him— He can frolic already.

I am delighted at every speech you make, Dearie. Nothing could be better than the work you are now doing. I should feel very glad if you could gain and exert such power in the State as to insure a re-election. It would show that the power of the bayonet had no part in your first election. This to confound your enemies—not to convince your friends—for they of course have no doubt on the subject.

Father is to make a speech in Philadelphia this evening on the treaty. I need not tell you that he has not given over the contest begun this summer. It will be started again with renewed vigor next year. He desires that Grant will sustain his friends in office, that is all the aid he asks. His opponents will endeavor at once to have them removed. If their heads are all cut off, it will of course deter people from supporting him next time.

I must say good-bye. Kisses and Love from Baby and

BLANCHE

Edwards House, JACKSON, MISS., *October* 17, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: The past twenty-four hours have been most eventful ones to me: in this, that I made a speech last evening of one hour and twenty minutes in length by the clock, in the court house in Vicksburg; and furthermore the speech was a good one, and I was master of the situation. Henceforth and forever, my Beloved, I believe I shall be able to make a passable speech anywhere, *provided* I have anything to say. My audience was with me last evening, heart and soul. After I had been speaking about half an hour a very prominent Democrat of the city got up and went out. At this the Negroes shouted "Hit 'em again," etc. etc., making much noise and evidently enjoying the scene and my pounding of the Democrats. Other

Democrats left, to receive the same treatment. While speaking of the Ku Klux outrages, the reporters of the (Democratic) rebel paper got up to interrupt me, but I declined replying, as your Father did at Springfield. The applause at times was long and continuous. At the close of my speech they gave me three cheers, three cheers for your Father, and adopted resolutions approving my course in urging the passage of the Ku Klux bill. I will send you the papers. Even the little article in the Republican paper was written by a man not personally my friend.

I was very hospitably received and taken to a friend's house in the suburbs of the city. My friends there drank the health of myself and all my relatives, and none more willingly than that of our son Butler Ames, whose name seemed to carry with it the very quintessence of all that is loyal and true—so far at least as relates to Republicanism and friendship for the oppressed colored man. Love and kisses for you and the baby,

Adelbert

Lowell, *October* 18, 1871

Dearie: All are well. The baby is now in Laura's lap—just falling off to sleep. He looks like a great rosy apple.

Your Mother asked if you had slept with him yet. I wonder how you will like it. I get up with him at least four or five times in a night. He usually whimpers a little—for the cool air of the chamber is not so pleasant as the warmth of the bed. So you must expect to be fairly aroused from sleep as often as I am. I took him over to Aunt Lottie's the other day. We stopped there for a few moments. The baby seemed restless so I took him off upstairs. Aunt Lottie came up to see what I was about, and offered to go upstairs in the attic for Fisher's little chair. I told her we could get on very well without it. She saw that we could and felt, I think, a little annoyed at the whole performance. Indeed, it is a reflection on her boys. She remarked that I was evidently "bent on making the child a model, and no one could believe so much could be accomplished—if not an eye witness." I believed my child's intellect was superior to a puppy's instinct, and I have demonstrated it. The boy shall go into drawers long before he is a year old, and much trouble and inconvenience will be avoided. A strange thing to write you of, Del, but I wanted you to know that my first lesson is being well learned, to the surprise of everyone. Aunt Lottie and Maria both decide that it is too much trouble to teach, that they could not and would not get up in the night anyway. My idea is different. I would rather take a little pains now and avoid two or three years of great annoyance. If I am unsuccessful it shall not be for lack of patience or perseverance.

I trust all will go well with the boy, for I love him more and more each day. I am not *half* as lonesome as I used to be when you were away, which shows that your place is being occupied. This need not alarm you. There is plenty of room left.

Poor Paul. He took down to Cambridge a large lunch basket full of hothouse grapes and some from Mrs. Reade's. Also some large pears weighing almost a pound apiece. As he crossed the college yard some Sophs saw him—and before he could get to his room and have time to take the fruit out of the basket, a knock came at the door, in came the fellows and ate it all up. I do not know what Paul did, but have no doubt he desired to knock somebody down. It is one thing to treat and another to be robbed.

I am so happy that your trip to Mississippi has proved so successful. Everything seems to be working good for us. You will feel that you know and have more interest in the state for this fall's work.

With kisses from Wife and Baby BLANCHE

CANTON, MISS., *October* 19, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: Since I wrote you yesterday a long letter, I have done literally nothing. I called with Col. Warner, by whose invitation I am here (he being re-nominated for the Senate and wants a speech from me to aid him) on Judge Cunningham and wife—old acquaintances of mine.

The judge presides over this circuit. He is a young man who came here from the North since the war. When I commanded here I put him into the judicial seat. He has a very pretty wife and a little girl some four years old. I boasted of our baby, making such exaggerated assertions that I was not believed to be talking seriously. As for instance: I do not hesitate to say our boy can whip Col. Warner's boy, who is eighteen years old! I stand by my own say so! Mrs. C. had heard much of you, but had never seen you. I showed them your picture, as it is in my little locket. They asked where you were. I replied "at home." Whereupon I was laughed at. They soon acknowledged that they always spoke of their old homes at the North as "home" and furthermore meant what they said—Mrs. C. saying she, though having been here for a number of years, cannot cause to grow up the feeling that this part of the world is like a "home." Her heart is always yearning for the North. Sometimes I feel like abandoning for once and all, all further thoughts about political matters in this state, and so preparing that we can transfer ourselves to a more civilized people and a more congenial latitude. Still, I find, I know, I must honestly do the work of the hour and leave to the future the solution of its own problems. So I grope—ever coming back to my Love—happy in such a haven of rest.

This evening at half past six I will go by rail to Way's Bluff—a point eight miles above; thence three miles by carriage to Col. Breck's, the sheriff of the Co. where our meeting is to be held on Saturday. There I will remain till Monday when I shall return here, get my trunk, and go to Sardis to visit Major Howe.

I send many kisses for you, my love and the baby.

Adelbert

Lowell, *October* 20, 1871

Dearie: I am writing you before breakfast. What will wonders never cease? I hear you ask. It is "all along" of that boy, Del. He will not sleep much after six o'clock, and as Laura finds it difficult to have the fire made and room ready by that time, I get fairly aroused and cannot get to sleep again. As you will be influenced by the same causes, I have no doubt a reform will be made in *our family*, and we may become early risers.

Everything moves in much the same condition as when I last wrote you. Father has, however, returned from Washington. The President will not disturb his friends.

There has been considerable excitement here in regard to the Gloucester fishing schooners. It seems that one vessel which had been taken by the Canadians as fishing within the three mile line, aided by another captured schooner, escaped from the harbor and put directly out to sea, fearing pursuit. They were right in their apprehension, for an English Man-of-War made its appearance off Gloucester and waited there to intercept the fishermen as they came in. You can imagine that everyone was up in arms. A British vessel of war blockading our harbors!!! Infamous! However, the schooners got in night before last in safety. The papers say that our Government will give the vessel up to the Canadian Authorities if they demand it. I trust not—that would be a little too much for American human patience.

Aunt Susan writes from Frankfort that Mrs. Murphy ordered at Doctors a bridal trousseau for a young lady who had seen Miss Butler's and the things were to be marked with the initials M.D.C. which I suppose stands for Minnie D. Chandler. I wonder who she is to marry. The papers speak of a Mr. Hale—member from Maine. Good-bye.

Love from Wife and Baby

Breckville, Miss., *October* 20, 1871

My dear Wife: As I had arranged, I left Canton at half past six last evening and arrived here about eight, after a ride of some four miles by the county road. Breckville is a cross road, nothing more, with the houses of our host, a store and grist mill and cotton gin belonging to him. There is no village here. We are in the country—on a plantation. The three quarters of an hour's ride from the depot last evening, by moonlight, though a little chilly, was rather pleasant. Even had it been unpleasant we would have been more than repaid by the hospitable reception given us by our host and hostess, Col. and Mrs. Breck. As I said, it was a little chilly, and the warm lights from all the windows and the cheery blaze from the wood fires on the broad hearths spoke in very persuading tones "Come in and welcome." I found their home here nearer my old notions of a planter's home than any of the hundreds of realities I have hitherto seen. My ideal of a home on a plantation was nearer reached than ever before.

Col. B. is a man of forty five or fifty—tall, slim, good looking, with iron grey hair and mustache. His wife is five or ten years his junior, refined, intelligent and handsome—who in her younger days must have been quite beautiful. They greeted us warmly. The tables were covered with books, late periodicals and illustrated weeklies. A most excellent supper was awaiting us. At twelve we went to bed.

Though they have little money outside of their business, their house has all the modern comforts—with elegance here is northern civilization. I speak of all this because it is the first time I have seen practically illustrated the great power of a lady to embellish with slender means an old Southern planter's one-story hut. As you might imagine, they are Northern people. The Col. was at one time one of our consuls in China. He came here after the war as did many of our friends, believing he was to find a congenial climate and decent, at least, society. His interests being here, he is forced to remain. The most elegant people of the county, they are ostracized by the people who, North, could take no place in Society. As a consequence they seek to make their own fireside cheerful and happy, and rarely letting the outside world of their neighbors come within their doors they, I doubt not, succeed.

At seven this morning we had a cup of tea and thin slices of bread and butter brought to us while yet in bed. We drank our tea—a lingering of their oriental experience. At eight hot water was brought for a bath. At nine we had breakfast, genuine breakfast—not a hog, hominy, greasy breakfast which is served us elsewhere. After breakfast we looked about the place a little, and returned to the house. I will remark that when I was here in command I made Col. Breck Mayor of the city of Canton. As they never speak of their children, I imagine they have none.

I am sitting here in the central room—usually a bare desolate hall—but here full of the books and papers I spoke of, carpeted —with a stove, etc., writing my love. Mrs. Breck I hear attending to her household duties. Col. B. is out about his business, while Col. Warner has ridden off to the swamp to get a suitable pole for a flag staff for tomorrow.

Tomorrow will be, it is expected, an important day here. There is to be a barbecue, and our speeches. They are now digging the trench wherein is to be built the fire for cooking the beef, the pigs, and sheep which good Republican voters propose to devour—and these voters are expected from points twenty miles away. I am ever thinking of you and our baby. Kiss him for me. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 21, 1871

DEARIE: I send you by this mail some large documents from the Senate, Post Office Department, etc. They looked so uninteresting I have opened but one. If in a lady's hand writing and small envelope you may feel sure they would have been perused long before this.

There is nothing new to tell you, Del. We are all well. The baby grows prettier day by day. He has neglected the lessons I have been giving him somewhat today. But trust the obstinacy is only temporary. I should feel sorry indeed to find a month and more of patience and close attention thrown away.

Dr. Edson called last week. I knew it was in reference to the Baby's baptism, so told him I was awaiting your return as it seemed proper you should be present. He said that your presence would be eminently proper, but not a necessity, and that I should not let my desire for it interfere with my child's welfare. I said, "No, that would not be well," but I did not fix upon a time for the ceremony and do not intend to do so until you return. "My child's welfare" indeed! As if that poor little innocent baby would be punished because his Mother did not have him baptised. What a terrible doctrine and belief!

I wrote you that I thought it would be well for you to go to Fort Atkinson before returning to Lowell. Shall you do so? When your Father and Mother were here, your Father told my Mother that you ought to go to Iowa and attend to your business there. Mother laughingly said, "No doubt he thinks you will look after it." Here your Mother remarked, "Mr. Ames has no interest in the Fort Atkinson property, you know, Mrs. Butler. "No," said your Father, "that's not it, but *he* ought to see to it." From all this I conclude, Dearie, that your Father does not desire the trouble or responsibility. Therefore it would seem needful for you to look to it yourself, rather than burden him.

In regard to the "Historic Generale" and Mr. Jean Goncet which you refer to me, I am fast losing patience and want you to send him what he desires and make him cease writing. You could give him the sketch written for the Senatorial book—pay his price, and see what comes of it.

I must say good night, Love. I can get but little sleep. Not half enough. My letter has been interrupted by callers.

Love from Baby and BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 22, 1871

DEAR DEL: Three weeks from this time I hope to see my Love. How pleased the Baby will be—for there will come one who can toss his lordship to his heart's content. He is very, very fat, Dearie, and I am fearful Barnum will come for him. We should hate to have him figure as the fat boy of the nineteenth century.

I can plainly see that you are pleased with your fall work. Your speech at Vicksburg seems to have convinced you that the practice you have had has been of great benefit. I need not tell you how happy your success makes me, and that your good spirits are reflected from Lowell, Massachusetts. I also conclude you are content with the name of your boy. You seem to write of it with a degree of satisfaction. I am glad if this is so—for I have feared, Love, that you only agreed to the name because you thought I desired it.

Grace is doing better just at this time. She is more quiet and respectful, and makes less noise in the kitchen. I do hope she will recover herself and let spirits alone. By the way, Dearie, you have written me several times about drinks with friends. How is the Maine law?[1] Not that I have any fears for you, Del, but the world is no better for stimulants, and the less we have to do with them, the better.

I wonder if the boy will be fond of it. His eyelashes are so long they crimp on the ends. They are thick and dark. His eyes would be beautiful, if only a little softer in expression. Perhaps that will come in time, but at present they are as hard as steel and about the same color. I have spoken of the want of gentle kindness in the expression to Mother, but she maintains that they are better for a man. Indeed, she seems perfectly satisfied with the little chap. Last night we had a little struggle. The baby decided he would not do as I wanted, and tried to have his own way, by screaming. But I was firm, although the room resounded with his cries. When he found it was of no avail, the little scamp stopped suddenly—cooed—gaa-gaaed and goo-gooed to me a moment, then did as he was told. He understood the whole thing as well as I did.

Now good night my Love. BLANCHE

BRECKVILLE, MISS., *October* 22, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: Yesterday was a success for all. I spoke for about an hour—not occupying longer time as other speakers were to follow. I do not feel so well satisfied with my effort as I did with that of Vicksburg, though I do really believe as an oratorical effort that of yesterday was the better of the two. You know I do not want to feel wholly satisfied with my efforts now. Should I, it would be convincing proof that I was content with what at best was poor. I can improve. It is a new field, and an interesting one, and I am of the opinion that I shall eventually succeed as well speechmaking as I have ever done in anything else, however well that may be.

Speaking to colored audiences is not the highest order of oratory—perhaps it may be of deliverance, but not of argument. Stories and jokes please them much, and of such material I have but little. I do pretty well, however,—facts I have—I am getting at the simple parts of the art of holding an audience. I am getting what is better than all, confidence and ease. Surely, Sweetheart, though I have been from you all this time which I count a great loss, I have in this particular had something as a return—a grand assistance as a speaker—this little experience on the stump. If we only would, how much can we find to be grateful for.

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[1] A law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating beverages enacted in 1846. General Ames had joined a temperance society when living in Rockland, Maine and had never tasted hard liquor until he went to West Point.

If I do not have to make a speech Monday evening, the 6th of Nov. I will leave Holly Springs on the 5th, just two weeks from today. But if I find I shall be expected to speak Monday evening I cannot leave till the next train, which will be early on the morning of the 7th. I wrote Senator Sherman the other day, asking when he was to call the Finance Committee of the Senate together. Day before yesterday I received his reply. He says he will call it together on the 7th of Nov., the day of our election. Thus you see I shall not be able to be present the first few days, but must hasten to get there as soon thereafter as possible. You will, of course, be ready to go with me with the boy, our son, and his grandmother, my Mother, and the servants.

Love to all and kisses for you and our baby, ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 24, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday because I had no opportunity. We had breakfast, at Breckville, at about ten and soon thereafter started for Canton. The distance was eleven miles. A rain the night before had made the roads bad. Perched upon the seats of a springless lumber wagon which was drawn by four mules, the driver mounted on the near, pole mule, we were over three hours on the way. At C. we had barely time for a lunch, a poor one, and jumped on a freight train which was some three hours coming here. My friends with me were Col. Warner, a State Senator, and Capt. Pease, the Supt. of Pub. Instruction. Heretofore, we have or they have been opposed to me. Now, personally at least, we are friendly—a long step towards unanimity among carpet-baggers—a thing earnestly to be wished, since Alcorn has begun to fight them. Upon our arrival here Capt. P. invited me to sup with him. Then of course the evening was passed in chatting.

I smiled when I read of the fate of Paul's grapes and pears. So much do I believe in the beneficial effects of moderate hazing on the person hazed, I have no sympathy for our brother Paul.—My! won't he make some freshman pay up for it next year. In fact, Paul may look upon the transaction as one in which he has cast his bread upon the waters—he is putting his wealth out at interest. In many days (365) it will return to him—i.e. he will *take* it. Instead of being treated he will *rob*, as you put it. He will be all the better for *it*—being plucked.

I think I am growing jealous of our boy. You say you are not so lonesome now as you used to be when I was away. Well, I half suspect I wish you were. Why, by and by, as the boy absorbs more of your time, you will not miss me at all, and that I would not like. In fact, I don't like to have you move in that direction at all. Where will you stop and when? That youngster is getting into trouble. When I whip him for his evil deeds I will lay on harder to be avenged for his part in putting my nose out of joint—that I will. I rejoice to know you are succeeding in teaching our boy his first lesson. Indeed, I will trust you in making him what he should be.

As the time for my journey to my loved ones approaches I grow more and more impatient, and today I wrote a letter to Capt. Gill telling him my last speech must be on Saturday, Nov. 4th. I send you a world of love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 26, 1871

DEL: Two weeks from this time you will be on your "winding way." Will it be for Northfield or Lowell? If it is possible, I still think Iowa claims some attention. I fear if you do not go there on your return you will be starting away again as soon as we reach Washington. When you get back, Dearie, I want you to stay a little while.

The baby is well, of course. Mother says she never saw any child thrive as he does. He would gladly, if we would allow it, put his feet to the ground and bear his whole weight. When he feels cross and stiffens his body—everything and everybody has to give way. It would be as easy to make a stick of wood sit on the lap. The only thing we can do is to pat him on his back or hold him over the shoulder. Whenever he gets tired of sitting on his chair he gives his elbow a jerk, snarls a little, stiffens his body from head to heel and out he comes. He will be a fine plaything for you, Del. Mother does not allow me to carry him much or hold him constantly. She thinks him too heavy for me, and that his weight while nursing is all that I ought to bear. Laura takes care of him a good deal during the day—most of the afternoon unless I take him out to ride. The motion of the carriage seems very delightful to him. The only trouble is he signified his approbation by crying when it stops. No doubt in going to Washington he will scold at all the stations. We shall begin to prepare for a start next week, for you will get here so late in the month there will be but little time for delay.

For a moment this evening, while arranging my hair for tea—I forgot you, Love, and the Baby, and seemed to myself like the girl of three or four years ago. It was not unpleasant, but I like the present condition of affairs better. The other life was more free, selfish, and independent, but you compensate for all that and I have the boy in addition. I ought to be satisfied—if I am not.

This letter, I fear, will not prove interesting. It will serve its purpose if it tells you we are well and send love,

Blanche

Sardis, Miss., *October* 26, 1871

Dear Blanche: Next day after tomorrow I will go with my friends to a place in this county called Pleasant Mount to speak. The day following I will spend at the Howe's on their plantation.

Although the last legislature had a Republican majority of four or five to one, this legislature about to be elected is looked upon as being doubtful by some, while others are certain of a small majority. It would be sad, indeed, should the Democrats win. However, I do not think they will. The great advance they will make over the election of '69 will be due to the Andrew Johnson policy of our governor. He has made a war on carpet-baggers—in fact on all who would not bow the suppliant knee to him—and has flattered and bribed the uncompromising rebel by office for the past two years; and now when the influence of the office holder is needed, instead of giving aid he knocks our brains out with the club our governor has furnished him with.

Had it not been for the Ku Klux law which we fought for and which the governor fought against, we would not have had any showing at this election. At one time, just previous to the passage of that law, the K.K. organizations were being perfected in every county in the state. It is believed by our friends that had the law not been passed, not one of them would have been safe outside of a few of the larger cities. As it is, the K.K.'s, cowards as they are, have for a time at least suspended their operations in all but the eastern parts of the state. Recent convictions in North Carolina and the President's action in putting a part of South Carolina under martial law has had a very subduing effect all over the South. It is perceptible here.

Now what we fear from Alcorn's democratic Ku Klux office holders is fraud rather than violence—and fraud we will get. Succeeding, we shall be very thankful and bless our stars that we could be victorious in this the darkest period of our party's existence during the past two years. Of course this hostile action towards carpet-baggers has a tendency to drive us all together. Should we be united we will be able to win—and whether we should win or fail I will of necessity hold my place with my friends, for they one and all acknowledge that many have been false, and I of the few have been faithful. I, regardless of self, am, as I have always been, working for the public good and believe that time will the more and more show it, and always of course to my advantage. The Future hides our fates from all, so we cannot *know*, yet I cannot believe she has ought of ill politically for me for my course here. We will see.

A little more than one week and I will be on my way north. I send you much love, ADELBERT

Woodford Plantation, PANOLA COUNTY, MISS., *October* 29, 1871

MY DEAR WIFE: This pleasant Sunday morning I am at the plantation of the Howe brothers, and for the want of a more definite heading have given you the above. Major Howe, who called on me last August, was, with his wife, present at our wedding. His wife and daughter of five or six years old, and his brother's wife and one of their children are now here, having returned about a week since from the North where they have been for the past six months. Yesterday at about half past nine we started for Pleasant Mount, a point eleven or twelve miles away where our meeting was to be held. The drive was a very pleasant one. The temperature was just such as made the warm rays of the sun acceptable. The wild country possessed all the beauty the forest can possess in the fall of the year, with its many colored leaves. The roads were good and I was in fine spirits, and in the humor to see good in everything.

About half past eleven we got to the end of the ride. Instead of a village we found one store, one house occupied by white folks and one by colored. I might have known better than to have expected anything better. There might have been sixty or seventy colored men and ten or twenty white men. A colored man led off, followed by Capt. French who was followed by the republican candidate for the Sheriffalty of the

Co. after whom I spoke. Heretofore I have spoken expressly for colored audiences. I was asked to remember that I was speaking in a part of the county where the whites were numerically the stronger. So I decided to speak mainly to them. I took as my text the *prejudice* which has and does blind them and prevents their seeing their own good. I went back and showed how they had been misled. While pretending to talk to them, I, by showing their treatment of the Negro, necessarily made a direct appeal to the Negro. Of course, putting the blame on their leaders and showing them up I could touch just as I pleased on all the salient points—and they are tender ones—in the record of the Democratic Party in the state and out. I soon got the white men interested and at one time had a running talk with them, they being in the best of humor. I find interruptions quicken my pulse and set my brain at work at an improved pace. I spoke for about one hour and a quarter, but as I was the fourth speaker and as the sun was getting low in the west, I closed before going over the ground intended. I hardly need tell you that I held the colored people more closely to what I was saying, if possible, than I did the whites. I was pretty well satisfied with my effort. It was certainly another step onward in my public speaking.

From Pleasant Mt. to this place is about sixteen miles. Long before we got half way the moon showed its face among the trees and, excepting the chill of the hollows, our ride here was about as pleasant as the ride there. On the way we met friends who had been to public speaking at another place, and all rode up to the house together. Here we found warm fires, cheery lights, and a supper much needed after our day of fasting—crackers and cheese excepted.

One week from today I will be on my way to you. Love,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 29, 1871

Another day has slipped away, Del, and you are nearer by twenty-four hours. This morning I went to church, and was so busy thinking and planning all the time that the service and sermon seemed wonderfully short. In the first place, the Baby had better be baptised before we go on to Washington, and as I am quite determined that you shall be present at that important ceremony, I was planning as to the best time, and concluded that Wednesday would be the day. I choose this because Dr. Edson prefers to officiate before or just after some regular service, and there is always one on Wednesday morning.

If you will telegraph me from New York I could arrange matters even though you could not reach Lowell before Wednesday morning.

Then I had to think about the baby's clothes—whether they were all right and warm enough for travelling. Also about the arrangements when we get to Washington. A thousand and one things, some of more, some of less consequence, but all requiring some attention.

I have some sad news to write you. Miss Chandler, I judge from the writing, sent you a slip of newspaper announcing the death of poor Lieut. Atwood. He seemed so young and enthusiastic and found life apparently so pleasant, it is rather hard he could not have had a longer time for its enjoyment.

Yet young people, they say, are more ready to die than old, so it is quite probable as death approached it brought no horror with it. It would not be so terrible to die—if one could do so without suffering—physically, I mean. It is no doubt far easier to die than to live—at least it seems so to me—although I have such a pleasant and *easy* time. But then I am lazy, and averse to any trouble, or the prospect of any. The hard part would be leaving those one loves—but Lieut. Atwood may have had no very near or dear ones.

It is getting late, and I want to be up early in the morning, so I will say good night, my Love. I shall soon have you with me again, and you don't know what a satisfaction that will be to me. BLANCHE

November 1st Senator Ames arrived at Lowell, Massachusetts, and on November 10th travelled with his family to Washington.

WASHINGTON, *November* 12, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: I have allowed two days to pass without writing you, but I have been as you can imagine quite busy. We had a very pleasant and easy journey. The weather was quite mild on Thursday, so much so we had the windows of the car open.

The fires were all made, dinner ready, and Charlotte waiting for us. The house is pretty clean—needs sweeping and dusting. The carpets are all down, and the windows washed.

Mr. Whitney had engaged a cook who is still here—but as she declines to cook and wash too I shall change her. Mr. Whitney's boy waits on table and attends to the marketing. But he is not trained for the work and will not do for the winter. So I shall look for another. At present you see, we are living comfortably. The baby is perfectly well, and I consider that we have made the change from Lowell very successfully.

With little or no trouble everything will be in order by the time you come on. Gen'l. Ames put up the curtains in my chamber and the one back of it, which his Mother occupies. She is talking of going home next week, which will have made her visit here about a fortnight. She says she feels cold weather is coming on and there are things at home requiring her attention. I shall try to have her stay until you come on.

Charlotte and Miss K. went to their boarding place yesterday. So that I should be entirely alone if Mrs. Ames goes home. I should feel a little troubled lest the baby should fall sick, but there is little danger of that, I suppose. He was a good boy travelling—just as quiet as a mouse, and slept well on board the steamboat.

We shall be very quiet for the next three weeks. There are but few people in the city, and no visiting as yet. I am glad of this. It gives a little time for settling into place and collecting the thoughts.

Write, even if it is a little short letter—just to let us know how you are all doing—and what. Love for you all—but most for my Mother from BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *November* 26, 1871

DEAR MOTHER: Sunday evening has come round again, and with it there must be a letter for you. The week has passed very rapidly. I have been quite busy directing the house matters. The last thing I have accomplished is the covering of the sofa in the dining room. It looked so very shabby I thought it must be attended to, and no better time than the present. The sofa looks well, but the chairs have been put sadly out of countenance by its improved appearance. Mr. Whitney has been using Father's office, and it is in poor condition. This week will change it a little, I hope.

Fifteenth Street is to be very much improved. They have narrowed it so that there is in front of all the houses a strip of grass, as wide as the present sidewalk in front of all the houses. For instance, on the side of this house and fence there will be a grass plot about eight feet wide, neatly enclosed by a fence of iron posts and chains, while the road is to be of asphalt —like that in front of the "Arlington." This will make our corner much cleaner—and free from dust.

The baby grows daily. We can almost see a change from morning to morning. He is perfectly well and has been ever since we left home. He has his bath every morning in the wash bowl, and has learned to paddle in the water. His father is highly delighted with the performances and considers him a most wonderful child—as did Mrs. Ames.

Minnie Chandler called the other day— She is to be married the twentieth of December. The ceremony to be performed quietly at home—with a large reception after. The gentleman is Mr. Hale, of Maine. The whole affair is to be kept a great secret till the last moment. If you stop a day in New York, will you bear in mind the present. If you do not, we can get it here, I have no doubt, so do not trouble about it.

We shall expect you a week from this day. I hope the house will look pleasant and clean to you. The boys will miss you, but I shall have your company—for which I am very, very glad.

Gen'l. Ames sends his regards to you, Father, and the boys. My love to you all. Congratulate Florence for me upon her debut. A kiss for you, Mother, from BLANCHE

BOSTON, *December* 21, 1871

DEAR BLANCHE: What day was that young gentleman who is the apple of his Father's eye, but about whom his Grandfather is more sensible, born? Is it determined that the poor creature shall be cursed with the name of Butler Ames, and nothing more? Write me here.

Paul leaves with Phil tomorrow. All well. Your Father.

WASHINGTON, *December* 24, 1871

DEAR FATHER: Your little note of questions came last night. That wonderful boy was born 22nd of August *1870*. His name is Butler Ames, which I think will do without any middle name. He will have to be a very smart boy to come up to the expectations his name will give rise to. It is one I am very proud of, and there can be nothing in the future which shall cause the boy to be ashamed of it.

We have seen nothing of Phil and Paul, but expect them tomorrow morning. Gen'l. Ames and Mr. Parker leave for the South Christmas night.

Mother sends love, and desires me to say—if you are getting a silver mug for the baby, as your letter would seem to indicate, it should be without a handle.

All are well. A kiss from *Your daughter,* BLANCHE

Washington, *December* 29, 1871

Dearie: I did not write you last night. The baby was too wide awake and restless. He insisted upon being rocked to sleep. This evening he is a much better boy, and is dropping off on his little bed while I am scribbling to you.

Yesterday I had a note from Father. I ought rather to call it an inclosure, for he returned my letter marked in several places with comments. For instance, in spite of your telling me the year the boy was born was '71 I wrote 1870. Father says—"Not to know *when* your boy was born ha?? ha!!! ha!!! Grandpa stands excused." In regard to the suggestion about the mug—he writes "All boys' *mugs* have handles, although sometimes *Pugs*." This is a pun and slander upon the poor child's beautiful little nose—pug! indeed! Much better call it a beak.

We have been planning for the New Year's Day lunch. I am averse to the liquors but Mother is rather in favor—so of course I withdraw my objection.

Mr. Boutwell was here this afternoon and evening to play billiards. Paul was his antagonist, and was beaten this afternoon. I do not know the result of this evening's contest. I played one game after dinner with Paul and beat him four points. So you can see the poor boy was in bad luck.

Father bought for Bennie as a Christmas present a beautiful gun. The same kind as your Father's—though not quite so heavy, I should think. Paul brought it on, expecting to find some shooting here. He will make a trial next week.

Now, Love, good night. I miss you too much—and as these separations are likely to occur not infrequently I must school myself differently and see if I cannot grow more indifferent about it. An empty threat—Del. I could not, if I would—and I would not if I could. A kiss from the baby—Love from your wife,

Blanche

Jackson, Miss., *December* 31, 1871

Dear Love: I arrived here day before yesterday, safely and well. I have not had an opportunity to write you till now.

Mr. Parker stopped here over one train. We lost twelve hours between Lynchburg and Washington because of some accident to the engine. His basket proved a most acceptable companion—a very great improvement over the eating houses along the way.

The prospect here is not the brightest. We have the large majority of my way of thinking, but our party majority over the Democracy is so small that a few bolters from us will hold the balance of power. These few are men who (the majority) bow to Alcorn and who are ready to do his bidding. He will order them to join the Democracy if necessary to beat our friends, the Anti-Alcorn men, in the organization of the legislature or on any other important subject. The present Gov., though formerly loud in his denunciation of Alcorn is now apparently his tool. His influence is being thrown as no one heretofore suspected it would be. After consultation today, a number of my friends decided to call on the Gov. and positively declare their determination to fight to the bitter end the schemes he is supposed to be favoring. If he persists it will be his political death, whatever the present harm to us. As we are right we will not suffer in the end—at least so think I. I am now alone, as my friends have gone on this mission.

Mrs. French is here.—I gave her your regards—she sends hers to you.

I received your letter today and was rejoiced to get it. I miss you and the boy very much. I know of no pleasure, no joy like that of the presence of you and our boy. I shall be glad to start back next Thursday to your presence.

Give my love to the Boy and also to his Mother,

Adelbert

Washington, *December* 31, 1871

"A Happy New Year" Dearie. It is almost twelve o'clock. We have been quite busy all day arranging for the reception tomorrow.

Naturally I am rather weary—but I did not like to go to sleep without at least one word to you and a little good-night kiss. The baby wishes to be remembered. Blanche

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Washington, *January* 1, 1872

One word, Love, before going to sleep. This tiresome day is over. We have had two hundred and seventeen calls—which I am sure you will agree is a great many. The baby went down to receive for a little while, but the room was too open for him to remain long.

Gen'l. Gilmore called after the poor boy was undressed for the night, but I brought him up the two flights to see the youngster. Gen'l. G. said he was very much attached to you and wished to see the child—so as to know if it is well cared for.

—Think of that, Del! Just as if my baby could be anything else but well cared for.

I hear that Father has come, but am undressed and can not go down tonight. Phil Reade arrived this morning. He is looking well, better than four years ago. Everyone asked for you today, Dearie, and seemed surprised at your absence. I miss you and shall be very happy to see you back. A good-night kiss for my Love from BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *January* 2, 1872

Good evening, Del. Another day has passed, and I am performing my last daily duty and pleasure—that is writing to you. I can write but one more letter that will reach you before you leave for home.

The baby's Grandfather brought him a handsome silver *mug*. It is very heavy—perfectly plain, the only approach to ornament being the name Butler Ames. It *is* a nice name, Del, and looks particularly well engraved in the German text on the cup.

This morning Father came halfway up stairs and called—asking if everybody had gone out. I stepped along to the landing with the boy and holding him over the ballusters said, "There is no one at home but baby and I." "Oh! ho! the baby and you, is it. Well, youngster, I hear you behaved better yesterday than the Colfax boy—he cried." "Of course he did," said I. "This chap never cries." Father seemed to feel more at his ease with the baby than I have ever seen him. I suppose it was because he was on one story and the baby on another. At any rate he chirruped, the baby gurgled, and they seemed mutually pleased. Phil says he never saw "a pretty child of that age before." Thus you perceive the little fellow is beginning to have some compliments paid him. Baby sends love.

BLANCHE

Mrs. Ames was forced to leave Washington, before the adjournment of Congress, because of the heat and Butler's health. Senator Ames remained in Washington.

LOWELL, *May* 26, 1872

DEAR DEL: Friday night found us safely at home. My only wish now is that a second Friday may find you here also. As soon as the cars moved out of the Washington depot I had my section made up, and cuddled up with the baby for a quiet night's rest. I was not disappointed, the poor little boy hardly stirred, and would not nurse although he was awake several times and I tried to have him. I woke about five in the morning and dressed myself before disturbing him. When I did wake him to dress him he laid his head on my shoulder—moaned a little. I put on his things as quickly as possible and laid him down again. His eyes were open, but his feet and arms were supine and motionless. He remained in that position for about a quarter of an hour, then began vomiting regularly-sea-sick, or rather car-sick. All day he was most wretched and unhappy. He is much better now—though not entirely recovered from the effects of his travels.

Mrs. Farrington saw him last evening and considers him one of the handsomest children she has ever seen. *She did not say that "he looks like his Father."*

The cars did not stop long enough for us to recheck our trunks at Worcester—but the conductor rechecked them on the train for us and we came by the way of Framingham arriving here fifteen minutes before six—instead of seven o'clock or after as we always used, by the way of Groton Junction. The weather is cooler here, almost too cold to remain out without moving constantly. The apple trees are in full bloom—so you may judge that it is a late season.

Paul and Ben are looking well. Ben treated his nephew with supurb disdain. Paul inquired after him with much politeness. Both were much amused this morning with his performances. The little fellow hates to go to sleep. Everything is new, and he is anxious to investigate.

Tell Father I expected we should see him at the depot—as I did not give him my love, and say good-bye. Mother wishes me to remind him that Charlotte Stevens wants two months leave. She is entitled to one month but wants another—from the middle of July to the middle of September.

See that James keeps the stairs, entry and billiard room in good order. Don't forget the camphor for your trunk—Del.

I brought home my photographs—you can send them to Northfield from here. I hope you have missed us today, Love, and I believe you have— Selfish, am I not? Perhaps love is always selfish. A kiss and good night, from BLANCHE

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *May* 26, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: It is not at all pleasant to lose the best part of myself—not to speak of the boy. I miss you very much, and the old house, so full a day or two since, is now empty and as my footsteps echo through the rooms I am reminded that you and love can fill to overflowing the grandest spaces.

You know we think we are rather fortunate in all things and when it seems quite dark daylight peeps out on us. An instance of this kind occurred yesterday. You know I, or we, regarded ourselves almost beggars the day you went away, but yesterday a golden shower fell upon me. A bill was passed the other day giving us mileage for the extra session of the Senate a year ago. By this law I became entitled to seven hundred and twenty dollars! Rich, you see. Five hundred dollars I sent to Minnesota today. The other two hundred I will devote to your teeth.

After you left it occurred to me that you had borrowed of your Mother the money for your fare, etc. etc. Of course I condemned myself for my negligence which made this act of yours necessary. I hope we may be able to meet these demands when they shall become due.

With much love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *May* 27, 1872

DEARIE: A letter came from you this morning—and I have been content all day with the thought that you have missed me.

"The boy" has quite won Bennie's attention and regard. He allowed him to pull his ears and hair, which baby was only too glad to do, believing he had found his Father. It is quite wonderful to notice the baby's increasing intelligence. He is quite determined that I shall take care of him all of the time—and wakes the echoes with horrid yells if anyone dares to touch him. It is impossible when he is in the same room for me to do the least thing except attend to his lordship—for every time he falls, no matter whether he is hurt or not, he turns and heads for my knee—after resting and being petted for a few moments he pushes down, and takes another crawl and tumble. He is out of doors a great deal. It may be fancy, but I think I can see more red in his cheeks. He is much better than he was—head and hands are cool and moist instead of hot and feverish as they were.

Horace and the horses came this evening. Mother telegraphed Jones to meet Horace at the boat.

You were most fortunate in regard to your extra mileage, Love—and I am glad you have so much to help you toward that old dentist bill. As regards my borrowing of Mother for passage on—that is nothing. It was simply an accommodation.

I shall soon have all my things put away and feel settled—

ready for painting. What do you intend to have for your summer employment—Del? You should read while I paint—in that way I could learn at the same time, and not feel that I am falling far behind you.

We have seen no one but the Farringtons yet. Mrs. Reade does not know we are at home. Aunt Lauretta's buggy is out of order so she cannot get over. We had breakfast this morning at half past six—so that Paul could get off to the cars. I am very sleepy in consequence and will say good night my Love. *Your* WIFE *and* "BOY"

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *May* 29, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday your Father, Mr. Parker, Gen'l. Kinsman and I dined together at Wormley's. Returning to the Senate I found that tobacco was under consideration. The debate on the rate of taxation on this article was quite warm. The five minutes rule was in force, and of course remarks could not exceed that time. I spoke one five minutes—another five minutes, and yet again. I will send you the Globe containing our remarks. This debate was one of the causes of my failure to write you yesterday.

After I went to bed last night Mr. Parker came into my room and began one of his talks. I, of course, soon fell asleep and was awakened from time to time by his demands if I was asleep or if I was awake—or if I heard him. He might have talked all night, for ought I know. He was late at breakfast.

We have had a vote on the tobacco question, and thus far it is with us. We shall have another vote.

I was glad to hear you reached home so easily. Then the poor little fellow was sea-sick! I was amused to hear that he does not care to go to sleep because he has so much to do, looking about and investigating.

When I shall get to Lowell I cannot now say. We will not adjourn till Monday next. There is a doubt if we can then. I am in good health—very busy and ready to wend my way eastward at the first opportunity. Love ADELBERT

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *May* 31, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I have today twice attempted to write you, but the confusion and excitement about me has prevented.

The Senate sat until three o'clock this morning, working on the tariff bill which passed at that hour. We met again at twelve and at the expiration of the morning hour took up the appropriation bill with the prospect of acting on them at once and adjourning on Monday next, but at one Mr. Sumner began his speech on the Arms question, holding the floor for almost four hours. After filibustering for an hour we took a recess till eight, when Shurtz began on his speech. It is now a quarter of ten and he is speaking and will continue for an hour or two longer. Of course, all this will prevent an adjournment on Monday next, and failing to adjourn then we cannot tell exactly when we shall get away. What would you think if July found us here? Not quite so bad as that I hope, but the time is indefinite.

I am glad you are content with your lot and life. I am not prepared to say I am perfectly satisfied with the thought that you have to *think* to realize that you are a Wife and Mother. Perhaps that change will come soon enough—if it need come at all. You must not let the boy pull somebody's hair and ears so much that he will forget that men are the proper ones for him to pull.

Love for you, Dear, and the boy, ADELBERT

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 1, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday was a field day—so has this been. It was expected Carpenter would reply to Sumner and Shurtz today at one o'clock, but sickness prevented his presence. It is now four o'clock in the afternoon and we have had speech after speech on the order of business and on the day of adjournment. Logan, in speaking on the latter subject, alluded in very severe terms to Sumner. He has a speech on the *arms* question which he will deliver, as has Carpenter.

It is impossible to finish our business by Monday. The voting goes to show that we shall have an indefinite session—just what your Father has been working for, and what I, because of political necessity, have been desiring. It defers my arrival at Lowell, which I regret, but gives a chance for the legislation we need.

By a vote of forty to sixteen we have just rescinded the resolution to adjourn on Monday. Of course the House will have to act. Whatever may be done, the time we are to remain here is to be prolonged. I am sorry that I cannot be with you as I expected. It seems to me the summer is running away from me while I am absent from you. We are just going into Executive Session. Nothing new, except that I love you which is not new—love and kisses for the boy. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June 2*, 1872

DEAR DEL: This is the last letter I can write that will reach you if you adjourn as I most earnestly hope you will on Wednesday.

Mother wishes me to ask you to invite Osborne[1] in her name to visit us, or rather stop with us when he visits Lowell. He has some business here with Mr. Ayer.

"The boy" looks very well, he has had quite a color in his cheeks today. I bought him a carriage the other day, and he seems to enjoy it hugely. He is more comfortable in it than in the girl's arms—for he does not slip and can see better. Besides, he is getting too heavy to carry long at a time. The Shepard's dog is a great amusement. He is perfectly delighted when the creature puts his head into his carriage and he can lay his fingers on its head. The dog is young, handsome and kindly disposed, so I have no fear of his biting. "The boy" is greatly admired. He had a number of visitors yesterday and was the center of attraction.

We have been thinking of starting a dancing class—to meet here twice a week—with a dancing teacher and fiddler, partly for the exercise and partly to bring the younger portion of the community together. Eight or ten couples would be about the number. Mother has about made up her mind to have her eye operated upon, in which case the dancing project will be abandoned. If she has her face attended to it will probably be done this week before you return. I am going to Boston with her tomorrow to consult Dr. Cabot about it again. She has been to him once already since her return home. It will be quite a long time for me to leave the baby—from half past nine till four—but she wishes me to go, and he is quite satisfied with his bread and milk at noon time. He wants his Mother most morning and night.

I read your remarks in the Globe. Don't you feel rather old and grand to be lecturing those greyheads? I know you must, my dread is you will get so far ahead of your wife you will forget you have one.

I shall watch the papers in regard to adjournment. A kiss from BLANCHE

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[1] Senator Osborne of Florida,—sometimes called "Tommy" by his friends.

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June 2*, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This is Sunday at five o'clock in the afternoon. I have not been to church, but have been replying to letters received and unanswered during the week. I had some visitors this morning, Kirkendall and Raymond of Miss. Yesterday the length of this session of Congress was decided on. Both houses agreed to adjourn on the tenth, which is a week from next Monday. We tried our best to have an indefinite session, but failed. A week more of talk and we shall be free. We have had the same routine day by day. Late to bed—late to rise—speeches, excitement, billiards, bed. I shall be glad to get away from it all and settle down with you at Lowell or Annisquam. But can I, for a time long enough to *settle?* Will John succeed in taking me west with him? Or can I keep him with us? I see the campaign in Miss. will begin about the middle of Sept. The election will take place early in November. The year seems almost gone already. It is not wise to mourn before our troubles are upon us, so I will defer to the day the day's evil.

I miss you very much. The days seem empty, purposeless. The only thought in my mind is—to have them pass as rapidly as possible that I may get to you. My home disposition, my high appreciation of a smile and kind greeting from those I love—who are you and the boy—make this hollow house where we have had so many happy days and no unhappy ones all the more lonely and unsatisfactory. I am proud to know our boy so fills the public eye.—How could he do less, with such a Mother? Much love from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 3, 1872

DEAR DEL: We have been to Boston by the half past nine train in the morning, returning at half past four. I am quite tired, for we were up betimes this morning. Paul had breakfast at half past six. "The boy" was quite happy and content while I was away. He did not fret or cry at all, but was glad to see me back.

Dr. Cabot did not give Mother much encouragement today—not so much as when she went to him before. I think he wants her to urge him on so that he may rid himself of the responsibility of a failure if it should prove to be one. Mother is not ready to make up her mind.

I am very much disappointed about the adjournment of Congress. I do want to have you here, Del. As you say, the summer is slipping by, and we are not together. Still, I cannot regret that I left Washington. The boy looks better, and for myself I have had since my return several chills in the night. I sleep under three double blankets and one single one. The weight wearies me, yet I cannot keep warm without them—and when the chill comes my teeth click together as if I had the ague. I am fearful, Love, you will grow sick. Oh, I do hope you can leave by the 10th.

You did not say what John wanted to see you about. Give him my love when you see him and ask him if we shall not see him in Lowell. You will hear from me tomorrow. Love from

BLANCHE

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 3, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This has been another field day. Carpenter and Logan spoke in reply to Sumner and Shurtz. Carpenter's effort was a grand affair—a speech which will compare favorably with any of the speeches of Clay, Webster, and their contemporaries. I will send you a copy of it. Logan's was heavy and awkward. Carpenter's was as keen and sharp as a Damascus blade—Logan's was a blunted scythe. All agree that Carpenter has added ten fold to his reputation. After they finished nothing more was to be said by members of the committee. Hamlin, having gone home on account of death in his brother's family—perhaps his brother himself who is dead—is not here to speak. I do not think any remarks from the other members of the committee would find willing ears.

I called on the President this morning with some colored delegates for Philadelphia. I find the state is solid at my back, heartily approving my action and my words. I think it wise and necessary that I should make an investment there this season. They want me to spend a little more time there and buy some land. I shall have to discuss the matter with you when I get to Lowell.

I am getting lonesome and anxious to see you. Were I not convinced that it is better for your health and that of the boy I should be inclined to murmur at this separation. As it is, I, of course, can say nothing, knowing it is for the best. Love from

ADELBERT

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 6, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Another day has gone. Your Father and I have become great cronies. We breakfast together, dine together, play billiards together, etc. etc. Last evening he drove me up here in his coupe. Returning, we took off our coats and went to billiards where we remained till nearly half past one this morning. Now I am yawning and gaping.

We are on an appropriation bill. The Democracy and some of our weak-kneed Republicans from the South are in a majority and our side is in the attitude of self-defense, being compelled to resort to filibustering to prevent the most atrocious amendments for the payment of rebel claims which they insist upon attaching to the bill. Our friends are in strong force at Philadelphia, and correspondingly weak here. The telegrams at this hour from Phila. would seem to indicate Wilson's nomination as candidate for the Vice Presidency! Strange, is it not? Wilson and Colfax are on the floor nearly all the time. Both were reading together at the same time, the same telegram from Phila. on the Vice Presidency. Both are smiling—both evidently hopeful—both have palpitating hearts. Colfax has gone to his room. Wilson takes his telegrams at his desk—and they come thick and fast. I pray for Colfax as against Wilson.

I had your Monday letter last evening. I hope the boy will soon insist on being unhappy when you go away for a whole day, not to be smiling hour after hour as he was last Monday when you were at Boston.

Love for you, Dear, and the boy, from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 7, 1872

DEAR DEL: I am sorry to hear you are such a poor housekeeper, and your entire incapacity for seeing dust and dirt shows me how little you would appreciate good housekeeping in a wife. Arguing from this standpoint, there is no necessity for my accomplishing myself in that direction. Tell Father the stable ought to be looked into before you leave to see that the things are there, and the key given to Mr. Whitney. Also see if the cider closet is locked—James has the key—and the glass closet in the dining room, and the keys of the two last hidden.

There are some letters here for Father from Henry Clews. I have not sent them on because I supposed Mr. Clews knew what he was about in sending them here, as he could easily have learned Father's whereabouts from the papers.

Last night I had the first fight with "the boy" that I have undertaken for a long time. He was very sleepy and I lay down with him on his bed, nursed him until he was asleep, but the moment I moved he started up and insisted on being taken up. I thought he was very well off where he was and put my head down by his, tried to sing him to sleep. But no, he had no such intention, his arms and legs flew while he screamed at the top of his voice.

Mother came to the rescue, but I warned her off—after about fifteen minutes I spoke to him, he put his arms around my neck and though still crying and sobbing gradually stopped his efforts and kept quiet. Then I let him nurse once more until he was sound asleep. His temper was surprising, when he first began he kicked me and pushed with his hands, but before he finished he was glad enough to snuggle up.

Dr. Edson has just been here. I told him we should probably call upon him the last of next week to christen the baby. I want that duty completed.

The storm we have had did great damage to the trees. In the towns around Boston they were torn up by the roots. On Cape Ann—no less than eight vessels were wrecked and a good many lives lost. The fresh young leaves on our trees are badly mangled and torn, but will soon recover. Love—from your wife and boy—who I hear trundling along over the gravel in the sunshine. He seems to like his carriage very much.

BLANCHE

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 7, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Grant and Wilson—Wilson! I am sorry. I wish it had been the old ticket. Colfax's letter and the desire to *rebuke* Sumner for his speech against Grant were the two prime causes of Wilson's nomination. What little obstacles will turn a current this way, or that! Poor Colfax took his defeat much at heart. He came in to congratulate Wilson wearing a poor, sickly, ghastly smile. His smile notoriously so blooming, and full, and rosy was but a whitened skeleton of its former self. The body regret this probable change.

I was designated today as one of the Senators to visit West Point in place of a Senator who had declined. I also declined, as it is not convenient for me to go as you can well understand. I hope we may go next year. This morning I brought my trunk down from the attic, and am preparing for a flight—and glad shall I be to be on the wing.

I am not surprised that you love our boy more and more, the longer you are acquainted with him—as everybody must. He is a great boy. Love for you and him from

ADELBERT

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 8, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: We went into session yesterday morning at eleven o'clock and came out at a quarter of nine o'clock this morning. The "omnibus bill," so-called, came on last evening, and as it was susceptible of political amendments they were added and of course a political struggle resulted. The amendment was to protect voters at the ballot box. The Democracy, of course, were opposed to it, and to defeat it talked twelve hours. We finally succeeded in passing it. Poor Mr. Sumner sat up all night to get his "Civil Rights" bill on as an amendment, but, when at seven o'clock this morning the opportunity to present his amendment arrived, the chair ruled it out of order and the Senate supported the chair on an appeal. Sumner then took his hat and cane and left. I pitied him. On a recent occasion at a night session he lost the opportunity to pass his bill, Carpenter supplanting him. Last night he suffered for twelve hours for the opportunity to present this matter which was so summarily dismissed.

We met again at six this afternoon and are now in session. The House has the omnibus bill and I fear they will defeat it and necessitate our continued session here. I have this moment spoken to your Father, and find he thinks we cannot get away on Monday. The House is engaged in filibustering which can be continued till Monday, when we are adjourned by resolution already passed. This omnibus bill, being an appropriation bill, will thereby fail, and an extra session be necessary. Yet, I hope not.

Love for yourself, Dear, and for the boy, from

ADELBERT

United States Senate Chamber
WASHINGTON, *June* 9, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: When I wrote you yesterday I feared we would not adjourn on Monday as we had intended. But last night when the President was at the Capitol, as is customary with Presidents during the last hours of a session, for the purpose of signing bills, he stated that he would call an extra session should the sundry civil bill with its enforcement act amendment be defeated by filibustering Democrats. Blain and Dawes, hearing this—they were present—hastened to the House and at once suspended the hostility to the bill and it went at once to a committee of conference. It is believed that our amendment will be adopted. This mysterious influence of Blain and Dawes leads us to believe that they are, and have been, far from faithful to our party cause. The sudden change in the House leads us to believe that we will get away tomorrow. I sincerely hope so.

Your Father, having a law suit in New York tomorrow, will leave here tonight. He informed me at breakfast that he would have to return here again this week and that he did not expect to reach Lowell till Saturday next.

I have completed all my correspondence and packed away all of our books; and also put the vases and the two little oil paintings in this room up in my trunk. I also sent out and got some camphor for my trunk. I have rummaged all the drawers—slammed all the doors of the wardrobes and clothes presses —looked *over* everything, *into* everything and *under* everything, and on the completion of this letter shall pack my trunk and carpet bag. I found your and my visiting cardplates, as well as some visiting cards, which I shall take on with me.

I am rejoiced at the thought of getting away from here—not exactly in the getting away from here, but because by so doing I can go to you. Being here without you seems like so much time wasted, and I am not in the humor now-a-days to waste time. Much love to my Love and our boy. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 18, 1872

DEAR DEL: You have been gone just one day, but it seems more than a week, and I find myself wondering how soon you will be back. By this time you must have passed Niagara and are on your way to Chicago.

Last night "the boy" slept with me. He seemed to enjoy it very much and was quite unwilling to go to Jerry in the morning. He crept up close to me, snuggled down and insisted upon kissing me right on the mouth. Yesterday while crawling about he came across a spider, and of course put it directly in his mouth. Jerry saw him take it out, seized it, and on examination found out what he was trying to eat. The Pearson boys do not like him. They are jealous. Fisher said this morning, when the nurse took the baby into his room—"If you don't go away from here I will break your head." While Fisher was playing cards by the window this afternoon, Butler would crawl up and upset everything. Fisher got mad and slapped his hands—but "the boy" did not seem to mind it in the least. I had to interfere and carry the little fellow off. He is the sweetest boy alive, Del, and seems much nearer and of more consequence when you are away.

Father and Paul went to Lowell this morning. Mr. Parker and Katie go tomorrow. Florence and Katie think of going to Rye Beach—if Uncle Fisher is well enough. For the last three weeks he has had a very heavy cough—and cannot have the window raised even on these very warm nights, it brings on the coughing spells to have the least breeze. The family are troubled somewhat about him. I trust it is nothing serious.

By the time this reaches you, you will have seen John[1]. Give him my love and say how grieved I feel for them all.

For you, my Love, I send kisses BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *July* 20, 1872

It is Saturday night—Dearie, and though I cannot send you a letter tomorrow still I will have a little chat with you before going to sleep. I have been almost well today, only troubled once with sickness. I took a bath, but did not stay in long, because I felt cold and tired.

Blossom is well. He took a nap with me this afternoon. When he woke, instead of trying to get up—he nestled down close to me and tried to go to sleep again, but in vain. After several ineffectual efforts he gave it up and patted my face.

Father came home this afternoon with a Capt. Peirson of the Navy with him. I saw the gentleman last winter in Washington. He is young, good-looking and unmarried. He will be about Lowell for the next month, and will probably pass some of that time here. His business is connected with cartridges in some way. It will be fine for Kate and Florence to have another beau on the field. Flagg has been called on to Washington and will not be here next week.

I have a constant reminder in "the boy" that my *flirting* days are over. How strange that there should be such a difference, while I feel just as young and just the same as ever—except that there would be no zest in such amusement now. Life is more filled with richness and promise now, and there are no uncertainties or regrets to trouble one.

I love you, Del, Good night. BLANCHE

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[1] General Ames' brother John lost his arm in an accident in the Northfield Mill.

NORTHFIELD, *July* 23, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Doctor Murphy, reputed the best surgeon in the State, a surgeon in the Army during the war, has been here today to see John. He expresses much surprise at the progress John had made. The flaps over the end of the bone united at once without any suppuration or, as the doctor says "by first intention." The raw surface of the arm is the most painful. John is in good spirits, and we one and all are very hopeful as well as grateful. Nellie is also improving rapidly.

John's oldest girl and his boy are here, Fannie is at her aunt's in Minneapolis, and Alice at a neighbors in the village. He has good attendance—two of the men of the neighborhood spend the night with him. He is very popular and all seem anxious to do something for him. I send you a newspaper slip on the accident.

John expected me the day before, and was visibly affected by my nonappearance. I need not tell you that I was much grieved at his condition.

I have not done anything yet in the way of business. I do not expect to this week. Everything appears to be about so-so. Nothing very bright—nothing particularly dark or gloomy. When I go to Fort Atkinson I shall have to cut a knot or break my sword in the attempt.

Love for you, dear wife, and for our boy, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 23, 1872

DEAR DEL: Another day has passed, and everything remains as you left it. Mrs. Parker went home at noon. Aunt Lottie will remain for a week longer.

Gardiner kissed "the boy" today, and thinks he *does* "like this little baby." When "the boy" is in the room with me, and sees Jerry coming—he at once stops whatever play he is engaged in, crawls to my knee, and scolds until she gets out of sight. The older he grows the more determined he seems to be to stay with me all of the time. He is glad to see Jerry only in the morning after he has been awake some time and had ample breakfast.

All the forenoon I felt languid and tired; though it was a nice day to paint the background of Katie's picture I could not summon up courage to commence it. After dinner I rode over to Rockport with Aunt Lottie. This evening we called on Mrs. Bennet. I think they will have a very pleasant home there. How much they will enjoy fixing it!

Father, Capt. Peirson and the boys went sailing about three and have just returned, bringing twelve or fifteen large cod. They cannot persuade me to join them. I am as seasick as I care to be on dry land. If you were here, Dearie, there would be a great temptation to go, however. I wish I could put my head on your shoulder this evening. It would be very restful. Good night, Del.

BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *July* 24, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: John is better today. He is improving very rapidly. If nothing happens to set him back he will be able to get out of his bed and sit in an easy chair in a week or so. He is cheerful and contented.

I have been reading to John and amusing him, doing little else each day. I expect to go to Ft. A. in a few days. I want to see John a little further on before I go down there.

I am very glad to know that your condition has improved. I hope you will not be annoyed any more, but that you will be as well and as strong as ever.

We are very fortunate in every particular and while we might feel that something is due from us yet we pray we may not be called upon for any sacrifice—even that of not very serious sickness.

Much love to you and our boy,

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 25, 1872

DEAR DEL: My first letter from you came today. Poor, brave, noble John—what a fearful experience for him! It fairly causes one's blood to curdle when thinking what he must have suffered. Nellie too, and I have been thinking rather hardly of her for being ill at such a time. It was most unjust, was it not? I am very glad you went on at once, Del—for though I miss you very much I know it must be pleasant for John to have you there. He must get on well now. I have been wondering what other misfortune would accompany the first, for "they never come single," but it seems they were almost simultaneous, and there can be nothing more to dread. Tell John the whole family sends regards, and sympathy, with wishes for a most rapid recovery.

It has been a very rainy day. Father had planned a picnic to Coffin's beach for a clambake—but the weather prevented. I thought of going and taking Jerry and "the boy." I doubt however if I could have summoned up courage. I cling closely to the house, rocking chair and sofa these days. The morning was passed in sewing. This afternoon I sketched and nearly painted a couple of sand peeps Ben shot. They make quite a nice little picture. I woke up last night and thought "there, the second anniversary of our marriage has come and gone without my thinking of it!" I am not surprised that I did not remember it, for to me the wedding day was no happier, in fact not as much so as many that we have passed together since. Then I had doubts and fears. Now I have none. If these two years had been passed in bickering and trouble, no doubt my thoughts would frequently revert to our wedding day as the time when life was full of hope and promise and the future rose tinted. As it has been, each succeeding day has brought new promise and contentment. The last two years have been so blessed that I can point to no time and say of it "then I was happiest." I trust you can feel the same, Love. Yet there have been some shadows for you lately, not such heavy ones as to blot out all the sunshine, I am sure you will say.

The boy was weighed today, pulled down twenty-three pounds. This is doing well, is it not?

His Grandfather has been paying him quite a good deal of attention lately. He calls to him to play with his watch. Stops before him and allows him to pull the cigar in his mouth. He said of him yesterday, "I never saw so good a child. He is always happy, never cries, gives himself hard knocks, but does not seem to mind it. Then again he is always well, hasn't a rough face, or any of the baby ills." So you see, Del, "the boy" is walking into favor. Everybody speaks of him as a "splendid fellow."

The candle is almost burned out. I shall just have time to direct this letter. Good night, Dearie. I think of you.

Blanche

Bay View, *July* 27, 1872

It is Sunday night, Del, not yet nine o'clock. The folk, that is, Mr. Farrington, Mrs. Pearson, Florence, Katie, Father, Mother and the boys, are downstairs chatting.

"The boy" is sleeping like a little top, his hand with the ring laid out on the mattress. I think he is rather proud of it. It is as large for his hand as an inch band would be for mine, so that one cannot fail to notice it. He grows brighter every day and no longer screams when he thinks there is fighting going on, but leans forward and wants to put his arms around the neck of the person he thinks is being whipped. Father saw him do so to Florence and Paul this morning and said, "What a ridiculous little baby it is!" He takes hold of Florence's finger and mine, and walks up and down the parlor as large as any of us, looking about, laughing and crowing. His hair is growing too long, and needs cutting again, but I shall wait till you return.

Yesterday Mother and Aunt Lottie went into the water, and found it so warm they advised me to try it after dinner. So the boys and I tried it about two hours after eating, and found it great sport. The wind was very fresh from the West, and larger waves than I have ever seen here dashed on to the shore. We waded out, the tide being in, to some rocks just this side of the boat landings and bracing ourselves let the breakers dash over us. I had my feet against one rock, my back against another, but the rush and force of the water was so great that twice I was washed from my perch. It was very exhilarating but also exhausting, and last night feeling cold and tired I crept into bed early. It was the first bath for nearly a week. I am becoming very indolent, and cannot make up my mind to the shock or the exertion.

Aunt Lottie goes home tomorrow. She has been here almost a fortnight, and you have been away about the same length of time. Mother will go up to Lowell with her, partly to take care, and partly to look after the house and grounds. She intends to return Tuesday with Mr. Farrington and Aunt Nina.

I finished my picture of the peeps yesterday, and want your words of criticism and praise. I feel sure you will think them pretty good. I studied them entirely from nature, as I ought to do everything.

A kiss, and good night, Del. I am waiting for your return, Love, to be happy. Blanche

Bay View, *July* 30, 1872

Del: Your letters come regularly now, Dearie, and it seems as if you were many miles nearer. You will have been gone a fortnight tomorrow. If John continues to improve, the end of another fortnight will find you here, I hope.

So you are prepared for a fight at Fort Atkinson. I do not think your Aunt will come out victor. As for the woman's rights part of it—I have no doubt Nellie, her Mother, and your Aunt Andalusia are as strongly opposed to any idea of that kind as it is possible for people to be. I judge this from what I see among persons here. Good luck attend you, Sweetheart, in your work. Do you think you will stay after you have put them to rights?

Aunt Nina, and Mrs. Farrington are downstairs. They came with Mother this afternoon. Father and the boys have gone to Newburyport in the yacht.

You must get my letters very regularly, Del—for I write every night and the letter goes off every morning in the first mail.

I am quite amused to see—now that your great anxiety about John has worn off—how Nellie's actions and deceits begin to annoy you. You must always recollect, Love, that John believes he is having real gold all the time, so that he is quite content and happy. Is it not just as well, then, and is she not to a certain extent doing her duty? It seems to me so, as long as he is happy. I have no doubt you care for me, Del, and believe I can make you as contented as anybody—yet John would lead a miserable existence with me for a wife. In fact, when he said "I wonder how Adelbert first came to take a liking to you" he implied as much. This matter of preference, or love, is very queer, and it would seem to be impossible for one person to judge of the qualities which may or may not prove attractive to another.

Don't you think, Del, Nellie's statement to John that she had been awake all night because she was thinking of him was more satisfactory than the plain truth would have been? To me it would not have been, for detecting the falseness I should have resented the attempt to impose upon me and excite tenderness over a sham. But John, with great trustfulness, took the statement as it was given, without a question in his mind, and was content. As long as he is happy in his domestic relations, and I think he always will be, you ought to be satisfied. Your ideal is not, and never could be, his.

"The boy" grows browner and browner every day. He is *very* well, and eats so much during the day he hardly cares to nurse.

I hear that DeKay has lost his boy, and is almost distracted. He has gone to the White Mts. with his wife, in order to change the scene, and distract her attention. It seems to be a hard summer for children. I am constantly hearing of sad cases of sickness and death.

Father and the boys, with Mr. Spofford and Flagg came over from Newburyport just before tea. They had a fine breeze, and were only two hours coming.

James Francis has been visiting at the Bennetts. He called yesterday morning with Bessie—took a dip in the sea, and stayed to dinner. Florence, Katie and I were the only persons here. I matronized the girls. I fear I do not fill that character very well, however, for Mrs. Farrington says she "cannot realize that I am married and that is my baby." The boy does not walk any more than he did when you went away. These floors are too slippery for him. He could go finely on the carpet I think.

My candle has burnt quite low, Dearie, and it is time to say good night. Love to all. That is one kind of love. For you, kisses from your boy and Wife, BLANCHE

FORT ATKINSON, IOWA, *July* 31, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I am now writing at the desk in the mill. It is about six o'clock in the morning. I am to start in a few minutes for Calmar to take the cars for Northfield.

I find things here but in passable condition. The mill has hardly paid expenses. This, we imagine, is explained in various ways. Want of capital to buy wheat. High price of wheat owing to competition with buyers in town—exceptionally low state of water—a new mill without a name or character. I think the mill will pay if we can get the money to run it. There seems to be an abundance of water, and by making one or two changes—converting a feed run into a flour run I hope we may increase considerably our capacity for work, and above all hope we may get out of debt.

Then again, Aunt Andalusia, Hez's wife, has set everybody by the ears. She and hers have three-fourths of the house, etc. etc., little things—big things from some points of view—but of a most exasperating character to the sufferers. Her daughter married last year, and this new son-in-law and the mother-in-law seem to rule with a high hand. Exactly what I shall do I cannot now say, as I do not know. I shall consult with Father and John and stop here again on my way east. I expect if I do no more, I shall raise a row.

I have fallen into very early hours of late. The sun does not get up much earlier than do I, nor does he manage to beat me much to bed. I can break myself of this habit, I hope.

A year ago I was here. How much has this year brought with it. Love for you and the boy. ADELBERT

NORTHFIELD, *August* 2, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday we rode out to Cousin Charlotte's, eight miles away, to make her a visit and to kill prairie chickens. Father and I trudged over the fields for hours, but with poor success. We got home about sunset, bringing with us only thirteen chickens. There were a number of reasons for our failure. The wind was too high—the dog did his work but poorly, and as the grain is still standing the birds sought a shelter we could not invade. Yet the pleasant day, the tramp and the company caused us—me—to enjoy myself much—not however as much as I would, had it been you who was driving the horses after us in the fields instead of Clara.

John yesterday rode down town and walked out on his farm where he had a gang of men harvesting. He is now having his arm dressed in dry-greased bandages instead of wet—and feels well enough for anything and everything. Yesterday he was dressed, instead of with a shawl over his shoulder, in his coat—the stump in his coat sleeve, which naturally enough chafed his armpit till it became exceedingly troublesome.

Nellie is now well. At least, as I did not ask after her health she gave no sign to the contrary—her appetite and her movements indicated strength of mind and body.

This is Friday, and I have not yet stated positively when I shall leave for the east. My *suggestion* to go was strenuously opposed. Last evening Nellie met me at the door and informed me that John was very nervous because I had been absent all day, and charged me not to remain away again so long. Today I will have a talk as to what we shall do at the Fort. I send my love to you and our boy. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 2, 1872

DEAR DEL: A long, kind letter from you this morning. You will come home next week, won't you, Love? John will be able to talk business by Sunday, and we want you here very much.—Besides you will soon be starting for Mississippi, and I shall not have you with me till next winter, if you do not get a few weeks now. At any rate, I shall look for you the last of next week, or the first of the following.

I had a bath today. The water was cold, but refreshing, and there were no gentlemen or spectators present.

This afternoon I looked out of the parlor windows and on the Indian blanket on the grass were five boys—Paul, Ben, Percy Parker, Harry French forming a circle, while in the center sat "the boy." They had provided him with stones, which he was demurely throwing at them—evidently enjoying his position. He looked very old and self-possessed. It was funny enough to watch him. Ah, Dearie, he is a very nice baby! You ought to be very proud of him.

I hope you will find things better than you expect at Fort Atkinson. What a pity the folks there don't know when they are well off, and try to do their duty.

Love for you, Del, kindest regards for your Mother, John and the rest,

BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 4, 1872

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday night, and I am prepared for a long chat with you. Blossom is still asleep. He will soon wake for his night lunch, a luxury in which he will be indulged only a few weeks longer. It is very amusing to see the little fellow try to walk across the room. He starts off crowing, quite intent upon accomplishing some great performance—for a few steps he is quite stately and self-possessed, then growing a little timid quickens his pace until he goes so fast as to lose his balance, and down he goes. Sometimes he reaches the object he is in pursuit of—and then feels very triumphant. By the time you return he will walk nicely—altho' these slippery floors are a great trial to him. He grows better looking every day to my eyes. In time he will be a handsome boy, and do his Father credit.

I was quite disappointed at your report from Fort A. I had hoped you would a little more than clear expenses. You would not be satisfied, at least I should not if I were you, to have matters arranged as they were last winter and summer. The accounts your Uncle gave you of the week's work were very meagre and unsatisfactory. Surely there is some one there who keeps the books regularly. If so, why should you not have an exact copy made and sent you twice a week, so that you could tell as clearly what was being done as if you were there to overlook things yourself. Without some such arrangement I do not see how you can ever know the way in which your business is being conducted. Your Uncle's letters do not amount to anything. Even if he could write at more length and better, practically it would be of no use to you. But as the books of a bank or store show the banker and merchant the state of their affairs—so ought the books of a mill to be kept, and you should not be satisfied until it is so. I suppose it would be some trouble, but ought that to be considered? You cannot go to Iowa oftener than two or three times a year, and then it would be impossible for you to review the records of four or five months. Besides, it would be too late, for if anything needs correction it is at the time the abuse occurs, not months after.

Your Uncle's course, and the way in which his wife rules him —causes me to consider him a weak man who would not willingly be neglectful of your interests, but would be driven by the sharp tongue of Aunt Andalusia to be so constantly. He knew, Del, as well as you or John, that his son-in-law had no right there, and it was his business to have made a change. He did not—and is not entirely to be trusted for he has not the nerve or force to do what his sense of right and justice might prompt. Do not think this a harsh judgement, Del, but remember that to me he is not an Uncle, and I can look at the case as any stranger might do, with unprejudiced eyes. What I have written is prosy enough and you are tired of it. Still, Love, do take it into consideration and if it is only for my peace of mind, make some arrangement of the nature I desire.

I do not know when to look for you home, Sweetheart, but shall think about the last of this week, or the first of next. I shall write until you send me word you are coming. "The boy" sends kisses. He grows more and more affectionate each day. His Grandfather kept poking his finger at him today, but he resented it, gave him one or two slaps.—So you see he can fight.

Good night, Dearie. I wish you were here now.

Blanche

Northfield, *August* 5, 1872

Dear Blanche: Half an hour ago I had finished my letter to you, which you will find in the mail with this, in which I stated I would leave today for the east. I had packed up and was on my way to John's to bid him good-bye, when Father made another appeal to stay another week. He said that he would go east with me if I would stay till next Monday. I said nothing till I saw John who, going to Father's support, carried the day. They were opposed to my going to Miss. on the first of September, and evidently rejoice that they delay my going by a week, which time they have for themselves. However, Father's request for my delay, that he might accompany me, and John's great desire, have prevailed just half an hour before I was to start.

A week from today I will start for the east, only to stop for one day at Milwaukee. I love you, and regret that my going is delayed.

Adelbert

NORTHFIELD, *August* 9, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This is Friday. The week is fast drawing to a close, as is my business.

Yesterday I received a letter from Uncle Hez, wherein he made his final proposition. It is this—he is going East with his whole family. His reason, so he says, is because his family will not live in the same house with Clara. He finds no fault with me—he takes no exception to my treatment of him.—It is simply because his wife—Aunt Andalusia—*will not* live in the same house with her niece! This Aunt of mine is a cute woman. She has asserted from the first that she was going East to live, the first opportunity. She now makes the opportunity, and they will go, I have no doubt.

Smith, their son-in-law, has also given me notice that he is to go. John and I have always regretted his presence here. All of us sincerely regretted Aunt's coming, and so now hail their going with joy. As for Uncle, I am sorry he is so misled by such a wife. She rules, and now when she cannot sacrifice my interests to her convenience, she packs her valuables and starts for the East.

Uncle David, who is returning from the East, is to stop at Fort A. and is there now probably. He will be tomorrow night, or at latest Monday evening. He may have some influence on Hez, and that I may see him and talk to him I may have to delay my departure till Tuesday. Father, I expect, will go East with me.

Of course I shall have to look about to find someone to take Hez's place. I shall probably leave the business in the hands of Hamlin and Sam, who are now there. John will have to go there frequently, and possibly Uncle David will have to give us a week or two from time to time.

Sorrow for Uncle is the only feeling I have at this time, except that of thankfulness that I shake off the burden of Aunt and Aunt's son-in-law.

I hope to reach Bay View Thursday or Friday. With love for you, and the boy,
ADELBERT

Senator Ames was in Lowell and Bay View, Mass., from Aug. 11 to Sept. 16, 1872.

Jno. R. Brown, Commission Merchant
NEW YORK, *September* 16, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Your Father and I came here Saturday morning. He left the same evening for Washington. He is to speak at Philadelphia tomorrow, Tuesday evening. Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock he will speak to the Soldiers' Convention at Pittsburgh. Thence he will go to Cincinnati, and one or two other points in Ohio. On the 24th inst. he is to be at Milwaukee, after which he will go to and remain in Indiana till the State election there about the eighth of Oct., after which he will go eastward. Such was the programme marked out for him by the National Republican Committee here, and as he is not over communicative about his movements I become the chronicler thereof, to the satisfaction of his family I doubt not.

I learned at Partridge, Wells & Co., our flour merchants, that both Northfield and Ft. A. had shipped flour here, none of which had arrived, however. The price is excellent. The season bids fair to be a good one. P., W. & Co. will report to me once a week.

Saturday evening I went out with Major Norton and his wife. She is much improved. I hardly recognized in her the blushing bride we called on that wet, disagreeable day in Washington last season. Yesterday, Sunday, I went over to Governor's Island with Norton. Returning we met Capt. McGowan and his son, the Paymaster in the Navy. This morning I got up at six to write a letter on an idea which came to me on the navigation of canals—using steam instead of horsepower. All this, with the addition of Billy Emerson's Negro minstrels late Saturday evening makes up my dissipation in this city. Tonight at six I shall leave for Pittsburgh.

This letter shows you I am with my friend Brown, with whom I shall talk flour business by and by.

Need I tell you that things which loomed up in considerable proportions a few days since have dwindled down to rather insignificant dimensions. The most natural thing in the world, is it not?

I hope your Mother is improving as fast as possible. I told Kinsman of her misfortune[1]—in confidence.

I miss you very much, and yet I am but at the threshold on my journey.

I send a world of love. Give "the boy" a hug and a kiss every now and then for ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 18, 1872

DEAR DEL: Another rainy morning—in which after the ordinary duties of the day had been attended to I devoted myself to painting and with good results—for the "Fruit Carrier" will yet make quite a respectable-looking picture. I intend to copy Mrs. Farrington's "Iris." It will not take long if I devote myself to it—and will be a nice thing to have when "we settle."

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[1] Mrs. Butler's arm had been injured in July.

By the way, Mother told me today that the picture dealer in Boston, to whom she carried the little children I painted for Paul to have it framed, said when she told him she did not want a very expensive frame as the painting was on such poor canvas, "Why, was it painted by an amateur? Does she paint many?" Mother concluded from his manner that he would willingly have offered to buy the picture.—So you see, Love, some time I may *be able to do something besides spend money—and help you to make a fortune.* A pleasant day dream for me, even if it proves only a dream.

The boy still continues cross. He will hardly allow anyone to speak to him. His Uncle Paul takes him about a good deal —for you know he likes to be carried. I bought him this afternoon—for it cleared about two o'clock, so I could go out—the cutest little undershirts you ever saw. They are just like yours. I expect he will look very funny in them.

Uncle Fisher is better. He was downstairs this afternoon, looking worn and pale, however.

Now, Dearie, good night. Love from "the boy" and

BLANCHE

Burnett House
CINCINNATI, *September* 20, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I came into this town this morning at one o'clock. I left your Father at Steubenville, Ohio, yesterday at twelve. He spoke there last evening. He will speak tonight at Columbus. Tomorrow night he will speak here. He was very enthusiastically received in Pittsburgh by those who had an opportunity to hear him: though the arrangements were exceedingly poor and the crowd small.

The Soldiers Convention at Pittsburgh was a great success. It was the first reunion of our soldiers I have attended since the war, and I was much impressed by what I saw and heard. One or two things were somewhat amusing. As for example:— I met an ex-officer by the name of Stewart who was on the staff of Gen'l. Wessels in N.C. When he ascertained that you were my wife he became very friendly. He said he had never seen you, but his old Gen'l. was one of your most devoted admirers.

I quote him. "Gen'l. Wessels had his wife come down to live with him. I never saw him smile while his wife was alive (she died shortly after). But after Miss Butler's visit to our Dept. with her father he (Gen'l. W.) became enthusiastic. I returned after they left and was greeted by the Gen'l. with 'What a charming, lovely girl Gen'l. B's daughter is,' etc. etc." It would seem Gen'l. W. smiled after meeting you! How strange! I thought I would let you know of your unconscious conquest.

I met two or three of our friends from Miss. among whom was French. We are here evidently in no great haste. Your Father will be here tomorrow, and it is possible that as they wish to hear him we may remain till then. I saw Col. Merrill this morning. I went to see Gen'l. Swift, but he is absent. He has not sent that horse. I abandon the idea of getting her.

Give the boy kisses from me, and take love from

ADELBERT

Burnett House
CINCINNATI, *September* 21, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: The business of some of our party made it necessary for them to remain here today; so we all have delayed going till this evening. Your Father will be here this afternoon. He is expected at two o'clock. I shall see him and hear him, as we shall not leave till eleven. He is making the most telling speeches of the campaign. I am doing nothing, have nothing to do but wait till my friends get ready to go.

Last evening we went to the theatre. Upon going to our room—four in one room—we found two of the three beds occupied by strangers. We finally succeeded in finding a place to rest our sleepy heads. Horace Greeley, the Exposition, and the season of the year cause the hotels to be crowded, and make everyone uncomfortable.

French says there will be no trouble for me to get the Gubernatorial nomination next year if I want it. All the colored people are for me. There is a desire on the part of many of the leading colored people to run as Lieut. Gov. with me as Gov. The only opposition I would encounter would be from the white men who are aspirants themselves, nearly every one of whom failing to get it themselves, would support me. They, one and all, are waiting to hear what my wishes are before they act—both friend and foe. Some think my chances for re-election to the U. S. S. would be improved by not running for Gov., for thereby I might make advantageous combinations. Whether any combinations be made or not, it is evident that a division of honors even though I could control them all would be the course of wisdom. Of course, I adhere to my decision already made.

I wonder what you are doing—acting as nurse and watching that great boy of ours. I send love to you both.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 23, 1872

DEAR DEL: I am in luck—for I had another letter from you today. I am glad your prospects are so good, and trust your friends do not flatter. You know I am quite suspicious, and do not believe that people are to be trusted in as a rule until they have proved the contrary.

This has been a most unpleasant day in many respects. In the first place the weather is very warm. Then I caught cold last evening and have been a little ill all day.

Dr. Spaulding drove up about half past ten and informed Mother that Dr. Cabot would be up to see her in the course of an hour. Spaulding sent for him because he was going out of town for a week or ten days, and did not trust to his own judgement in regard to the condition of the arm. Dr. Cabot pronounced it remarkably healed, that it was not only knit, but quite tough.

As they were coming and I was wanted to sew bandages, I put on a close dress, and drew my corset strings a little tighter than usual, so as not to strain the waist. But when I tried to stand up and sew a little I was so faint I could not, but had to leave the room and lie down. The room looked hazy and everything swam around to a remarkable extent. I finished my sewing after the Doctors had gone. It will be a good thing when I can wean "the boy." He wakes now so many times in the night that good sleep is entirely broken up. It is to be hoped that after the present expectations are realized there will not be another baby for some time.

There has been a carpenter here for several days arranging the window sashes, which are warped and decayed. He had my windows out all day yesterday, and let in such a crowd of mosquitoes that the poor baby, who had a nice smooth face, is now covered with bites. It is quite too bad, for several days must go by before he gets over them.

When you were in Mississippi last Fall you did not write freely about your plans, fearing the mails might be tampered with. I suppose you do not care to talk politics in letters, so if I do not appear to notice them or refer to them you must not judge it is because I have no interest in your affairs, Love. I must always have the deepest. Mere selfishness without any affection would prompt as much as that—for your life and thoughts must of necessity be those of your wife—who loves you. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 24, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here today at twelve. We reached Memphis yesterday at one, and just had time to wash off some of the dust from the dustiest road I ever saw and get dinner and leave by four o'clock train for this point.

Immediately upon my arrival I sent to the office and got the mail, in which there were three or four letters from you, which caused my heart to rejoice. I was made glad by the knowledge that you were well and happy. My sympathy went out to our boy in his day of affliction. He now has ten teeth, and as I understand you he has but to have two more to be made a boy and not a baby. May he pass through these and all dangers unscathed.

I shall soon start out on a stumping tour. I shall visit only the most important places. Last year I entered on the campaign with much hesitation and reluctance. Now I am eager for the fray. I have considerable confidence in the belief that I shall do much better than last year—thanks to some degree to the short lesson I took last summer from Coriolanus. The exact route I shall take I do not now know. I will send you a list of places as soon as published.

I find that the desire for me to run for Governor is very strong and very general. I shall easily resist the temptation. Those who want to run if I do not are anxious to see me.

I send love for you and for our boy, ADELBERT

Republican State Executive Committee
JACKSON, MISS., *September* 26, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: At one o'clock this morning I left at the hotel office a letter for you that it might catch the four o'clock train. In that letter I told you of the purchase I had made, but neglected to have the Hamlet part appear. And that is, I wish you would if you can send me the $1250.00 to pay the first installment with. You can have Carney give you a draft on New York which will be as good, or better, than cash here. Send it to my order. Though I shall be moving about, have all my mail come here.

This is early in the morning, and this my first act after getting up here to the Committee Room. A crowd have come in, and I must stop. I expect to speak here Saturday evening.

I send love to you and to the boy. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 27, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Inasmuch as we have often talked of Mrs. Woodhull and her theories, and as we never knew exactly what her theories were, I send a newspaper slip containing quotations from her and Theodore Tilton, by which I have no doubt you will be much enlightened as to her views, as was I.

I shall make my first speech here tomorrow evening. I will give you the headings of it, as you would like to know, and the doing of it will be beneficial to me. My speech will be mainly for the benefit of the colored men. I shall liken the two parties to two armies, Grant being at the head of one and Greeley of the other. I shall speak of the recruiting officers being abroad who are trying to enlist men in either one army or the other. The armies are armed with the ballot and ballot box, and not the cartridge and cartridge box.

I shall discuss the principles first of Greeley's army—show the fact that they have for many years been in favor of State rights—of secession; and in favor of secession because they could more surely perpetuate human slavery by such principles. Beaten in '60 in the battle of the ballots, they resorted to the cartridge, seeking to destroy the Union to build up a Confederacy of which slavery should be the corner stone. Again they were beaten, though their effort cost the country thousands of millions of dollars, and hundreds of thousands of lives, and filled the land with cripples and covered it as by a pall with mourning.

Black codes after war. Failing in the battle of the ballot, and the cartridge, they then appealed to the Ku Klux disguise, and midnight assassination—I shall quote report. Though they succeeded in some states, they failed to get the power of the National Govt. in their hands. Their ranks had in it men to justify Ku Kluxism,—Frank Blair, etc. That party still believes in State rights and secession—Horace Greeley favors secession now. The Cincinnati platform favors State rights. Explain State rights—show it was for the preservation of slavery and now is for the purpose of preventing the country from protecting the people of the South, by Ku Klux legislation.

Then I shall show what the Republican Party has done for the colored people especially. A. Lincoln, the first K. K. victim, was at the head of our Army—Grant also. Our Army gave all, they have made men of them—ballot—jury box—

office, etc. etc. Then discuss their General Horace Greeley—then Grant—Sumner.

Discuss the spirit of exclusion here in the South. The figures show that the population of the States of Minnesota has increased 2½ times in last ten years—Iowa two fold—Ohio and Indiana a third of a million each. This State has stood still. All persons are welcomed there—even foreigners who cannot speak our language. Here, however, anyone who does not believe in the same ideas as have prevailed here for years is tabooed, etc. Northern men and capital are expelled, and you destroy your own system of labor by Ku Klux terrorism.

Since 1860, 21,000 miles of R.R. have been built in our country, and that of Miss. has less than 100!! Simaz Samuz, a Japanese prince, has written a letter to the Mikado, protesting against Western ideas and advancement, etc. This State is full of Simaz Samuzes, etc. I shall conclude by showing what Grant did for the State when I was here.

The framework is good, being facts—my speech will be beautiful or otherwise, depending upon the embellishments. It is now midday. I have been in my room all the forenoon. Yesterday I did nothing but look up a few statistics.

I send love to you, Darling, and for our boy.

ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 28, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just returned from the Representative Hall, where I spoke for an hour and a half. The hall was not crowded, which was due to the fact that the time was too short to give the proper notice to the country people, and a stupid mistake prevented the city people being generally informed. There was, however, a full array of Democrats. The order of my remarks which I wrote you I held to, though the details in some instances, and especially the preliminary remarks, were changed.

The Democratic papers have begun to assault me, and having a *grievance* I used it. In this way. "I am assaulted because I am the colored man's friend, etc." I had not gone far when I was interrupted by the Democrats. An Elector on the Greeley ticket demanded a chance to reply. I told him I had been invited to speak, and that "When I finished I should relinquish all control of the stand." He said "If I do not have an opportunity to reply to you tonight I will on Monday night." To which I replied "You are very kind." He seemed wild with rage—He is one of the gushing kind. When I finished he wanted to speak—demanded I should wait and hear him and then and there, to use his own words "throw a challenge at my feet to canvass with him"! I smiled and passed out with our friends. He was left with his own Democrats only. I would be glad to debate with a decent man, but cannot degrade myself to such a man's level.

My speech created a sensation. The colored men liked it hugely. I heard one say "They (the Democracy) thought the day of judgement had come." I have just heard that the Democracy are undivided as to whether my speech was *incendiary* or not! I am not satisfied with it. It needs a deal of polishing. I will improve.

It is late, and I must stop. Love for you, Precious, and for the boy, from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 29, 1872

It is Sunday evening, Love, and we have just finished tea. No one went to church today. This afternoon Col. Kinsman, "the boy," and I drove over to see Uncle Fisher, who I thought would be amused at the younker's pranks. He was. The baby being in good spirits behaved well, and amused himself by running all around the room from one thing to another putting on little airs, coquetting, and bowing to this one and that one. One can almost see him grow from day to day.

I have wondered, Del—if you keep your pistol in your carpetbag or in your pocket. I think you should keep it about you. It is worse than useless in the bag. Not that there is likely to be any use for it, only as a wise precaution.

I enclose a business letter from Northfield. It will be satisfactory to you, altho' they do not seem to be running at full speed. The price of flour is good, and the report is made out in style.

Paul and Kinsman came up yesterday. Paul is quite pleased because he has passed the geography condition examination satisfactorily, and that he has been put into section "A"—which is the first—and the reward of good scholarship. I wish I were with you, to know what you are doing, thinking, and feeling. I shall be very glad when we meet in Washington. Love BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 29, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I got my breakfast early enough this morning to reach camp for the Sunday morning inspection at nine. The camp, once so full of life and good company, was greatly changed. A few lone officers and a few more men were all left of departed glory. Then again, when I was here as an officer, I could find in any camp something cosy and homelike, but now with my changed life the contrast between the now and then of the camp seemed very great.

One officer had just been sent to the Dry Tortugas for embezzling public funds; since I was here an officer and his wife had died, leaving five or six small children who have been scattered among their poor relations; and of those officers remaining, but one was of the companionable set of three years ago. Not one of the half dozen ladies of the garrison is here. So you can see that the camp was not so cheerful this morning as it might have been. I was reminded at the inspection of the microscopic life of Army officers—again did I congratulate myself on being out of the Army.

What a smart boy that of ours is, who at the age of thirteen months can wipe his nose just like his Mother. Smart boy. The day has been one of constant talk with me and I am a little tired. I send love to you and our boy. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 30, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just thrown into the fireplace the larger half of a cigar I have been smoking. It was my first cigar since our wedding. You may think it strange that I should go back to it. When I explain you will understand wherefore I did so. When in Pittsburg I realized more fully than ever the inconvenience of smoke, and I set my brain to work to puzzle out some way to get rid of it. My idea demanded an experiment, and how could I better get and control the smoke than by making it myself? Behold! That is all. All, except I was put back by the experiment as it was against my theory. I shall have to try again. In fact, as I saw my failure, I conceived of something else which I believe will do. Though if this new thought put in practice meets the difficulty, the question remains to be decided whether the expense of disposing of the smoke will not be so great as to prevent the realization *by me* of hundreds of thousands of dollars, as I expect by my patent. The *thing* is in my head and will make us rich one day, but as my letter might fail to reach its proper destination, and destroy all my castles should another get the *idea*, I will not trust so valuable a prize on paper. At this point I stopped to ruminate on the *idea* and find myself perplexed. My little experiment has upset a large structure.

I find that while the colored men as a class are for me, also the same carpet-baggers who have been my personal friends all the time, there is a number of carpet-baggers always—by the way, my personal enemies—who with the weak-kneed Southern Republicans are bitter and active against me.

I could get the nomination for Governor, but the Lieutenant Governor must be a colored man, and such being the case there are many who on that ground and that alone would not favor my election to the Senate. They would not care to have a colored man for governor. Then again, if the legislature should be close—and it will be—there are these weak knees who would be unable to stand up under the pressure. The fight between carpet-bagger and Southern Republican can be easily started—is alive all the time, and is deadly in its nature.

So I am free to confess that I think the chances but few for my re-election. I do not propose to run for Governor—even could I without difficulty. I shall, however, fight the good fight for our cause—I shall try to show the colored men that they should hold together come what may, for they are yet far from being out of the wilderness—nor would it be wise to separate after that time. My enemies, personal, among whom I include the carpet-baggers referred to above, are saying that my speech was too violent—that I should have conciliated the Southern white men, the Democracy! My violence was in recalling their Ku Klux deeds. How tender they are. I suspect it would not be a bad idea to have them conciliate us—me. Of course the Democracy have already opened on me, and will say everything they can. I shall reciprocate in the truth and the facts. We will do what is right so far as we can, with the light we have, and cheerfully abide the consequences.

I am sorry to hear that your cold holds on. You must try to break it. Tomorrow you are to wean the boy. It will be the first of Oct. It will be all the better for you. I send you love, Dear One, and kisses for our boy. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 3, 1872

DEAR DEL: I have just received your letters written before and after your speech. I am sorry you did not have a full audience, for I have no doubt you did yourself credit. Your notes gave promise of a good speech.

Mrs. Woodhull's doctrines do not please me—Love. I was horrified to hear that in her speech in Tremont Temple, Boston, she said that three or four of "Mrs. Tilton's children were Henry Ward Beecher's." It was a fearful thing to make such a statement, and Theodore Tilton must feel that he has received a just reward for his folly. Even if a man does not care for his wife—that kind of slander must be most unpleasant. The pity of it is that poor Mrs. Tilton should have to suffer for his misdeeds. I conclude he must have broken with Victoria Woodhull, or she would never have ventured on such a course. The spirit of malice and revenge must have actuated her.

Three or four days ago, Dearie, I wrote to Mr. Carney asking him to make when convenient a statement of the amounts of money invested in different corporations, mortgages, etc. the interest, dividends, etc. they paid—together with the amount expended in the care and collection of the same. He sent me the papers today. They are very clear and satisfactory, as you will see. The $423.00 is the amount he paid for gold sent to Aunt Sue. The $416.00 is your check which I gave him to take the place of the money so spent. At present he has only a little over seven hundred in interest, the Convers mortgage not being due till January or thereabouts. What shall I do, Del? Do you want a check for seven hundred, or do you prefer to wait till January and make the whole payment? Shall I anticipate the Convers mortgage? I suppose in doing so it will be necessary to pay interest on the amount drawn from Carney until we can refund it. That is to say, he could not advance us the money without asking interest on it.

Write, Del, what you wish me to do. By looking over the papers you will easily understand why no more is due at this season of the year.

Carney refers to the extra three thousand. I will ask Father to write a note saying that it is a portion of the trust. Why will it not be well to consider that three thousand as belonging to the children and allow the interest to accumulate, drawing only that from the original twenty-five thousand. It seems that this three thousand is part of the Convers affair, which pays eight percent. It could not be safer, or better invested. Write what you think of this, also, for I shall have to tell Father what determination we have come to when I ask him to write the note. So much for business, Sweetheart. I hope I have not bored you. I think that is all for to-night.

The boy is well, and happy. I shall begin to wean him next Saturday. My head still aches a little. I have a fancy that I shall feel much better when I cease to nurse him, and get up so often at night. Good night to you Love. I can see by the tone of your later letters that you are happy, and interested in your work. BLANCHE

Jackson, Miss., *October* 3, 1872

Dear Blanche: I did not write you yesterday nor the day before. I was in Vicksburg and had no opportunity to do so. I will give you a brief sketch of the hours as they passed, that you may know what the past two days have been.

We, Capt. French and Col. Warner, left for V. at six in the morning. At ten we had traveled the forty-five miles which separate the two cities. One hour for every eleven miles is the regular time on that R.R. There we were met by the Sheriff of the Co. and were taken by him to lunch. Judge Hill took me to a ride to the cemetery and around the city—then to dinner. You remember when you were in V. two years ago he, then a widower of a few months, brought his little motherless children to call on us. The children are not now with him. The child about two years old, the birth of which caused the death of his wife, its mother, has been living in V. ever since with its nurse. But though none of his children cluster around his knees, he has a wife to take her position at his side. She is the sister of a carpet-bagger here, and rather a pleasant person.

They board at Mrs. Porterfield's, who is a niece of Jeff. Davis. One of Mrs. P's cousins, a nephew of J.D., was a classmate of mine at West Point. He is now living in the North. I spoke of him as a carpet-bagger, and threatened to have him Ku Kluxed. Leaving Hill's we called on the Mayor of the town and then I returned to the hotel for a nap.

The meeting, as to numbers, was a great success. Some of our hearers had come twenty and thirty miles on horseback. French led off. I followed in an hour's speech. I send you a brief report of it in the V. Times. It was very much better than my speech here Sat. evening. Col. Warner, who heard both, said my V. speech was three hundred percent better than the speech here. This being true, my speech here must have been a very poor one. Less effort is needed each time I speak. I was pretty well satisfied with the effort, yet feel I can, when I do full justice to myself, leave it miles away in the rear.

Yesterday morning at nine, I went with the city officials up the river to examine Grant's cut-off and speculate as to the prospects of the river cutting through there and leaving V. away up in the county two or three miles from the river. We landed and walked about some time. I cut a cotton stalk to send you, but left it on board of the steamer.

In the afternoon I rode about the city horse-back with the sheriff. In the evening we went to a colored club where I was called upon for remarks, which I gave. At nine in the evening we took the train for this place where we arrived safely.

I have found that one or two slates have been made up of course by my opponents. I think I have told you that quite a number of our northern friends are against me—themselves first. The slate most prominent just now is Powers for Gov. and McKee for my successor. I do not think either has any special strength. The colored men do not trust the Gov. and McKee was nominated by a vote of twenty to eighteen, and he had to pay from six to twelve thousand dollars for his *nomination.* If votes go with the most money I can take no part in such a contest. The points against me are—first, I own no property here, and second, I do not live here. Revels is going through the state pretending to lecture though at the same time preaching this against me. He *obeys* Alcorn. This repeated so often has made a lodgement with some of our colored men. But, my Dear, there is a fair chance that the state will have a Democratic majority in its next legislature, and should it there ends the story. I think, however, I should do what I can, properly and honorably, to hold my place. Failing, I shall have no reason for regrets—rather nothing to condemn myself for.

I am sorry to hear that your mother is not so well. Her arm must be so firmly knit now that no harm can come from that. I assume your cold does not annoy you now. I send you, Precious, much love—a kiss for our boy. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 8, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just finished, and will enclose, a letter to your Father on the "Navigation of Canals by Steam." My letter to him but roughly presents the idea. Please put it into his hands as soon as possible. The state of New York has offered $50,000 for the suggestions which meet the necessities of the case. Their decision is to be made this month. Make a copy of the letter. Let me know what your Father thinks of it.

The house I am to buy is used as a shop—not a dwelling house—one square from the Capitol. Some have suggested that when I get it I might rent it to a colored man as a boarding house. What I shall do I do not know. I think I can get fifty dollars a month rent. The price I pay is $3100. That would be almost twenty percent.

As time passes I begin to think I will not get into the contract business. I did not intend to put in any money. My idea was to take a contract and sub-let. I was to go to Texas to make the contracts. A U.S. Senator cannot be engaged in a contract to supply the U.S. with certain things, but can be engaged in all other kinds. I will not question the word of caution you offer. But when I have nothing to lose—the pleasure of doing something, trying to do something, or in believing I am doing something causes me to strike hands with anybody for legitimate business.

I shall get something to eat soon. At eleven I shall start for Vicksburg on my way to Greenville—a point up river away from telegraph lines and railroads. I shall be back a week hence. Love for you and our boy from ADELBERT

VICKSBURG, MISS., *October* 9, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This forenoon was spent with my friends, chatting on the elections of yesterday. I went to dine with Judge Hill, but today a new boarder came to the house—one McCardle—a low, mean, abusive editor of a Democratic newspaper. As I would under no circumstances speak to him, I declined to go downstairs to dinner. I gave no offense to Judge Hill, as we discussed the probabilities before I went to his house. He would not come up town and dine with me, but ordered his dinner upstairs. A poor dinner.

No boat for up river has arrived yet, and I think I may be inconvenienced by this delay. The regular boats are very slow and the chances are that the boat which is to take the notices, which will be the one to take me, will not get there in time to have the people duly informed of my purpose to speak—the time being Saturday next.

Here it occurs to me to ask you if my letters reach you. I am talking about my business freely and at times fear that the mails may be tampered with.

Our telegraphic news of the elections is very cheering. Penn. and Ohio certain for Grant, and Indiana probably on the same side. It ends the excitement of the fall campaign, for now we know the Nov. elections will go Republican and as the uncertainty is removed, the efforts on both sides will be relinquished and the excitement will abate.

I enclose an amendment to my canal idea sent you by yesterday's mail. Please give it to your Father—keeping a copy. I do believe I have the basis of the practical solution of the question I consider.

I send love to you, and love and a good hugging to our boy.
ADELBERT

Steamer COLORADO, *Mississippi River near* GREENVILLE
October 11, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This formidable heading shows you we are near our destination. We have been some twenty hours on the way, and nearly thirty since we came on board the boat. She is bound for St. Louis, and I shall leave this letter with the clerk to be mailed at Memphis. Today I finished the *Old Curiosity Shop*. What a sad tender picture Dickens makes of little Nell's last days, and the sad days which follow. The pathetic is his best strain—far superior to any Wellerism, or Pickwickism.

You observe my letters are not very regular—it is due to the constant jarring of the boat. The upper work is so slight that the striking of the paddles in the water causes the boat to tremble from stem to stern like a leaf in the wind.

It is very cool.—Day before yesterday it was very warm. Now the cold North wind sweeps down the river, and penetrates to the bone. I like it because it is a friendly wind—a wind that comes from where those live I love and who love me. With its associations about it I cheerfully take its cold embraces.

Bed-bugs! Yesterday while lying in my berth reading I saw —I will not say how many of them. Large and small. I brushed them away as one would an ordinary harmless bug. Yet I slept peacefully. A little weariness fits us for any ill, almost. Why should so slight a thing as a bed-bug or a troop of them disturb one? No, indeed.

I have been reading today in the St. Louis Democrat an account of your Father's speech on Kendricks of Ind. It is excellent. Your Father has carried the West by storm, so say our friends who have been there.

As to the money question. You had better set aside the $3000 and *the interest*. What is left send me, if you think best. I can borrow here till I can pay with my salary. I *must* buy something—and pay a part in cash.

I send love for you and for the boy. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 12, 1872

DEAR DEL: I have passed a comfortable, quiet night, and expect to sit up a little today 'tho Dr. Kimball will probably veto any length of time—until my appetite returns and I can eat enough to get strong, I must take things slowly. You need not feel at all anxious about me, Love. I am not much sick, and am fast getting better of that.

Father returned last night, and reports liberal Republicanism and Democracy entirely whipped. New York will give fifty thousand majority. Can't a Democratic legislature be kept out of Mississippi?

You have not yet spoken of receiving the letters I sent you containing the Northfield reports—or Carney's report. Have you done so, or have they been slipped from the mail? You say nothing of Fort Atkinson. Is there no word from there?

I am glad you have left the noisy old hotel at Vicksburg. I remember the place well.

The boy cares but little for me now. I am too quiet for him. He will kiss me once or twice, then plunge and tear all over the bed—not minding in the least where he plants his little thick-soled shoes. He has been weaned a week, and is fine and strong as a little moose.

Good bye, I think of you constantly, and these scraggy little notes will show you I am not neglectful. Mother sends regards. The boy a wet kiss.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 14, 1872

DEAR DEL: I was up yesterday all day in the great easy chair by the fire, which is on the hearth in my chamber. The fever is nearly, if not quite, gone—but I am still very weak, and the least draught or cold stiffens the cords at the back of my neck and brings so much pain I can hardly endure it. Boiling hot rum is the only panacea. I am in hopes now that with a little care all trouble is over. Dr. Kimball has left me to nature, and it is a great thing to get rid of the Doctor.

I gave your letter about canal navigation to Father. He thinks there is something in it, and, expecting Meigs up last night, was going to talk the matter over with him. But it rained so hard Meigs did not come, and Father is going away today to be gone till Saturday. I will bring the matter to his attention again before he leaves.

I trust, Dearie, you have not allowed anything I may have written to change any plans already formed in regard to that contract business. It is something that I have no right or knowledge to interfere with. My only doubts were as to your friend. I am interested in all you think of and do, Love, and chatter more about these matters than you care to have me.

Although were I in your place, and you in mine, there would be no such difficulty.

The boy grows daily. You will hardly know him, Del. His little hands are so fat they almost look as if they would burst. Especially when they are a little purple from the cool morning air. He scolds a great deal in his language, sometimes folding his fat paws together and chattering like a squirrel. His cheeks are getting rosy—and stick out like apples. He cares for nothing but eating and riding in his carriage.

Your idea of buying the house and corner lot seems a good one, Love—although it will hardly settle the question of a residence, will it? I would have it just for my own satisfaction, but I do not believe that, or indeed anything else, will close the mouths of your enemies—for they must have something to harp upon.

Father is quite disappointed that Ayer did not get the nomination from this district. Judge Hoar has it. Father's friend Sherman of Lawrence showed himself in very poor colors. If he had done as he agreed Ayer would have won.

The grand tanners procession went by here last Wednesday about twelve at night. We only lit all the gas in the house and opened the blinds. Father had not returned. Mother is not good for much, and I was very sick.—So there was no one to attend to a regular illumination—even if inclined to the trouble and expense. There were six or seven bands, to say nothing of drums and fifes—still your boy slept through all the noise, only waking when all was still and everybody and thing had departed. I had been seeing visions all evening, and was so nervous that I could not hear the music without crying.

Florence, Aunt Laurette and Nina were over and spent the evening but the Doctor had said I had better not see anyone, and Mother did not let them come into the room. The Hastings were finely adorned—and Ned was chief man of the occasion.

As you are to speak all around in the State this week, I shall not expect regular letters from you—but will try to send mine so that you may have a large pile waiting for you at Jackson. Love for you from BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 14, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I was grieved tonight on my arrival here, from Vicksburg, to learn by your letters that you are sick abed with a cold. I sincerely hope you are now well, and that you have not suffered much. I wish I were with you to nurse you.

I believe *I* would make a kind tender nurse, and if you are to be sick I shall be with you. This separation I do not like. Two months together from May to December seems to me a great loss of time—a waste of time. I hope we may so plan that it will never happen so again—never is a long time, but I will say never, till old age shall have taken one or the other beyond the gate.

I reached Greenville Friday evening and spoke Saturday afternoon. Inasmuch as the boat I went on was the one which took the information to G. that I would speak there, the notice had no time for circulation and the audience, though respectable, was small. I made a poor speech. Not near as good as my Vicksburg speech. Yet I feel I am progressing all the time.

Sunday at daylight we heard a steamboat whistle. Obeying its summons we got up and hastened to the levee. After a run of twenty-four hours we reached V. this morning just after breakfast. We had a chance to get the last reports about the elections and a good dinner. At two we left V. by rail and reached here at six.

My room has been full of men and tobacco smoke till a few minutes since. My first leisure moments I began this letter. The first thing I did when I got off the train was to send a boy to the post office for my mail, in which I was particularly interested only to the extent of your letters. Three were brought me, two of which were in lead pencil—the sight of which made me very anxious.

I send love to you, and prayers that you may soon be restored to full health. Kisses for our boy from ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 15, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Tomorrow morning at four I shall start on my stumping tour and shall not get any word from you for a couple of weeks perhaps. My tour is as follows: up the R.R. to Grenada, a point half way between this place and the Tennessee line: then to Holly Springs, then Corinth—then down the Corinth and Mobile road, speaking at three places. Okolona, Columbus,—the third is, I think, Starkville: thence to Shieldsborough via Mobile. From S. I shall go to New Orleans.

I shall not go to McComb City as stated in the bills. From N.O. I shall go up river to Natchez—where I shall be on the day of election. I shall visit adjacent counties. So much for the next three weeks.

The bargain I thought so nearly completed has not been consummated because of the absence of the lawyer who was to examine the title. Of course I must have something.

As I look about I am being convinced that it would be wisdom to run for Gov. next year, though I have been trying to decide that I would not. Many of my friends insist that such a course would be the surest way to the Senate. I am still hesitating. I shall decide before I start north.

I shall miss your letters very much now while on my tour through the state. I dare not leave word to have them sent anywhere, fearing they may not reach me. Perhaps I can get them in N.O. And all this time I must think of you as being sick. I wish I had a word from you to the contrary.

Love for you and our boy from ADELBERT

The Chamberlain House
GRENADA, MISS., *October* 16, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I intercepted the mail at this point today, and found in it your letter of the 12th, Saturday. I was glad to hear you were improving. I am not certain I know exactly what your sickness is, unless it is the cold you spoke of.

We had a very good meeting here today, and I made one of my best speeches of about an hour's length. There were, in all, five speeches. I find I am getting more ease and freedom on my feet each effort.

This state will go strongly for Grant. You speak of a Democratic legislature. The election for the legislature will not take place till *next* fall. So I cannot foresee what will occur then. We hope for a Republican legislature. There is much pulling and hauling, and I cannot say what will happen. We will try after doing our best to believe that everything is for the best.

Please tell me what your sickness is, and *how* sick you are. Do not keep back anything. I send you love. Kisses for our boy—from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 17, 1872

DEAR DEL: I have been up all day, but took a nap in the afternoon, after taking a short ride, which was not very refreshing or agreeable—for the jolting of the carriage hurt the cords of my neck. "The boy" is fat and strong as a boy can be. He drinks more than a quart of milk daily—besides eating bread, potatoes, meat and fruit. I am fearful he will outgrow his new dresses before we get to Washington. I am having him wear the old ones while we remain here.

Father came home quite unexpectedly last night, some one of his engagements to speak having fallen through. He was nominated in his district by acclamation Wednesday morning, a very large number of delegates being present. I gave him your second letter. He told me he had given the first to Meigs, and asked him to write out a caveat covering all the points, proper to send to the Department. Father will attend to your second letter. It would be fine if your ideas should be adopted for the New York canal system. No such good luck—Sweetheart, I fear. Yet it is good to make the attempt.

I think of you constantly, Love, these days, and always have the feeling that you must find it lonesome in Mississippi, and that you are not in perfect health and spirits.

Is this so?—Or are my own thoughts and feelings those which I ascribe to you? I trust they are—for I can bear my own little burdens, but I do not want you to have any. Good night, Del.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 18, 1872

DEAR DEL: I have just had a letter from you, written while on that horrid steamboat going to Grenada. I am glad that you are at least out of that and away from the bed-bugs for the present. I do not see how it was possible for you to sleep a wink; yet, as you say, fatigue is a good narcotic.

I am better today, and feel more hopeful than yesterday. My neck has troubled but little, altho' a little of the fever still hangs about. Not for long, I think, however.

Today Mother had the nursery put in order, the matting taken up, paint washed, etc. Jerry was somewhat employed about it, and it made Butler so mad that she should undertake to do anything but notice him that it was really laughable to see him. He would go up to Mother, who was kneeling arranging the way the matting should go—slap her on the head, then to Jerry and pound her, then walk off wagging his head, and grumbling to himself. Finally when Jerry was nailing some tacks—he went up and as he could not make her look at him any other way, he put his hand under her chin, lifted her face, and looking at her said "Hem, hem," as much as to say here I am, do you see me? He is very fond of sitting in my lap after supper for a little while before going to bed. He gets down a great many times, but comes right back, to be taken up again. He is a great boy, Del, and rules the household.

I enclose a note I received from Carney today. As regards the interest on the $3000, that is a thing we can settle at New Year's—when there should be a thousand more due me, if it is deemed best to set that amount aside. Perhaps it will be as well—I do not know. We, that is, you and I, intend to invest the interest of the whole amount as safely and to as good advantage as we know how. What more can be done with the interest of the $3000?

It has been a rainy, quiet day, and there has been no one here. I have sewed some, painted, and read, and am most glad to be able to do so, for it has been dull work in bed.

Good night. You must get my letters pretty regularly—for Ben takes them down every morning when he goes to school. I dare say he thinks I waste a great deal of time over you. Love, Dearie, from "the boy" and BLANCHE

CORINTH, MISS., *October* 18, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you from Grenada, finishing my letter just before the train, which was to take us to Holly Springs, arrived at 11 o'clock p.m. We, Judge Bailey, Capt. Pease and myself reached H.S. at three o'clock in the morning. Owing to the calls and noise we were able to get but three hours sleep. After breakfast we sallied forth to see our friends. From eleven to three we were visiting the colored schools, three different schools; and at each of which I was called upon to "say something." I did say something, and I flatter myself I said it pretty well!! From the trespassing on my line of talk by the other speakers, I fancy they regarded it better than their own, which was all very complimentary, but a little inconvenient inasmuch as one likes to use one's own thunder; and if someone else takes one's weapons, one is helpless.

I had about an hour's sleep before dinner, which was at five. We dined with one of our friends, a Major Abbott. I saw Capt. and Mrs. Gill, Col. and Mrs. Wells. All seemed in fine spirits. In the evening we all spoke. I was not very well satisfied with my effort, yet I think I improved a little on the day before. I changed my speech to this order: First—Greeting. Second—The Democratic Party principles, record, etc. Third—Rep. party, principles, *record* especially, etc. Fourth—Grant. I make the first and second as truthful as possible, and being truthful, as gloomy and sombre—not to say as sulphurous—as possible. The third and fourth just the opposite, bright, warm, hopeful. I have come nowhere near my standard, though I think I improve.

At twelve we went to bed, to get up at half past one. We reached Grand Junction at half past four, there to change cars and sit propped up on chairs till half past seven, when the train for the city was due. We did not go to bed for fear of the bugs, for which that hotel is somewhat notorious.

It is now two. We reach this place at ten. The time has been passed in talking with friends and in eating dinner. My two companions went to bed at once. I had to see friends, and now they have gone to leave me to sleep I steal a few minutes to write you this hurried letter, that you may know of my whereabouts.

Tonight at two o'clock we start South on the Mobile and Ohio R.R. to Okolona, where we will speak tomorrow. We speak here this evening.

In being in the northeast corner of the state I feel I am nearer you than I have been for the past three weeks, and yet there are hundreds of miles between us. I hope you are improving, if you have not wholly recovered, that you are not prostrate on your bed with our boy's thick shoes coming down on you with a crushing force. What a picture you gave me! I send much love, both for you and our boy, from ADELBERT

OKOLONA, MISS., *October* 20, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you from Corinth last Friday. After finishing the letter I went to bed and had about an hour's sleep. In the evening I spoke for about an hour and a half, and made my best speech thus far. The audience was about half white. I forgot myself in my subject, and really did pretty well.

I slept from twelve to half past one when we had to get up and take the train for this point. Three hours and a half's ride brought us here. I had to meet many of my friends, but about midday I got an hour's sleep. I was quite weary, and exhausted, for the want of sleep. But in the afternoon we had to go to the hall and make a speech, mine being rather brief. In the evening I made another which was an hour and a quarter long. Our party thought it better than the Corinth speech. I doubt if it was as good. The last two speeches I find I could move about, gesticulated etc. after the most approved stump style. I change my speech each day, and as for oratorical effect, for the better. I am beginning to think I am doing quite well, and am bringing forth the ring I have believed all along my metal is susceptible of.

Last night I went to bed early and had a long and most refreshing sleep. Today, it is now about sunset, I have been talking and chatting with our friends. The Sabbath among our friends here is different from what it would be if they were at home in the North. In comparing experiences it was found that the church was only a place for annoyances and irritation, and those who live here of Republican sentiments uniformly remain away. So we kept to our rooms at the hotel chatting of everything. Is it not strange that a dozen of us white men should be avoided as though we were so many lepers? This because of our politics. They are but half civilized.

Of course, I have had no word from you. I know there was no chance of getting any letter, being on the wing as I am.

I send you much love—for the boy also. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 20, 1872

DEAR DEL: A letter from you this morning, brought up by Mr. Clancey, in which you speak of receiving my letters in lead pencil. I was half sorry I wrote you about being sick, but after all, Sweetheart, I always want to know when there is the least thing the matter with you—even if it does make me a little uneasy. However, I am well now, and not likely to fall sick again.

You speak of our separation, Del—and say you hope we can plan so it may never happen again. I wish we might—but I fear that will be impossible—for you must go—and I am not, nor am I like to be in, a condition to travel with you from place to place. We cannot have all good things, without some of the penalties which are attached to all, or nearly all.

Before you were married you had nothing to distress you, no one to miss. You were free to come, free to go—one place as pleasant as another. Now you can come and go—but you miss something—and the fact that you have missed something makes your return doubly pleasant. So after all, Sweetheart, you have your good times, and fortune has been most kind to us. I know you have felt your position somewhat irksome this summer, and it may be something of an equivalent to know that I should have been most wretched and unhappy if I had been keeping house alone in Washington say—during the last three weeks. There would have been no one to call upon but a hired nurse—like Mrs. Faunce for instance. No one to see that the boy was properly looked after and fed—not that I could not have worried through after a fashion as many women do, and must. But when you are away it is something not to be left entirely alone.

I trust, and believe, Love, that you will find this winter pleasant, and will have but little to annoy. It shall be no fault of mine if you do not. As long as we understand and are united on a subject no great trouble can come to us.

The mill at Fort A. seems to have been running finely. It is to be hoped they can continue. It has done all and more than you expected, hasn't it?

Meigs was here this afternoon with the drawings of your canal prospect. He seems to think that there must be some such patent—someone must have thought of it before. Of course he has a plan of his own in his head—but his engine runs on a track and is quite expensive and complicated. Yours is far more simple and practicable.

Good night—Love from your "fat boy" and BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 21, 1872

DEAR DEL: I did not write you last night—for I was very tired when evening came. About eleven o'clock, as it was warm and sunny, I went out for a drive and to do some errands. We returned in time for dinner and then took a walk in the garden, picked up some pears, and wandered about for some little time. We found Katie and Florence at the house when we returned. They had come over together to rehearse their parts in the theatricals they are getting up to Mother. Shortly after, Aunts Nina and Lottie drove up—then Mr. and Mrs. Coffin came to call—next Miss Lucy and Maria Nesmith. So much company at once was rather tiresome, and by the time we had finished supper and the girls had gone, I was only too glad to go to bed.

Each day I am better and stronger. I surely ought to be, for Mother takes care to have two or three pounds of beef made into tea which I take at eleven o'clock. I can't say I like it much, but feel better for it. Sometimes I vary it with a glass of wine, but the tea is most bracing.

Father will not go to Washington until about the 20th of Nov. So I suppose we shall not get there much before that time. As you are not to be there, I am in no haste, and have but little care as to which place I am in.

"The boy" is in fine condition. Jerry dresses him up in his new coat and hat, which are very becoming, and takes him down to the street. He is usually very good and enjoys his ride, but today as it was so pleasant he was out in his carriage in the garden nearly all the morning and when he went down town he was rather tired of too much of a good thing.

He shook his little fist at the passers by, and said "Go! go!"—which as he pronounces it sounds very much like swearing—

threw his hat out of the carriage, and kicked up his legs in a most unbecoming manner till his carriage robe was a perfect knot. Such a youngster is very hard to deal with, and I think Jerry must have been glad to get him home.

He brings a great many things to me, and when I say "thank you, Dearie" he always replies "ta ta" as he seems to think it necessary for him to say "thank you" too, but today he repeated the words "thank you Dearie" right after me very distinctly. Ask him if he wants a pear, and he will jump up and down, clapping his hands, and coo with great delight. You can see by these little things that he is progressing very fast. I did not know but he would grow more fond of Jerry than me as soon as I weaned him, as he is with her a great deal. Such is not the case, however; as he grows older he seems to like to come to me, and be kissed and petted more than he did as a baby. I feel that he is more disinterested and there is a good deal of satisfaction in the thought.

You speak of running for Gov., Del. Of course, I need not tell you that I am with you in anything you think best to undertake. I cannot advise, because I cannot judge of the way things are with you. Looking at it as an outsider, I should say the chances would be against your being returned to the Senate —if you have a colored man as Lieutenant Governor.

I have received the Carney memoranda and your Fort Atkinson letters. If they could only continue working as fast—you would almost equal Northfield. You made 650 barrels—they average 800 or 850 per week. But wheat and water will both fail before the season is much further advanced. "Only make hay," etc. and you can afford to do but little through the summer. I love you, BLANCHE

COLUMBUS, MISS., *October* 22, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you on Sunday last from Okolona. Yesterday, Monday morning, we left Okolona at six o'clock, traveled about two hours by rail to Mayhew, and then rode eleven miles by coach to Starkville, where I made a speech in the afternoon. Just at dark we started back for the railroad, a distance of twelve miles. At Artesia we took the cars for this point.

I had another good night's sleep. At about one I mounted the Judge's bench in the Court House and spoke for an hour and a quarter. My speech at Starkville was an improvement over all the others, and this of today the best of all. Such is my opinion—such is the opinion of our party.

It is now four o'clock and we are awaiting dinner. Immediately after, we are to start by coach for a fifteen mile ride to West Point, where I am to make a speech this evening. Tomorrow morning at about eight we will start down the road for Mobile, thence to our appointed place for speaking on the Gulf.

You can see I am busy—I write on my knee with a crowd about me—so I must be brief. I send love. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October 22*, 1872

DEAR DEL: I had a letter from you this morning, to my surprise, for I thought you would be travelling so constantly that you would have but little chance to write or send your letters. I can see that you are pleased with your speech-making. A little more practice and you will feel as much at home in the forum as in the fields.

I have been painting some. But Florence and Katie were over this afternoon to see about their dresses for the theatricals, so that we were busy trying on all of the fine clothes in the house to see which would be most becoming and appropriate. It is rather wearisome work, for all the things have to be folded up and put away when the trial is over.

It is strange how quick the girls, Aunt Maria, in fact all the relations, will come here for aid, and yet never think of offering their things to each other. For instance, Katie is to take a part in some waxwork tableaux, as a mermaid, and wanted a dress. She came to me in her trouble, and I furnished her with green crape—just what she wanted. Florence has one just like it—but aid was not asked in that quarter, and would never be volunteered without the asking.

The boy continues well, but is cross today. He has a fancy for sitting in and climbing over the chairs in the library. If anyone is in the particular chair he wants—he scolds and cries until they get up and give it to him. I was obliged to correct him about it this evening. He was determined that Ben should not sit in the revolving chair, which, as it squeaks, is a favorite of his. I told Ben to sit down and let him cry. In a few minutes he stopped his howling and was glad to come to me to be taken up.

Uncle Fisher does not get entirely well. He is still quite feeble, and breathes short. He will probably spend the greater part of the winter in Washington with us—for the climate is more favorable, and he is just enough interested in events to keep him from growing gloomy and desponding—without causing undue excitement. I am very sorry for him— It is hard for a man to feel that at any time, with the slightest imprudence or the least accident, he may be cut off. Is there anything that will compensate for the loss of good health?

Good night. I send love. BLANCHE

WEST POINT, MISS., *October* 23, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: It is now half past five o'clock in the morning. I am to leave by rail for Mobile at half past seven. But I did not get up an hour ago to prepare to go by rail. The reason I have been up for so long a time is this: My slumbers were broken by the shrieks of a woman who seemed to be engaged in a conflict with some man. She evidently was trying to call upon someone—anyone—for help. At times her voice seemed smothered as though a hand was held over her mouth. At first I thought it possible that the Ku Klux were on us— for this is one of the haunts of that crew—and that the woman was resisting their efforts to get into the rooms where the guests were. We were at the hotel. Finally, though, this woman shrieked, "Fire—the house is afire!" I at once sprang up, and on the moment discovered the smell of smoke. I put my clothes on me, put what things were out into my valise and started for the stairs. But when I opened the door a heavy volume of smoke rushed into my room. The hall was so dense with smoke that, ignorant of the stairway and seriously doubting if I could breathe in the smoke, I turned back and shut my door. I was on the second floor. It was but the work of a moment to tie two sheets and a comfortable together, and one of the sheets to a post of the washstand, throw my extemporized rope out of the window, drop my valise to the ground and swing myself out of the window and slide down to the ground. My only harm was to skin my hand in sliding down, and to lose one of my shirt studs.

As I was picking myself and valise up after getting to the ground I heard some of our friends shout, "Where is room No. 7? (my room) Where is Gen'l. Ames?" They were much relieved when they saw me safe. They feared I had been suffocated. Capt. Pease, who was first out, went in his night dress with his clothes in his hands. When I got out I found one of our friends in his bare feet, and but half dressed. They had got up in time to rush down through the smoke, though they were nearly suffocated on the way.

We labored to extinguish the fire and succeeded in a half hour, and then came here to the room of a friend. Capt.

Pease, who first heard the noise, said there had been a quarrel between a man and a woman for ten or fifteen minutes and that he had heard the blows as they were dealt; and it was his opinion that someone was being murdered. It is his opinion that in the scuffle a lamp was overthrown and broken, and the fire started. We feel duly grateful for our escape, though my danger was not great at any time, provided I had my wits about me, as I did. A second-story window with bed clothes is not a dangerous place.

I wrote a note to you from Columbus yesterday just before we started to ride over here. The distance is eighteen miles, and we had not been long on the road before it became dark and fifteen out of the eighteen miles were ridden in the dark. Four hours from the time we started at Columbus I got out of our carry-all here, and entered a church and took the pulpit to speak to a large audience, mainly of colored people. I spoke for one hour and twenty minutes. I was followed by Capt. Pease, who spoke for about an hour and a half. It was after twelve when we got supper and one o'clock when I went to bed. At about four, I should say, I was awakened as I have already described.

Since I began to write my lamp-light has almost given away to the daylight. I must get breakfast soon, and be ready to take the train. Tomorrow we speak at Shieldsborough on the Gulf. We must travel all day till midnight, and tomorrow early we take the Mobile and New Orleans train to make our appointment at S. Rather hard work, is it not?

I send you love, and a hug for our boy. ADELBERT

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *October* 25, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just arrived in this city. I went with Mr. Davis, the Assessor of Internal Revenue who met me at Shieldsborough, to the steamboat and left my baggage, and have just hurriedly run over your letters. I rejoice to know that you are again able to be about, and to ride out.

I am waiting for our friends, with whom I part here, they going into Miss. by rail and I by river, to get ready for dinner. I shall dine with them and then rush to the boat which is to leave in less than a couple of hours. I go first to Woodville, where I shall speak tomorrow eve.

Day before yesterday we were all day on the cars, arriving at Mobile late in the evening. Yesterday I spoke at East Pascagoula—this morning at Shieldsborough. And here I am, ready for the boat which is to take me to my stumping ground.

I have enjoyed good health and also my tour, as I feel that every effort has been of the greatest possible advantage to me —aids me in *thinking* as well as in *expressing* myself.

I write hurriedly to let you know of my whereabouts. Also to tell you I love you and am anxious about you. Del

Steamboat Wm. S. Pike, *Mississippi River, about Six Miles above*
Port Hudson, La., *October* 26, 1872

Dear Blanche: Yesterday I wrote you briefly and hurriedly from New Orleans.

We, Mr. Davis, Assessor of Internal Revenue for this end of Miss. is with me, as I believe I have already stated, were informed by the officers of the boat that we would reach Bayou Sara in time to take the three o'clock train for Woodville, but it is now eight, and we are two hours from there. As my purpose in going was to speak this evening, and as there will not be another train to W. till next Monday, I shall not attempt to reach W. but go as fast as possible to Natchez.

I have spent the day in watching the river banks, taking walks ashore at some landings, observing the ways of the sixty Negro deck hands on the boat, and writing letters to be mailed at some time in the future. For this boat does not go anywhere, nor has it any mail connections. So far from it we will have to stop at Bayou Sara or some other insignificant place till midday perhaps tomorrow to catch another boat going so far north as Natchez. It may be midnight before our boat lands us. I am sorry, for whole nights' rests are so rare with me lately that I am disposed to appreciate them highly.

I am informed that my letters will get to their destinations sooner by going to New Orleans by this boat than by any up-river routes. So I will complete my note to you, and put the whole dozen in the mail on this boat and trust them to the fates.

I think I will get a house and home for us on the Gulf at Pass Christian or some other point near there. And for business we will go into raising oranges. What say you to this?

I have another idea on the important question of propelling canal boats by steam. Tomorrow I will try to put my idea on paper so it may be understood by those to whom it shall be submitted. I will not venture now to express one word on the subject.

We have reached Bayou Sara sooner than I expected, but we were seven hours late. I found a telegram for me telling me to come by a private conveyance as I was waited for. The distance is twenty-eight miles! I shall not attempt such a journey, when the time is already passed when I should be there.

I send you much love and a hug for the boy.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October 27, 1872*

DEAR DEL: This has been a quiet, rainy Sunday, but not cold.

Father drove up from Woburn last night, after making a speech there, and this afternoon at five left for New York State, where he will remain until a week from Tuesday. We do not see much of him here. I believe I would rather have you away from me for three months at a time, and then stationary, than this continual running—which does not leave one at home long enough to inquire what has been going on, or to tell of one's own experiences and affairs. If I were now with you in Mississippi I could not go about as you are going, unless the boy were left behind—and how lonesome it would be in some gloomy, dirty hotel, all alone.

Speaking of "the boy," yesterday while Delia had the dining room register up for cleaning the little fellow was playing about there, and quick as a flash disappeared up to his neck. Jerry was close by him, and at once pulled him out of the hole. He was not hurt at all, but frightened almost to death. He gives the registers a wide berth today. There are bends in all of the pipes a little way down, so the only danger would be from too great heat. There was no fire in the furnace. I have told Delia to take up only the brass part, and leave the iron portion of the register. It is not worth while to run risks, and if there is a place he can get into, or tumble off of—he will not fail to do it. His health is perfect, and he is fat as a partridge.

There is some strange disease which has come upon all of the horses in New York, Boston, and the adjoining towns. The first of last week all the horses seemed perfectly well. In one day five hundred belonging to the Horse Railroad were taken sick, and now in Washington Street, Boston, there is hardly a horse to be seen, and they seem as deserted as tho' it were Sunday. Nearly all the horses in Lowell are in the same condition. Ours are well yet—but we are very fearful for them. The disease does not seem to be very fatal, if great care is used, but it is wonderful it should be so universal.

Mother's arm will soon be out of the sling, and once more we shall have a well household.

Good night, Love. I try to think of you as being in New Orleans, Jackson, and the larger and more comfortable towns, rather than in the miserable forsaken provinces, as uncomfortable as it is possible to be.

I can see, or think I can, that you are beginning to like speech-making. Your Father and John would be astonished to know this. They doubted if you had it in you to make easy, good speeches.—Your Wife had more faith.

Butler joins me with love for his Father. BLANCHE

Steamer BELLE LEE, SOUTHWEST CORNER, MISSISSIPPI
October 27, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: As you see by the heading of my letter, I am still on the river, and furthermore you see by these shaky lines that the boat is going at full speed. Instead of going ashore at Bayou Sara last night, we remained on board the Pike till she started for New Orleans again at about midday. This boat was due at Bayou Sara early in the morning, but was delayed till two o'clock by the fog. We will not reach Natchez till midnight.

I have been interested in the study of the ways and habits of Bayou-Sara-ians as displayed on the Sabbath Day. They evidently do not keep that day as Christians are told to keep it. It may be due to their natural badness, or else to the river boats. The Steamboats, somehow or other, by leaving N.O. Saturday evening and points up the river so they can reach N.O. Monday, manage to do much of their business at B.S. on Sunday. As a consequence all the stores and warehouses are open on that day, and the whole town down on the levee to get the papers and see the world as it floats by up or down stream.

While waiting for this boat I had the opportunity of seeing an alligator shot at by one who evidently was not prepared to let such a trifle as *the day* interfere with his amusement. Cotton was brought in as on a week day, and men were drunk, as on all weak days. By no means was B.S. a New England village. I was glad when about two o'clock this boat announced her coming by a shrill whistle.

Tomorrow I may address the Republican clubs of Natchez. The next day I must speak from N.O.

If your Father and Meigs think this canal boat idea good, act on it, and take out a caveat.

I send love to you, the same to our boy. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 28, 1872

DEAR DEL: This afternoon I received your letter giving an account of the fire. If I had been with you I am sure I should have awakened you to see if you could smell smoke, such is my dread of fire. But I shudder to think of what danger you run—but for the cries of the woman you might have slept on until suffocated by the smoke. Indeed, Dearie, I am sure you need me with you as a watch dog, although it would have been more difficult to have slung "the boy" and your wife out of the window than it was to get out yourself. Everything has its advantages.

The boy and I had a fight today—the first for a long, long time. I thought by holding him on my lap and telling him what to do that I could tire him out in a little while so that he would stop crying and mind. But I mistook the person I had to deal with. He cried for at least twenty minutes, until his head was wet from perspiration as if he had taken a bath. I was *very* tired holding him, but knew I must conquer. Sometimes he would try to put his arms around my neck and coax, but I said "No, no Butler." Finally instead of growing quieter and more submissive he seemed more violent and furious—kicking and straightening himself till I could barely hold him. I gave two or three smart slaps on the leg, and in two minutes though still sobbing he yielded, and did what I told him, and we went down to dinner. It was a great victory, for the struggle was long and determined. He is as obstinate a child as I have ever seen. He is growing more affectionate. This evening after tea I sat down on the floor to play with him. He would run about a little, then return—back up to me and sit down in my lap. There seemed to be no grudge for the ill treatment at noon.

Your labors I hope are about over, Love. You have been working hard, keeping irregular hours, and had poor living and care. You will come home as thin as a rail, and we shall make a poor looking couple. "The boy" will represent the flesh of the family. Take great care of yourself, Del. Good night from BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 29, 1872

DEAR DEL: I rode out this morning to do some errands, thinking that we might not be able to use the horses much longer—and found it good calculation—they are all sick this afternoon, that is, they are all coughing badly, which is one of the symptoms of disease. We shall have to use our feet and the horse-cars unless the latter stop running. The only objection is that the places of business are far apart—rather too far for comfortable walking.

What lots of letters you will have when you get back to Jackson.—I am sorry you are to read them all in a lump. I hope you will not find it tedious. Of course there is, and must be great sameness in them, for life here is very quiet and the same day by day.

I wish you could have seen "the boy" this evening. He was very funny. After playing with the fire irons that stand by the mantel-piece in the library, he stepped back from them a little, and rubbed his hands together, so that I knew he must have hurt his hand in some way, probably between the tongs and the stand. He seemed to think the poor tongs were to blame, for dropping his hands by his side, and bending his head a little forward, he scolded and growled away at the fire irons for at least three minutes, steadily, without moving from his position. He was so entirely in earnest, that it was the most laughable sight I have seen for a long time. Mother and Ben were convulsed. After he had finished his lecture he came to me to be condoled with for his hurt finger, but returned instantly and slapped the irons with right good will. This later operation he repeated several times, after he had been playing about for some time, and one would suppose he had forgotten his mishap. As I have said before, he is a great boy, and grows prettier daily.

I had another letter from you today, Love, which shows me you are getting through with your labors, and in a manner satisfactory to a degree to yourself.

I send you a congratulatory kiss upon your speech-making and with love from "the boy" and myself, say good night.

BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Dep'y. Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
PORT GIBSON, MISS., *October* 31, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: My last letter to you was on Sunday last on board the Steamboat Belle Lee on our way to Natchez. On Monday I rode twenty-six miles to Fayette, where I made a speech on Tuesday.

Wednesday I came here, a distance of twenty-two miles. Today I made a speech.

I intended to go down to Natchez by boat, but as there are no boats for tomorrow, and as I must meet my engagement in Natchez on Saturday, I shall start early tomorrow morning and ride across country, a distance of forty-eight miles. I write this hurriedly, to let you know of my whereabouts.

Love from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 3, 1872

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday night. The weather, cold and drizzling, the snow falling at intervals slightly all day, not to remain or cover the ground of course, but just enough to give a winterish aspect, and remind us that it will soon be time to move.

Gen'l. Kinsman is here. He came last Friday, and will go down to Boston with Paul tomorrow. He thinks "the boy" a wonder, which is not at all strange. Yesterday I put upon his head the red turkish cap. He at once walked off, and I wondered what he was going to do. He did not keep me long in suspense, for he made at once for the looking glass and surveyed himself with the greatest satisfaction, to judge from the expression of his face, which was puckered up into the most conceited of smiles.

I send you a tintype taken yesterday, which is excellent. I had tintypes instead of photographs, because if the latter are taken to suit, one is expected to order a dozen or more, and we do not want so many. He can have his tintype taken every two or three months, and in that way we can keep a perfect record of his growth and change. You will see that he has grown much fatter—and his cheeks are rosy now—nearly all of the time. Perhaps his Grandmother would like one of the pictures.

Give my love to your Mother, Del, and tell her that when "the boy" laughs he reminds me always of her, and as a natural consequence of you. The deer-skins are all trimmed and mounted. We think them handsome. The disagreeable odor is entirely gone.

Remember me to all our friends, and for yourself, love,

BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
NATCHEZ, *November* 3, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you from Port Gibson on Thursday last, late at night, after a hard day's work. The following day, Friday, we rode to this city. We took dinner at Fayette after a ride of twenty-two miles. There we changed horses and rode the twenty-six miles between F. and here in the afternoon and evening. It was very wearying and monotonous; but as my appointment was for Saturday forenoon, and as there were no boats down river at that time, the journey across country was unavoidable.

Yesterday I spoke to a large audience and made, so I think, the best speech I have made during the campaign. I have spoken sixteen times, from an hour to an hour and three-quarters each time. I, of course, improve each effort. It is unavoidable. I hope I shall be able, by and by, to reach the level I feel I am capable of. Practice is essential. I have progressed many miles on my journey as a speaker since I began in Jackson less than a month ago. I find my friends receive me very kindly, while my enemies are more bitter than ever, if such a thing were possible.

I am rooming with Mr. Davis and boarding with some old rebel boarding-house keeper, who is carrying on the war as of old. There are quite a number of boarders there, but no introductions are made—no conversation except between Davis and the landlady. Sometimes we see one of the Harrises there, the one who was living in the same house with Kirkendall two years ago. Of course we talk. Such is life among this prejudice-blinded, bitter people. It is exceedingly amusing to me, and I speak of it to show you what is transpiring about me.

Last evening there was a Republican torchlight procession which stopped before our balcony and demanded a speech. Being in the harness I had to comply, occupying some ten or fifteen minutes of the time. I was very tired—and glad to go to bed—and was exceedingly glad to have a room and a bed to myself, which was about the first and only time for the past week or two.

I find I will have to speak here Monday evening, which with me will be the end of the campaign, and my heart rejoices thereat.

You may remember that in my letter from West Point I spoke of escaping from a burning house by a rope of sheets; also of losing one of my shirt studs. The stud was found before the train came, and I have it now. I also have as the last token of that event a sore hand, which is healing rapidly.

I am glad to hear that you are well, and also that our boy is growing so fast. I send love to you both. ADELBERT

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
NATCHEZ, *November* 4, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Tomorrow will be election day—the day we have all been preparing for so earnestly for the past two months. Were the world half so solicitous about the Judgement Day there need not have been such a deep anxiety about tomorrow and its issue. I met Ex-Senator Harris today, and went with him over to Vidalia, in Louisiana, across the river, to observe the election which takes place there. By what I saw I am convinced that that state will go Democratic, although it should, were the election a fair one, go Republican. Gov. Warmouth has sold the state to the Democracy. I am disgusted at such deeds and such of the details of the sale as I saw in Vidalia today. It causes two different and conflicting emotions to rise up within me—the one, to abandon a life of politics where such things alone find place, and another, to buckle on my armor anew that I may the better fight the battle of the poor and oppressed colored man, who is regarded by the old slave holder only as an inferior, and not fit for the duties of citizenship.

Aside from my trip across the river I have done nothing today but sit about the office and read the papers and chat. I shall go to the city hall tonight to speak, after which I shall go home and read Mark Twain's *Roughing It*—into which I have plunged for a half hour or so.

Young Mr. Jordan, Kirkendall's half brother, married a Natchez girl the other day. He ran away with her. At least she walked out of the house, met him, and together and alone they went to a Magistrate and were married. Her parents were furious. A daughter of theirs to marry a Yankee! Was there ever such sacrilege! I think her folks have called on her—at least her sisters have. What forgiveness! How sublime! Jordan goes whistling about his office, evidently contented and happy. Knowing how some of our ex-officers who married rebel women here have been treated, I ventured today to give him some advice. As an instance of the treatment I speak of I quoted the words of a reb. woman of Vicksburg who married one of our ex-officers—She said to him in their quarrels, "You dirty, nasty Yankee you, I wish you were dead." The authority is the best in the land. So I felt it incumbent on me to give Jordan a word of advice.

I told him that he had better take his wife away from here and away from rebeldom; for if he lived here his wife's folks, who put politics above religion, would on that subject alone either cause him trouble or annoy his wife to death. And so long as political issues are discussed, just so long would his wife's family make them as thorns in her side, etc. etc. So I counseled him to think seriously on this subject to the end that he should fold his tents and steal quietly away to a more congenial latitude. What a country and a people is this!

I send love to you and our boy.

Your Husband and Lover, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 4, 1872

DEAR DEL: I enclose two more pictures of "the boy." How do you like the expression? Jerry had to hold him by the hair to keep his head still, and it made him wrinkle his forehead, and look queer. But it is the best that could be done after trying several times. In one of the attempts, after the photographer had withdrawn his cloth, Butler changed his position, so that his head was thrown entirely back, and he was calmly regarding the skylight. A little discouraging, wasn't it? The picture looks like him, though not his happiest expression.

Two barrels of flour came today from Northfield. I fear John has given himself a great deal of trouble and annoyance. We shall not open any of it here, but take one barrel, perhaps both, on to Washington. It is needless for me to tell you that Mother is much pleased with, and under obligation for, the attention.

The horses are still sick, so that they are not used at all and the errands are being very much neglected. I shall walk down to the city, or take the horse-cars, and do as many of them as I can.

You ask in your last letter how I should like an orange plantation on the Gulf. It is a very romantic idea. Would our oranges decay before reaching a good market? You see, I am practical, and look at the matter only as a money-making affair.

I feel that you will have quite a family to look after, Del.—What would you do if the next were—twins? I heard the other day that Mrs. William Fay has a babe three months old. Just eleven months between the two. The first was born in July, about a month before Butler. Rather severe upon her, isn't it? But she does not nurse them, and that makes some difference.

I am quite anxious to hear that you are safe at Northfield, Love. Travelling about in those old Mississippi boats and cars seems such risky business.

Good night, Dearie—love and kisses finish this letter. Your son would slap you—I have no doubt—if he had the opportunity. It requires a great deal of persuasion to get a kiss.

BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
NATCHEZ, *November* 6, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday. It was election day and there was no boat.

I voted yesterday for the first time in my life. The Democracy have made a great noise about it, and threaten in and out of their papers to have me indicted before the jury on the ground that I am not a citizen, and have no legal right to register and vote. If I cannot vote here, I do not know where I can. I have done so, and am not concerned about the consequences.

The telegraphic returns indicate a most humiliating defeat for Horace Greeley—whereat we all rejoice. I do, most sincerely and thankfully, away down in the depths of my heart.

Monday evening I spoke for about an hour, and did pretty well. I labored a little to avoid repeating anything I said on Saturday previous. I send you an article on me which appears in the Prairie News at Okolona. You will see it was written by one who seemed to be inspired by a politician's gratitude—for favors to be conferred. I do not send you what is said against me, for obvious reasons, but I do herewith display an oasis in this desert of personal abuse.

I have been interrupted by one of our colored friends to talk on the situation. Mr. Lynch, the candidate for Congress, has just come in and shown me some telegrams whereby we are convinced that he will be successful. The telegrams say that the whole Mass. delegation has been elected to Congress. So your Father has again carried his district. What a satisfactory day's work yesterday's was.

I received yesterday letters from Minnesota. They have been doing splendidly in Northfield, making money as fast as in their best days; but unfortunately for us at Fort A. the water is so low that they can run but a part of the time. They are making but about 240 bbls. per week. I hope it has rained there lately. The price of the Fort A. flour comes up to within twenty or twenty-five cents per bbl. of the Northfield.

We have been having fair and pleasant weather here until today; but now that the election is over we are having a wet, dreary day. Not one of the unhappy, dreary days, for the news sheds a warmth and sunshine that drives away all the disagreeables but the wet. I send, as ever, much love for you and for our boy, from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 7, 1872

DEAR DEL: Your letter with the new idea about propelling canal-boats I received yesterday, but did not show it to Father last evening for he had just returned from a week's trip and had many things to speak of. Gen'l. Banks was defeated by four or five thousand in the election for member of Congress. What will he do? You know they have not a dollar, and failing in this attempt he will not be likely to get any State office. Theirs must be a sad family. Father, of course, is re-elected by five or six thousand. He has been trying cases in Salem for the last two or three days. He has not yet said when he expects to start for Washington.

Mother has been thinking a little of having her eyelid raised. Dr. Cabot seems quite sanguine about it now. She has been a little fearful of its effect upon me, and had almost given up the idea—although the doctors tell her it is a favorable time. She has not fully decided about it yet. I tell her that as far as I am concerned she need not have the least hesitation, for I do not consider it either a dangerous or very painful operation and should not dwell upon it or allow it to affect me in the least. Mother says, however, if she decides to have it done, she will not have me in the house. I shall probably make Florence a visit.

How glad you must be, Love, that election day has passed and you have no more travelling to do in the wilds of Mississippi. Those long rides across country must have been very wearisome. Yet the experience and speech-making has been of great benefit to you, without doubt. After you have attended to matters in Fort A. you will join me in Washington for a nice quiet winter—made more contented and cosy by the thought that you have done all there was for you to do.

I showed my picture to Father last night. He said, "Why

Blanche, that is great!" I hope you will like it, Dearie, and think it well done, for if it hangs in the office over your desk you will have to see it a great deal.

I send love. "The boy" went behind my chair today—caught hold of my hair and pulled it well—laughing so he could be heard all over the house, evidently considering it a good joke. He is no respecter of persons, and will, I fear, treat you badly. Good night, BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
NATCHEZ, *November* 8, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This is another steamboat day—and the month is beginning to stretch its length along so rapidly that I fear it will be nearly all gone before my business will be completed.

I am seeking some investment here that may be of profit to us, but find that this is a dull old town, and that things move at a snail's pace. I think of buying a lot and building on it. I cannot find any decent house at any reasonable rates. When I shall complete some bargain I shall go to Jackson and see what has been done there, then I will go to Northfield.

Yesterday I was one of a party of fourteen or fifteen at dinner given by Major Costello and his wife. You may remember him. It was a very pleasant affair. Of course dinner was followed by speeches. I find what with my political talks, my school talks, and my after dinner talks, I am becoming quite garrulous. I wonder if it is desirable or not that I should grow into the idea that I can make a speech! Should I, how you will be annoyed by my demonstrations—oratorical efforts. Well, this evil has not as yet taken very deep root and by judicious treatment may be eradicated.

I am doing little or nothing now, just waiting for a purchase and talking with our friends. We rejoice greatly at the election news as it comes in. It causes me to feel that we here are not to be delivered up to the tender mercies of these late rebels, who are as bitter today as ever. We were rather amused a day or two since to see the efforts of a young lady to avoid passing under our stars and stripes which was hanging out in front of the office. She evidently was conscious of her whereabouts and the situation, but as she was about to pass the flag a breeze swept it out over the walk, and to avoid it she was compelled to make a rapid flank movement by chasséing to the right. She was successful, and sailed majestically on with her skirts flaunting. It was another Confederate victory—and we all rejoiced—the flag escaped all harm.

Today I paid my taxes, and of course have my receipts. I wonder if I can by any possible course become a citizen of this state after a rebel's definition of the term!

My health is excellent—never better. I am a little seedy, having lived for the past month in my valise, even far away from my trunk.

I suppose you and our boy are contented and happy, and growing great at least in avoirdupois. I send the little fellow a hug and kisses, though I have no doubt he has long since forgotten me. I also send love to you, in the happy belief that you still remember me tho' I am a wanderer.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 8, 1872

DEAR DEL: I have just returned from Uncle Fisher's where we have been listening to the rehearsal of the play they propose to enact at Music Hall next Thursday. They all do their parts well—the only difficulty will be want of voice, being a little timid, they fear to speak as loud as they can. It is the first time this Fall, except at the wedding, that I have seen the young people together, and you can have no idea how old, tired, and useless, not to say incapable, I felt. It was rather depressing, especially when I found it impossible to arouse myself. I *would* gladly have gone up stairs to lie down, and go to sleep.

Uncle Fisher has been over here the greater part of the day. I think he enjoyed the change, for he has not been able to get out for nearly two weeks, owing to the horse disease. The boy's performances amused him—particularly when he backed up and tried to ride Uncle F's foot, which he happened to be swinging up and down, having one leg crossed over the other. Poor Uncle F. is not strong enough to give him a ride, so Mother came to the rescue and it was "Gan,agin" for quarter of an hour.

I gave your letter to Father, who thinks your idea simple and practicable. He calls it fudging by steam. Meigs was up last night, and took your letter. He said he had never heard of anything like it being advanced before, that is to say, knew of no patent which resembled it at all. He did not express admiration or approbation however, and I thought seemed to feel a little mad that he had not thought of it himself. Good night, give my regards to all, and for yourself take love from

BLANCHE

United States Internal Revenue
Collector's Office, 1st District, Mississippi
NATCHEZ, *November* 10, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: Now I can tell you with some certainty when I can start northward. Yesterday I bought a house for six thousand and one hundred dollars. Two thousand to be paid down, one thousand in six months; two thousand at the end of one year; and the remaining one thousand a year and a half hence. It is the house Capt. French lived in when we were here two years ago. You may remember that we dined there once. It is in a very good locality and a fair bargain as all say with whom I have consulted. I had been thinking that I would buy a lot of land and build on it this winter, getting Frank Wyman to come down here and attend to it; but after some ten days inquiry I was forced to the conclusion that I must abandon that idea. Taken all together I think I have done as well as I should have done had I built.

Next spring when Congress adjourns we will come down here and will find a house and home all ready for us. It will be necessary to buy and send here some furniture before we come. It is possible the insane people here may try to make it uncomfortable for us, but we will endeavor not to notice them; however if we should become annoyed we will seek some place away from such a community. When on the Gulf—i.e., when visiting the Gulf counties—I found them very pleasant, and we can seek there for comforts which the natives may attempt to deny us here. All this is in the future.

Tomorrow I expect the papers will be made out ready for signing, and immediately thereafter I will be ready to take a boat. They are very irregular, and it is possible that I may be able to reach Jackson quicker via New Orleans than by Vicksburg.

Yesterday I called on Mrs. Cooley. She is the lady who invited us to a collation at her house. She is a sculptress. You may remember she had a bust she was at work on at that time. I judge she has a hard life. She was a widow with *two* children, her husband was a widower with *three*, and now they have two more, making *seven* in all. And the sad part is they have but little money. They try to make themselves popular with the natives, but it is a sad failure yet they do not know it.

Her husband is not a good business man, and a very poor politician. They seem to be going down hill and I pity them. I hope you are well, and that our boy is growing to love his Mother more and more as he grows in weight. I send you both much love. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 10, 1872

DEAR DEL: We are all quite excited this evening over the news from Boston, giving details of the great fire, reports of which will reach you by telegraph long before this letter. If there had been the least wind blowing, the whole city must have been burned—but fortunately last night there was not a breeze except the whirlwind created by the fire, and a brilliant moon rendered it as light as day. The engines were able to subdue the flames as soon as they reached that portion of the city where the buildings were but three and four stories high. In the burnt portion the buildings were of brick and granite, five stories and with french roof so high in air it was impossible to force the water up to them. Mother and I had planned to go down shopping this week, but I decided I had better not do so, for it is a hard tramp around the streets, and I am not over strong.

When do you expect to be in Washington, Love? I do not suppose we shall leave here under three weeks at least, unless I go on before the others, which I shall not do unless you are there. I long to see you, Del, and see you enjoy "the boy." He is full of "quips and quirks" and so fat that we cannot button any of his old dresses, while the new ones are so tight he will burst them out in front soon. He walks perfectly well now, that is, his legs and ankles are straight, so I do not mind his being plump as an acorn.

A few weeks now and we shall be together for a long time. I hope you will not think I have grown plain, and quiet during your absence. I have grown a little sensitive on the subject, for everyone I see condoles with me on my personal appearance. If you are satisfied, Dearie, I do not care. No one knows what the matter is, though I should think they would begin to suspect from the figure. I have been out so little there is but little chance to notice.

I shall be very glad when the journey to Washington is over, and we are settled. I dread it a good deal, although as the travel will be all in the night on "the boy's" account—we could do nothing with him on the cars while awake—it will not be hard. I believe Butler would climb over the heads of all the people in spite of our best efforts—if he were kept in a car all day long. He is not the same boy we came from Squam with.

Good night, Love. BLANCHE

Steamboat R. E. LEE
Mississippi River between NATCHEZ *and* VICKSBURG
November 14, 1872

DEAR BLANCHE: This is Thursday. We will not reach Vicksburg until tonight, and I will not be able to leave V. before the Friday afternoon train. There was no boat from Natchez on Monday. Tuesday evening I went on board the steamboat "Frank Pargond," with the intention of reaching Jackson via New Orleans, as I could do so quicker that route than by the way of Vicksburg. And thinking I would have some hours in N.O. to spare, I telegraphed your Uncle Parker to meet me at the boat. But when we had gone but eighteen miles, we got aground on a bar, and there remained until ten o'clock last evening. I was sorry to lose the time, and furthermore the very low stage of the water was a constant reminder to me that all the branches of this river were in a like condition, and among them the little streams in Iowa and Minnesota. This is not a pleasant thought, as you can imagine.

During the day and evening three boats tried to get us off the bar. The third was successful at, as I have said, ten o'clock last night. I had thus lost about twenty-four hours, and was only eighteen miles from my starting point. So I decided to leave the "Pargond" and get on board the "Lee," which was bound up. This I did, and here I am at about five o'clock p.m. yet some ten hours though only forty or fifty miles from Vicksburg, and instead of getting there in time for the nine o'clock train this evening, we must wait till tomorrow at two p.m. to get out of V. Using the greatest possible dispatch (steamboat moving) it will take from Monday evening to Friday evening to go from Natchez to Jackson. And I am too on the express line, urging myself on with all possible haste.

On Tuesday the papers relative to our house were passed. The house is in a very good locality. I do not speak of this with any idea that we shall ever have any intercourse with the occupants of the neighboring houses, but rather to show that the property is valuable, and the neighborhood about as good as any in the city. I think the place worth the money. The arrangements partially made for a purchase in Jackson I must withdraw from, even if I have to give a bonus to the man who wanted to sell to me. I cannot carry both. I have left word for a friend in Natchez to hire a plantation for me if he can get one on good terms, and I think he can.

On this boat is Mr. Revels. I have had a talk with him. He has been opposing me all along. He does so, it is said, at Alcorn's dictation. He talks now as if he were a very warm and true friend to me. I find my friends are very earnest, and I am of the opinion that he will acquiesce finally to the general desire—even though he may not feel disposed so now.

I have been amusing myself reading *Nicholas Nickelby* all day yesterday and today till Revels got aboard, when we went into politics.

I suppose you are now preparing to leave for Washington. I will write you from Jackson, when I shall leave for the Northwest. I send love to you and to our boy. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 16, 1872

DEAR DEL: We shall prepare for a start this week, although we are not likely to go until after Thanksgiving.

Mother has given up the idea of having anything done to her eye at present. Dr. Spaulding was here today and she told him she had about made up her mind to have it done, but he advised her against it this fall, partly on account of the lateness of the season, but more on account of Uncle Fisher—whom he considers in a very critical condition. He thinks he may live six months or a year, or the end may come any day. The family do not know it, and as Uncle Fisher is able to go about, down to Boston and over to Lowell, of course they do not realize his condition. Perhaps it is as well they should not, for it would render them sad and unfit companions, and there is nothing they can do more than they have done and are still doing for his comfort day by day.

I have no doubt Uncle Fisher and Aunt Lauretta will, if nothing happens, pass this winter in Washington. The weather is so cold here, and as he has to give up all thought upon business, and cannot even read a novel—it excites him so much that he loses control of himself—the long winter days when he cannot go out would be very, very dull for him. In Washington there is a little more going on—more people in and out, that it will be a little better for him. At any rate, he evidently desires to go, and Aunt L. and Florence desire that he should, for they know how tedious it will be for him here. Next week he has an auction sale of all his cattle, pigs, horses, and the milk route. He will keep only two men on the farm to attend to enriching the land and caring for his own vegetable garden. All the haying will be let out another year, for he can never attend to it himself again. Poor Uncle Fisher. It is very, very sad. In some way it seems as if he had not found great satisfaction in life, and yet I suppose he must have had his share of good things and happiness. The loss of his boy was a great blow—but if he had lived it would have been very hard for Uncle Fisher to have made up his mind that he must die and leave him a boy scarcely thirteen years old. Who can tell what is for the best? He does not like to have people speak as if he were dangerously ill, yet I think he is aware of his own condition and of its great uncertainty. He is arranging all his affairs.

"The boy" is well and a great play-fellow. This morning he came running into the library. We all spoke, and noticed him except Father, who was busy reading. Such neglect was not to be endured, so the young man stood up not far from him, and scolded at the top of his voice until Father looked up and said "Hurrah! Youngster!" This was satisfactory, and, quite content, he went to playing about the room as usual. I gave him an apple this afternoon, and feeling a little weary, laid down on the floor. He came at once and seated himself close by my head, where he remained until he had finished his apple —now and then giving me a bite, then kissing me between bites, with his little mouth full. Some times he is very affectionate. I hope he will love his Father as does Blanche— Good night, Dearie.

LOWELL, *November* 19, 1872

DEAR DEL: We shall start for Washington a week from next Monday. Father's cases will detain him until that time. We may meet in New York, Love, if you are on your way at that time, or is it shorter by Pittsburgh? I fear you will be more anxious to see "the boy" than your wife. You will have some curiosity to see how much he has changed, while there can be no alteration in my case. He has grown so fat I have taken off his ring and put it away. The little finger is not quite large enough, while all the others are too large.

The house you have bought in Natchez I remember only slightly. Of course you will rent it at once, reserving for your own use only a room or two. We shall not be likely to go down there to keep house, you have so little time to spend in the state. Suppose, Dearie, you had owned a place in Natchez this fall. I should have had a very lonely time of it, while you were travelling about the state. Then, again, we are too poor to leave a place unoccupied for seven or eight months in the year. If you could rent it to some family, with whom we could board when in Natchez—it would certainly be better. But of this hereafter.—I am glad you have made the purchase, as you seem to think it a good one, for you will now feel that you have filled all possible requirements that can be made, even by your enemies. Perhaps your good fellow citizens will burn you out. Is the house insured?

Good night—Love. Until tomorrow good-bye. In two weeks more we shall be together for a long, and I trust happy, winter. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *November* 20, 1872

DEAR DEL: Your letter from New Orleans has just reached me, and you will be in Northfield by the time this can get there.

You will be in Washington sooner than you expected, will you not? Or do you want to give nearly a month to the management of your mill? However, you will not have a month—not more than three weeks.

I have finished the "Iris" I wrote you I was painting, and it is a very pretty picture. I challenge anyone to tell which is the copy. The only difference is in favor of mine, which all admit is a little the handsomest. I intend to have it hung in *our* office, either over the desk or between the end windows.

"The boy" is well. His cheeks have been like roses all day, owing to the bracing weather. He fights Mother all of the time, unless he wants her to do something for him. This morning he was shaking his fist at her, and scolding—when she put out her foot and moved it up and down, as if to give him a ride.

He looked at it a moment, laughed, and backed himself on to it, with as much confidence as if he had been the best of friends with her. He takes hold of one of her fingers with his hand and pulls, for her to walk around with him if he finds he cannot get me to go.

Sometimes he will play "peep" for five or ten minutes, laughing so he can hardly stand, then without any apparent reason except that he is tired of the game—he will say "go, go" and turn his back on her, walking off as sober and cross as Sancho.

I have nothing to write you except "the boy's" performances, but you ought to be interested in those.

Good night. I trust you have found all satisfactory at the mill. Love from your baby and wife BLANCHE

Lowell, *November* 20, 1872

Dear Del: We are getting ready for Washington. Packing this week because next is Thanksgiving, and as Mother proposes to have a family gathering on that day—it will break in somewhat upon the last of the week.

Father is busy with his cases in Boston. He goes down every morning at half past seven, returning at six. Kinsman came up with him tonight. I have seen but little of the Col. or Gen'l. for his smoking has driven me out of the library.

The fires in Boston are still smoking—no doubt it is the wood and coal in the cellars that is still burning. Down by the wharves there is a large pile of coal, hundreds of tons on fire, which will have to burn out. The light from the conflagration was seen in Portland, while at sea it was observed more than one hundred and twenty-five miles. The city is still crowded with sight-seers, I suppose it seems more so because only one side of Washington St. is used, the other is guarded by soldiers, to keep people out of the ruins.

Who are you going to have run your plantation after you have hired it, Del? That always seems to be the troublesome question. It is so difficult to get trustworthy and capable people.

We have postponed the trip to Boston until I shall have finished the "Fruit Carrier" for Paul. The frame is ready for it, and I had a fancy, if I could, to see how it will look when hung. Tomorrow I trust will complete it.

"The boy" is well and full of mischief. He pulled his grandmother's looking-glass off of the table, on to his head, this afternoon. Fortunately he did not break it, but frightened himself very badly, and when his grandmother scolded him, *his heart* was almost broken. The great tears ran down his cheeks, and it was quite a time before he would kiss her and make up. As he was on my knee and I was trying to console him, he without doubt felt himself the aggrieved party and acted accordingly.

Good night. Love from Blanche

Northfield, Minn., *November* 20, 1872

Dear Blanche: I arrived here at ten o'clock this morning. I found all our folks well, and also quite a number of letters from you, which I was very glad to get. After the first salutations and a little chat, I went to your letters. We, all, were much pleased with the tintypes. The boy is certainly robust in appearance. I read all you said of him to his grandmother, who took great interest therein. She thinks him remarkable, and I noticed talked baby talk to his pictures.

A week ago tomorrow when on the Mississippi river a biting cold north wind came down on us; and from that day to this I have been traveling in its teeth from the Gulf to St. Paul, to find here today one of the coldest days I have known since the war began twelve years ago. The mercury this morning, so says Father, was away below zero, bulbward. Today, too, I had my second sleigh-ride since I went to West Point as a boy. Among other things, I rode up to John's to see my horse.

In less than two weeks I shall be with you. Congress meets on Monday, Dec. 2nd. I shall probably reach Washington on Sunday morning. The time is so many days ahead I cannot say positively. Of course I expect that you will go to W. with your folks, and that I shall find you there.

Business was never better for us here. They have made almost a fortune already this year, and should the times continue as good for the rest of the year we will get out of debt, which is just now the height of our ambition. It is agreed by both Father and John that our mills here have made about twenty thousand dollars since they began on the first of Sept. You see anything like this continued for the year would make us rich. It is also agreed that my mill at Fort A. will make about ten thousand dollars if business keeps as good as now. How I hope it will. How free we would feel, if by next fall we could by the two mills pay our outstanding due bills.

As to my last invention for propelling canal boats—I am more and more convinced that it has merit in it, the more I think of it. Reasons given me in my correspondence with the canal commissions through Gen'l. Barlow cause me to doubt the other plans and at the same time give additional value to this. We will discuss this with your Father when I reach Washington. Thus you see I am hopeful and in very good spirits.

I was glad to see my folks, and I have enjoyed this cold winterish weather—the first I have seen for so long; for I do not look upon a Washington winter as anything like this. This seems like old times, where my boyhood was passed under such a winter sky, and with old Jack Frost snapping his fingers in my ears.

I send you love and kisses for the boy. Mother sends love to you both.

ADELBERT

Northfield, Minn., *November 22, 1872*

Dear Blanche: Since I began this letter, both Father and Mother have been in to chat—as has John in his great fur coat with the empty left sleeve stuck into the pocket. Mattie and Fannie stayed here last evening. Mattie is a young lady. Fannie is one of the prettiest and sweetest young girls I ever saw.

Night before last was cold, still and snowing. Mother built up a tower of bed clothes on the bed, with woolen sheets. At ten I delved between the sheets and was soon off in the land of nod.

For more than a week previous I had been sleeping on rattling railroad cars or in the no less noisy hotel at Jackson, Miss., or on the noisy steamboat. But night before last and last night was much the same. Wearied by traveling and subject to disturbance only by such vibration of the air as was made by the falling snow, I slept the sleep of the happy and awoke from it by Mother's voice as she called me to get up for breakfast.

I had my horse paraded yesterday in the sleighs. She is a very good animal. She is a faster horse than Father's and I think than John's. We will have a race, we had one yesterday, before we can definitely decide.

We are to have all of our folks here today—some twenty—in all, even Cousin Jim's fiancee is invited. Clara went to give the invitation to her last evening, and was upset in the snow and came back pretty cross. My horse was in the sleigh, but it was not her fault. I shall go to the Fort early next week, not to return this way, but to keep right on east. I send love.

Adelbert

Lowell, *November 23, 1872*

Dear Del: The present plan, and I see no reason for any change, is that we leave here Saturday night, spend Sunday in New York, and take the evening train for Washington. A week from tomorrow and we shall be together for a long, long time, I hope.

"The boy" is well and promises to be unruly and troublesome on the cars. It is fortunate that the greater part of the journey will be made in the night, when his active little limbs are quiet in slumber. I have not yet heard how you like his tintypes. We begin to consider him rather a fine-looking fellow. You will have to make up your mind not to spoil him. Everybody seems inclined that way. Even Father has to look up and speak when he enters the room, or youngster stations himself at a little distance from him and scolds until—to stop his noise—one must speak.

The case Father was trying last week was settled—for four hundred thousand dollars. The Gov't. sued the Company for a million and a half, but offered to settle the case before it came to trial for two hundred thousand.

This, Mr. Hoar, one of Father's opposing counsel, refused to do, but finding the case was going against his clients, he requested a settlement, which Father agreed to, for the amount I have mentioned. It is the largest sum for damages ever collected in this country, and Father is quite triumphant.

Your counsel is prevailing, for Father and Mother have it in mind to send Ben to West Point. Father has the appointment, and Ben seems inclined to go. The matter is not yet decided.

I shall say good-bye for a week, unless I learn from your letters that you are to be in Minnesota for some time longer. I believe I shall be more happy to have you with me again, than you will be to get home. With love, and the wish that you may have a pleasant journey east—good night,

Blanche

Senator and Mrs. Ames were in Washington when Congress convened in December. Mrs. Butler was in Lowell and Washington that winter.

Washington, *December* 23, 1872

Dear Mother: All is well here. The household goes on quietly and the servants seem inclined to do their duty. Jane has made a jar full of very nice mince meat for Christmas, and intends to make some cake. She seemed to feel that it was likely to be a very poor Christmas, and wanted to do something in the way of celebrating. As we have heard no word from you about Uncle Fisher we are all in hopes you found him better than you expected.

The weather is quite cold and for the last two or three nights I have left the water running in your room. The baby has not entirely recovered from his cold, but the croupiness has gone.

Charlotte Stevens and Mr. Batchelder called last evening. The parlors were cold, of course, although the heat from the furnace was intense, so much so that I feared to go to bed until it had cooled off some.

I called Saturday on Mrs. Hale. She was in bed, but asked me to come up and see her. I inquired about a nurse. She has engaged one for the last of February from New York. Some one her Aunt knows about—so she could give me no aid in that direction.

Her physician is Dr. Verdi, a man who goes into society a great deal, and has always been rather an aversion of mine. He is not considered as skillful as Dr. Pope, but Mrs. Hale finds him more agreeable.

I believe I have remembered and attended to all your instructions. Horace and James will clean the office the last of the week.

If Uncle Fisher is comfortable it will be far pleasanter for the boys to have you at home during the holidays. Paul would have found it dull enough here. Give my love to Florence, and tell her Snippy has grown to be a very bad boy.—How is Father's epizootic? Love and a kiss for my Mother.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *December* 30, 1872

DEAR MOTHER: We were so very glad to hear that you found Uncle Fisher more comfortable. Perhaps he will yet be able to come on this winter and escape the cold spring. All have been well here. The weather has been very cold, so much so we could hardly keep comfortable. Today it is warm and pleasant, tho' the sleighing continues quite good.

Gen'l. Ames has written his Father who is in New York to come on, and he will be here by the middle of the week I suppose. If Uncle Fisher is as well as I hope he is—you will of course return with Father.

I am glad Aunt Maria and Katie have decided to stay at home this winter. I don't think I could spare you for any great length of time, especially after Gen'l. Ames goes up to the Senate daily.

Mrs. Chandler invited us to a Christmas dinner, consisting only of herself, Mr. Chandler, Mr. & Mrs. Hale, Mr. & Mrs. Lincoln. I had asked Kinsman to take dinner with us, but could not have gone anyway, for I have not been able to taste, smell, or speak plainly since you left—the epizootic has had such a hold upon me.

My chief trouble in regard to it is that I cannot distinguish the least odor in a bottle of cologne—so I should not be able to smell smoke if the house should catch on fire. Yesterday, in starting a new fire in the furnace, James managed to fill the house with smoke. Although the room was so full of it I could see it—my nose gave no warning. How is Father? Has he recovered yet?

Tell Paul and Ben I have thought of them and their iceboat many times, regretting there should be so much snow to spoil their fun.

Household matters go on well enough—quietly, without much trouble, and also without much being accomplished.

Love and "Happy New Year" to all.

Next Sunday will I hope bring you back. Until then with love, and a kiss, *Your affectionate daughter*, BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *January* 12, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: Why have you not written? Except the telegram last Wednesday we have not heard one word from Lowell. You must send us at least a line if you haven't time for more.

All here are well. The boy has grown tall and strong. The colds have about departed.

Father says he wrote you day before yesterday enclosing your eardrop which you lost in the Boston depot. How fortunate you were to get it again.

The Spoffords are here. I called on them day before yesterday. Evidently Mrs. S. does not relish the presence of Mr. S.'s mother and sister overmuch. She feels that she has a load on hand—that they must be attended to and amused all of the time or there will be cause of offense.

There are quite a number of invitations for receptions, etc., and last Thursday a great many callers. I did not see any of them but the Misses Henry and Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Hale does not receive this winter. I showed her the crib which I have finished trimming and which I consider very pretty. She pronounced it the handsomest she had ever seen—and wished to know where she could get the wicker frame.

The days pass very quietly—Father and Gen'l. Ames are away from half past ten till half past five. I keep employed about something or other all of the time and the hours slip away very quickly.

If you go over to the house before you return, I wish you would get the embroidered lace insertion you brought from Germany. It is in the right hand drawer of the further closet in your room, under your pink crepe dress. I want some insertion very much.

I hardly know when to expect you—from your silence I should judge Uncle Fisher to be more comfortable, and yet I fear he is not enough so for you to think of leaving him. Things will go on here about as they are now for a month longer—then I shall insist upon your coming 'tho I hope to see you long before that time.

Love to Uncle Fisher and Ben—a kiss for you and Florence—from *Your loving daughter*, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *January* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I shall return some time during the week. I think the latter part. Fisher has improved a little day by day. He is still in bed, but is rather free from pain and breathes better. I shall not tell him that I am going or say good-bye when I leave. I have never seen such a household of useless women—Almira, Mrs. Gilman, and Nina, utterly useless. Nina has watched twice, with Aunt Lottie to assist— I told her that she must do it and that she must take my place when I leave and do the work that I have been doing. Whether she will do so, or if he will have the care he now has, is more than I know. Rowena, Lottie and Maria must come in turn and see and help, that the care may be thorough.

I shall ask Farrington to get me a sleeping berth, I think for Thursday or Friday.

The boys are well and have just gone home to bed. I will follow suit, as I do not watch tonight.

Good night. Love to all. MOTHER

No letters between Jan. 17th and April 3rd, 1873, when both Senator and Mrs. Ames were in Washington. Their daughter was born March 4th, 1873. "Miss" was a pet name for the baby, subsequently named Edith. About April 1st Senator Ames left for Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, *April* 3, 1873

DEAR DEL: By this time you are nearly at your destination, and many miles away from your family. We miss you, Dearie. Yesterday Butler was fearfully cross. I believe he felt someone was missing. Last night I took him into my bed. Unless he is very restless I shall have him sleep with me until you return. Poor man, he woke up once crying, but seemed so contented when he found he was so near his Mother.

Mrs. Hale called today, and brought "Chandler Hale to see his fiancée." The young man was dressed in his finest, and looked so well that my heart began to swell with envy until

Miss Ames was brought down. She is larger, handsomer, and whiter by far than the other baby.

We put their faces side by side, and Chandler looked so yellow that Miss seemed a lily, owing to the contrast. Mrs. Hale said she should hereafter speak of her baby as "the pumpkin," and feared my girl had outstripped her boy. At first she tried to explain the yellow hue, on the ground that her child was a brunette, but when I called her attention to Miss's dark hair—she was obliged to abandon that point. Chandler's mouth will make two, if not three of Miss's, while her hands are so much smaller I did not speak of them for fear of hurting Mrs. Hale's feelings. Yet Miss is full the larger baby. You see, Del, I am quite satisfied,—and that it is very difficult to beat our family—*in my estimation.*

I have been doing but little since you have been gone, only nursing the baby and planning Butler's clothes. Mrs. Hale says she feels as well and strong as ever. I do not think I can say that quite yet.

Mother and Ben have gone to the Opera—so I am alone in the house. Mother attended a lecture last night, and will go out again tomorrow night. I shall amuse myself by going to bed early.

I send you from the *Times* of yesterday a little slip which seems to have some connection with the "Navigation of Shallow Waters." It may interest you.

That article about the iron box found in the Capitol grounds was an April fool. There was another article published in one of the papers—stating that there were a company of Brahmins here, of very high caste, and one of their number having died, they had appealed to the authorities to know if they could perform the funeral ceremony according to their customs. Permission having been obtained—the ceremony would take place at such a place and time. That is, the corpse would be burned. The deceased was described as a very beautiful young girl—lithe of figure, with long almond-shaped eyes, etc. etc., all particulars being given until the story had every semblance of truth. You can judge how people were "fooled" when I tell you that *Mr. Fish, The Sec. of State*, was one among the many who assembled to witness the show.—Are you not pleased?

Good night, *Your Wife*, BLANCHE

LOUISVILLE, KY., *April* 3, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here at ten minutes past one today, to find that the next train south does not leave till 7:45 this evening. So I came to this hotel, the Louisville Hotel, to wait till that time. I have had dinner, and done some shopping besides having washed some of the dust of the states of Maryland, Penn., Ohio, and Indiana from my person.

When *we* come we shall see that we get on board a more convenient train. As it was I did not care, for my valise was light.

I devoted myself diligently to Cushing's Treaty of Washington and enjoyed it very much. This forenoon I began it a second time, having read it through yesterday. You know I admire all your Father's writings; but after reading Cushing's book I took up your Father's Agricultural Speech or lecture, and found it failed to give the usual satisfaction because of, I imagine, the vivid presence of the work just read. I hope you will take the time to read Cushing's book.

Immediately after dinner I went out and bought a pocket inkstand and—would you believe it—a copy (in two vols.) of Darwin's *Descent of Man.* I have never read it as I should, and so take advantage of the opportunity to perfect my knowledge of our *source.*

I intended to speak to you about our daughter's name the day I left, but our visitor and the hurry and noise, together caused me first to delay it, and then to forget it. I am still inclined to prefer the name of Edith. My preference may be due to the fact that I never knew any one by that name, so have no prejudices against it, as I am disposed to have towards such names as Evelyn, Marion, etc. Yet I am free to admit that such associations to a name will soon pass away, and we will know the name we give our child as belonging to her, and her alone. One reason for the preference is, I think it a convenient, pleasing, pretty name. It is a *capable* name, if you will permit such a descriptive word. Edith may be anything, while Angeline could not. You think a three syllable name more euphonious? Our boy's name is two syllables. It is terse and strong. The name of three syllables runs smoothly with the name of Ames which is of but one syllable, but is there the clearness and distinctness between the names as is found when the first is of but two syllables? Of the names we had under consideration, I do not think I would prefer any one to Edith. If you think best we will delay any final action with the expectation of finding some other name which will be more satisfactory to you.

I have no doubt you are enjoying continued good health, and also enjoying the presence of our two strong, active children. I certainly would like to see you all. In a month or so I shall. I send kisses to our son and daughter, and to you, my Love.

ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 4, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have been busy all day long, but as usual have accomplished little or nothing.—The swiftness with which time slips away is wonderful.

This afternoon Father, Mother, and I went up to look at the little old house to decide as to the advisability of moving it to the end of the lot for an office. It could be moved, but Father says it will cost as much as to build a new one, which of course would be far preferable—so that project is abandoned.

Mother is growing quite uneasy. She desires to go home, and have this matter of packing up and leaving off her mind. I should not be surprised if we were away at the end of a fortnight.

Butler has been out twice today. The weather is delightful, and he was pleased beyond measure with the fountain and flowers in the square. As we were getting into the carriage this afternoon he came around the corner and was anxious to go with us. Father, to my surprise, insisted we should take him in for a ride. But I knew full well we should be tired to death of him long before we could get back—and would not let him go. He has been out now for three or four days in succession, and his eyes are quite bloodshot and sore from exposure to the sunlight and dust. Yesterday I bought him, at Mother's suggestion, a broad-brimmed sailor's hat, which shields his eyes nicely. It is more useful than ornamental, for it makes him look like a boy of three or four years of age. I have asked him "Where is Father?" and tried to make him say Mississippi. You can imagine my success.

Last night the puppy went into the dining room, opened the sideboard door, which I had left ajar for ventilation, with her nose, pulled out a whole chicken which had not even been cut, and ate every bit of the white meat. The chicken was found in the middle of the dining room floor and the neck under the sofa in my room. We have been expecting the dog to be sick or die all day, but it seems quite well, and as lean as ever.

This is all the news I have for you tonight, Dearie. The old story about my missing you, and sending kisses—perhaps you do not care to hear, but you would if I were you, and you were

Your loving Wife, Blanche

Washington, *April* 6, 1873

Dear Del: I received your letter from Louisville last night and was happy to know that so much of your journey had been safely made. There are so many disasters these days by land and sea that one cannot help dreading travel of any kind.

I like the name of Edith, and am perfectly satisfied with your choice. So unless *you* are undecided "Edith" the girl shall be called. I have no doubt she will be capable and dignified enough to bear the name with propriety.

We are all well, the children growing heavier day by day. The puppy by running and jumping can climb up on the bed and sleeps on Butler's feet or mine every night. I do not drive her off—because she has not seemed quite as much attached to me since my sickness as before, and to prevent her being stolen it would be better that she should hang around someone. Father has just been up here on the third story. Butler was asleep in the back room and the baby in Lizzie's arms. I introduced him to his granddaughter. He did not seem to admire her much. In fact she was not very modest or polite, but greeted her Grandsire after a rather warlike fashion.

Father rather likes our quarters. He always examines things with considerable interest. He remarked today that he did not see why the chamber set was "not nice enough for anybody." No doubt the room has a cheerful, pleasant aspect.

Ben is going to Lowell with Father the last of this week. He is anxious to get away from Washington and study, and Mother wishes him to be there before we arrive in order that all the pipes may be mended, and the house well warmed. This looks like an early flight for the North.

Goodnight. *We all* send love and kisses to you. Two girls and a boy. *What a family!* Blanche

Jackson, Miss., *April* 6, 1873

Dear Blanche: I arrived here early yesterday morning, safe and well. While the journey to Louisville was very comfortable, both on account of dust and temperature, that from Louisville to this point was quite uncomfortable because of the dust and heat. Before I could get my dusty clothes changed, French came in, and from that moment to this I have not had time to write you a word. I take advantage of this late hour this Sunday evening to notify you of my whereabouts.

I found that the lower house of the Legislature had passed a resolution condemning our action for voting for the *back pay*, but I understand the Senate will not concur. I have had a talk with our friends, and find they have no particular feeling in the matter, but as some one, a Democrat, introduced the resolution, and as it is just the thing in these days to vote for such resolutions, no one cared to oppose it. I hardly need tell you that it has done *us* no harm.

I find everything here in a perfectly satisfactory condition. There seems to be no division of sentiment. Even Gov. Powers and his friends who last fall would not condescend to *talk* compromise, are now begging for it. I am in the hands of my friends, and they see no reason why there should be a compromise. The atmosphere is all I could ask, and I cannot but believe that the Convention will do us every honor.

I find I feel a strong tendency to restrain myself in writing on the political situation, for every moment I think that you may never see this, or if you do, only after some mail robber or thief has copied it. So I will only say I am perfectly satisfied with the situation.

I find that the Convention will not be held till about the first of September, and not the first of July as I expected. This will necessitate another change in our programme, which I will have to think about. As I tell you I have been very busy, yet my leisure moments are given to my wife and babies. I would like to see you all. As I cannot, I will content myself by sending love to you,

ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 6, 1873

DEAR DEL: Another day has passed after the usual manner. A little more care of the children than usual, for Laura has been supplying the cook's place, as the latter went away Saturday night and has not yet returned. Mother advertised for servants, and in less than an hour after the *Star* was issued there were seven or eight applications. The house will be besieged tomorrow, I have no doubt.

Gen'l. Cushing desires to take the house for the summer, and will make his arrangement with Mr. Fox. The present plan in regard to the furniture is to leave it as we always have until fall, when it is expected the house[1] will be completed and the things can be packed there or rented if desirable. If this idea is carried out we shall leave here with comparatively little trouble.

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[1] The house being built by General Butler on Capitol Hill.

Butler has been out for a walk twice today. I notice a great improvement in his sleeping. He does not wake at all. When I go to bed the girl takes him up, attends to his wants, and puts him into my bed. He does not wake up enough to notice who is in the room, or to stir after she has laid him down. All the noise the Baby can make fails to arouse him.

I was taking charge of the children while Lizzie went to dinner, and put the Baby in the middle of my bed while I went into the little room to attend to Butler's wants. He followed me in, but hearing the Baby cry returned an instant before me, and I was only in time to prevent him from pulling Miss off of the bed. He evidently thought as she was crying, someone ought to take her up, and was willing to make himself useful. I had placed her so far on the bed that he could only reach her dress—but he had taken hold of that with both hands and was steadily drawing her towards him. Poor Baby, it would have been a heavy fall for her little body.

When I ask him "Where has Father gone?" he purses up his mouth, puts on a doleful expression and says "on-on-o" as you have often heard him do. He has an idea that there is cause for lamentation.

I made Ben write and recite the verbs *avoir*, etc. negatively, interrogatively, and impersonally. He knows them very well, not from any recent study, however.

The cow has gone. The old farmer's wife came and said she must have her right away, or have thirty dollars as a loan, as there were payments she must make the following day. The old farmer felt badly about it, and if he could have had his own way would have left the cow another week. The old woman was set, and "the boy" and his Mother are cut off from their milk, except what can be obtained from the milk man.

I should think you would smile, Love, at the simple details I give you, but where the life is as quiet as mine, and a letter is written daily, it is a necessity. But it is something to know that you are loved and missed—is it not? Good night,

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 7, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is about sun-set, and I am sitting by the open window with my coat off, and my paper on my knee, to have a chat with you. Nothing has transpired since my note last night, worth recording.

Our paper has already hoisted my name as its candidate for the Governorship. I will send the slip to you, that you may consider deliberately what may be a reality.

Just here I am reminded of an objection made to any colored man as Lieutenant Governor. The State Constitution says a man, to be qualified for Governor, must be at least thirty years old, and a citizen of the U.S. for at least twenty years. The law is the same for Lt. Gov.

Tuesday Morning

I was interrupted just as I finished the first line of this page; and when my last visitor left it was fifteen minutes of two o'clock this morning. So you will thus find an explanation why you did not receive your regular letter yesterday.

To go back to the qualifications of a colored man for Lieut. Gov. As a citizenship of twenty years is required, a colored man cannot be qualified, so say the opposition, because he has been a *citizen* only since 1868, when an amendment to the Constitution made him so. None of our friends feel disconcerted any more than they would were the point made that a minor is not a citizen and only becomes so at the age of twenty-one, when he ceases to be a minor. State this point to your Father and see what he says.

I am going to send a note down to Parker today, notifying him that I shall leave here for N.O. on the 15th or 16th.

Politically, all goes well. The point of non-residence is bitterly urged by Democrats and men of the Alcorn school. Yet both of these classes acknowledge that our nomination would be equivalent to an election. However, my friends are very anxious that we spend as much time here as possible. I send love to you, Dear, and to our babies. ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 7, 1873

DEAR DEL: This has been a busy, tiresome day. Laura has been taking the part of cook—and Butler has been unruly. No, I cannot say that exactly, but he does not take to Lizzie at all. She cannot coax him to go downstairs even if I am in the rooms, and he cries when she takes him out to walk. I cannot imagine why he has taken such a distaste to her—for I have watched and listened closely, and have never heard her speak harshly to him even. Instead of growing attached to her—he draws away more and more. I shall be very glad when he is able to talk and understand all that is said to him.

This old house has been sold. Fox says for thirty thousand dollars. I have my doubts—but if it is true I pity the man who has bought it. Everything will have to be packed up now, of course, and the office sold or moved off. I do not know what will be done with the furniture, that remains to be decided.

Your daughter Edith grows fatter and stronger day by day. She is a larger eater than Butler was—and it is as much as I can do to supply her.

Ben knows the verbs very well indeed—both to speak and write them. He will have no difficulty I am sure with them at West Point.

Good night. This is a short letter and is to tell you that we are well, and love you. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 9, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I delighted in your description of the baby show. It was rather audacious on Mrs. Hale's part to venture on a comparison, was it not? She should have known, instinctively, what would be the result. But you are sure that you have the facts *exactly* and our baby was the handsomest? What do you suppose Mrs. H. will write *her* husband? Was it not a little unkind on your part to deprive her of the satisfaction of *thinking* her baby superior to ours? How would you have liked it, had she treated you in such a manner? Whatever Mrs. H. may write *her* husband *I* am convinced our baby the best by many degrees.

This has been an exciting day here. You may remember having heard me speak recently of the Attorney General of the state, a Mr. Morris, and of an investigation into some of his official acts.

The investigation was begun by the Democrats for political purposes, and has finally resulted in a personal quarrel between them and Morris. The last two or three days, these belligerent people have been parading the streets heavily armed, seeking to kill each other. Today the forces were paraded, and a pitched battle was expected. The principals and seconds, to the number of some eight or ten a side, were in the streets with hand on pistol, and I must confess that I expected to see blood shed. But bluster was their chief purpose evidently, for the aggressors, Morris' enemies, delayed till arrested by peace officers. The intention was to kill Morris, but certain carpet-baggers, my particular friends, (and all carpet-baggers had been abused by him), in the interest of fair play and because of a political bias, armed themselves and prepared for a crisis, which as I have said did not come. This assassination scheme, in the name of honor and chivalry, was a cold-blooded, cut-throat affair. But our side, with its pluck and evident willingness for a "row," won the day over the make-believes. The principals were arrested and put under heavy bonds. Peace reigns supreme.

Politically all things are well. A thousand and one schemes are suggested to defeat me, first in one way and then in another. The last is for the Democracy to have no candidate, but Alcorn and his friends to run some Republican against me. This will fail, and so will all their patents. They must do it after the old-fashioned way, and this they know they cannot do.

I send much love to you and to our babies.

ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 9, 1873

DEAR DEL: Mr. Farrington came this morning. He goes with Father tomorrow night to Philadelphia. They are to try some experiments at the Frankfort Arsenal.

Mother has begun the packing—although it is not yet decided where the things are to be stored.

Florence writes that her Father is not as well, and is very much depressed—saying that he does not desire to live suffering as he does. She thinks that he will improve again, however, but it is so discouraging to have him keep falling back, just as he begins to be comfortable.

I have not yet begun on Cushing's book as you advised, Love, but will do so. I have never read Darwin—only extracts from his works—and shall be very glad to do so. Bring it home with you, or perhaps I should say do not leave it at *home*, but bring it North with you.

This has been a very warm day—and Old Prob threatens a cold snap to follow, as a polar wave is advancing from the West. I must have a care of Butler if this proves to be the case. His pores are all open, and the least change would affect him.

You must find it uncomfortable in Jackson. I trust if the weather is disagreeable, all else may be satisfactory. Until tomorrow, with love

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 10, 1873

DEAR LOVE: Father and Ben have gone, and the house seems quite deserted. We shall soon be on the wing I suppose.

A letter from you this morning, bringing news of your safe arrival and satisfaction in political matters, has brightened the day. I hope your friends are not painting the future with too brilliant colors, and causing you to feel too sanguine. However, with your cautious temperament there is little danger of that. I am very glad that the Convention is not to be held until the 7th of Sept. That is early enough, and gives less time for dissatisfaction and opposing combinations. What your plan for the summer will be now—I am at a loss to know. Do not decide hastily, however.

Laura tells me that Butler, when he is out walking, runs up to every man who resembles you—but when near enough to look into the face turns and runs away frightened at seeing a stranger. So you see, the little fellow thinks of you, Del. His first act in the morning on waking is to turn to me to be kissed. Then he gets out of bed, and knocks on the door for Laura to come and dress him. This morning Lizzie opened the door, and he flew away from her, back into bed as fast as his legs could carry him. He has his likes and dislikes.

Mr. Farrington has engaged his servants, and will take them with him. Mother had advertised, and the house being besieged with applicants, he took his choice. Convenient for him, wasn't it?

Good night. If you have politics to excite and amuse you, I have the boy, and he is enough like you to be a great delight to

Your loving Wife, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 11, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter in reply to mine from Louisville was received this morning. As Edith is a name satisfactory to you and to me, we will name our daughter Edith. It will be a new name in our families, and I trust a fortunate one. I have no fear but that our daughter will make the name a proud one for us all.

I *endured* two amazing incidents yesterday. I rode out with the Governor to the Lunatic Asylum, and as is usual, we were formally introduced to the lunatics, one of whom on being introduced asked me if I was not "a son-in-law of Gen'l. Butler"! We then went to the deaf and dumb asylum. There were two instructors, one a deaf mute, the other a semi-mute.

I asked the difference between them—the first had never heard and had never talked, the second had at one time been able to do both, but had since become deaf. For illustration, the semi-mute was asked to speak to me. He said "I used to see Gen'l. Butler in Washington"! Was not all this rather severe on me in my own state? Your Father ought to feel highly flattered when the lunatics and deaf and dumb speak only of him. I take off my hat to him. In explanation of these wonders, I would say that the lunatic was a physician, and was sent to the Asylum for the second time a few months since. The semi-mute was at one time a resident of Washington, D.C. I can now understand the sensation of travelers who unexpectedly hear their own tongue spoken in heathen lands—would it be proper to say—or Baalam's surprise when the animal he rode found human voice.

I dined with the Gov. yesterday—a dinner party in my honor. Today the Auditor of Pub. Accts. gave me a dinner. Your Father's friend, McComb of Credit Mobilier notoriety, was present. He is here lobbying for his R.R. and has met with most unqualified success—to the great injury of our party.

I have the same report to make politically. I send much love to my "two girls and boy." ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: This Saturday forenoon I have kept to my room, attending to my correspondence, and as it is all closed up I take advantage of the peace and quiet to have a chat.

Capt. Pierce and his wife are here. She seems, as she doubtless is, the same as ever. Mrs. French and Mrs. Shaughnessy have gone down to New Orleans shopping. I have not yet seen Mrs. Howe. I cannot exactly explain how it is I have not, unless it be that I have been very busy and also because I have been waiting for Howe to ask me to call. I do not think he has as yet. He rather avoids me, a mutual understanding, because he thinks we are watched, and, as he is my friend above all others, that when we meet we do so to make *slates* for the fall election. Thus you see we are not a little restrained.

I intended to tell you in my letter a day or two ago—I think I did not, however—that our house in Natchez has not been leased. The wife of the man who was to take it had a miscarriage in N.O. and because of sickness declined. It may be that there is another reason. The fight in Natchez between the white and black Republicans is, and has been, very bitter. I associated with the whites of course, but took no part in the contest. The white wing was beaten in the Congressional nomination last fall. The black wing was beaten in the city election last Dec. The black was again beaten in a county nomination in this city. The fight over the postmaster of Natchez grew to huge proportions. I acted with the Congressman-elect, Mr. Lynch, as I was bound to do, and thus gave the blacks a victory—a most important one. The other day, one of the N. white rep. was here. He could not conceal his hostility, and I saw it was universal with my old white allies.

Is it not amusing that my *friends* should thus resent my efforts at neutrality. However, I think we will survive. I began by suggesting that this P.O. may have had something to do with the non-occupation of our house.

It is now near midnight, and this is my first opportunity to finish my letter.

Mrs. French returned from N.O. today. They saw the Parkers—rode out with them on the shell road, etc. They were all well.

The legislature has extended the day of adjournment to the 19th. I do not know whether I will remain till then or not, but think I will.

Love to you and to our babies, from ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 12, 1873

DEAR DEL: I did not write you last evening—but have taken the first opportunity this morning so that my letter may be in time for the Southern mail.

I thought it would hardly be civil to allow Mrs. Hale to go away without a return call, as she has been here so frequently this winter, with little response on my part. More than all this, perhaps, was the desire to air my new clothes. It is foolish to attempt to deceive myself or you with *vain* excuses. I may as well own the truth. So after dinner yesterday I donned my gay habiliments and rode up and down the Avenue with Mother two or three times to get the fresh air and exercise the horses, then called on Mrs. H. She was in excellent spirits, and seemed very glad to see me, insisting upon my staying longer when I started to go, until my call spun itself into a *visit* of an hour and a half. Of course we talked "baby" the greater part of the time. She is evidently enraptured with hers, and is delighted to compare notes with any Mother. My toilette was also appreciated. She desired me to stand up, turn about, and let her see it, as she admired to look at pretty things. From all this you can gather that the love of display and admiration which your wife possesses was the reason of your losing your last night's letter. Two today will make up for it, however.

I notice in the morning's paper an article in relation to the hanging of Bryant, the colored politician, at Corinth, Miss. It would seem that these outrages are not yet done away with. Surely it is bad policy for the Democracy to have such acts committed, for while it may intimidate a few colored men in that locality where the outrage was perpetrated—it will only serve to arouse the colored people as a class throughout the State, and furnish a powerful argument against the Democratic Party in the coming campaign.

We are moving. Father's office has been cleared, and the furniture is to be packed there. The wine and pictures are to be stored in Mr. Chandler's, which Mr. Cushing and Mr. Whitney rent for the summer. My piano is to be sent to Ellis Music Store. It will not answer to pack it with the furniture, for fear moths will get into the listing.

So much news for this morning. *Love*, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 13, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is quite cold here today, and did not the telegraph tell us, I should have known that it is very cold with you.

I have seen brief references in the telegraphic dispatches to heavy freshets in the North and West. I wonder if our fortunes in the Northwest are endangered thereby.

I called to see Mrs. Howe today for the first time. We chatted of old times, of mutual acquaintances, and the preacher's sermon, which I did not hear. She will soon leave for the North, and rejoices at the prospect.

Mr. Parker did the honors of N.O. to my friends in splendid style. I find that they were very much pleased with him. Mrs. French says she soon felt that she had known him all her life. They tell this of him—at the dinner at the Lake, the servants neglected to bring in any spoons—whereupon he said "There are no spoons in New Orleans—Gen'l. Butler has stolen them all." I am convinced that he patronized them to his heart's content.

I am beginning to get tired of my loafing days here. I would run away down to N.O. if I thought I could without harm, but I expect it would be better for me to stay here till all go, as we are such strangers to each other.

I think Gov. Powers is losing ground day by day. It is said he has threatened to veto one of McComb's bills unless McC. does this or that—also, that he will veto the printing bill unless the *Pilot* promises to come out in his support. When I heard the last item I went to the proprietor of that paper and told him that so far as I am concerned I am willing that he should do just what his interests required, and that I would take no exception thereat, as I knew the situation in which he was placed. I knew when the nominations were made that he would be bound to stand by the party. I could not ask him to sacrifice his interests for mine. He seemed very appreciative; and then told me that he had had one or two long interviews with the Gov. on the subject, and that he held the matter under advisement. He said he believed he could pass the bill over the Gov's. veto. In neither case can he have any very deep affection for his Excellency. McComb says he can pass his bill over a veto. All this to illustrate why I think Gov. Powers is losing ground.

I have been alone ever since I began this letter—a long time for me—and I have just been sitting and thinking of my wife and babies, and I find I am a little lonesome, not to say homesick for them. I send them much love, ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 14, 1873

DEAR DEL: This letter will reach you on your way home, or rather on your way North, at Vicksburg.

It was well, wasn't it, that you wrote to Carney—now that matter is all right, and far more satisfactory. I will show the paper to Father in regard to the orange lands as soon as he returns.

We are well. "The boy" talks more each day, and grows more and more solid. It is wonderful how much he is like you. He was playing around the room the other day in fine spirits, and I said to him, "Dearie, I should like a kiss very much." He came dancing up to me at once, with his head on one side, and his eyes twinkling—just as I have seen you look a hundred times. The resemblance was so remarkable, both in look and action, that I had to kiss him many times, for himself and for his Father. He is a much better and happier boy under Laura's charge. So that with all her faults and slowness I am glad that she is to take care of him. She is delighted to go, and is continually lost in admiration of Butler's performances, thinking everything that he does perfection.

You did not write me, Del, that *you* were armed and ready for a fight in the Morris affair, and yet I have misgivings that you were, and thank my blessed stars that the Democrats were only blustering, and no collision resulted. It must have been but a street fight at the best—in which there was no honor to be gained, and a chance of losing life.

You write that the weather is very warm, or rather I surmise so from the fact of your sitting at an open window in your shirt sleeves, at sunset.

When the days are unpleasant, Del, think of the babies, and make up your mind to let them off as easily as possible.

I shall go to work as soon as we reach Lowell to have Butler's clothes made, so that he will be prepared for any changes that may take place.

I will not send this letter off—but add more tomorrow taking care that the whole reaches you in Vicksburg.

Good night, Sweetheart. BLANCHE

April 16*th and* 17*th*, 1873

DEAR LOVE: This house is in a most dilapidated condition. Everything but the carpets, wine, and pictures is packed in *Father's* office, not the one used by Mr. Whitney, Clancey, and others. I could not have believed that little room capable of holding such a quantity of things.

Father telegraphed this morning from Boston: "The weather is cold, Fisher is better, Contract made with Coast Survey— You had better not leave Washington at present." But we are all packed. The rooms look desolate enough, and it will be most uncomfortable living here three or four weeks longer. More than all this, Mother is most anxious to get Ben ready for West Point, in the way of lessons, etc., so that we shall probably leave here next Monday night.

Our daughter Edith is a very troublesome child, Del. She sleeps finely at night, nursing seldom, and perfectly quiet. But during the day she cries nearly all the time, apparently in pain. The great tears roll down her cheeks, and her little body stiffens till she can almost stand alone. I do not know the reason unless I have caught cold, and she nurses it from me. For the last four days she has been an unhappy baby. I hope there will be a change for the better soon.

Butler is well, and learning to talk rapidly. Now when I ask him where his Father is, he waves his hand and says quite plainly "Away, away, away off." Sometimes he smacks his lips first as if he wished to kiss you. His cheeks wear roses all of the time, and make him a picture of health.

The heavy freshets in the Northwest have not troubled Fort

Atkinson if I may judge from the reports I have just been copying. In the last three weeks 1058 bbls. have been made—and they have sold at the Mill screenings from shorts, etc. to the amount of $468.90. Also have shipped 46,000 pounds of bran. This is quite satisfactory, isn't it? The farmers are sowing, and Ham writes that it is difficult to get wheat. Last week he bought 1200 bush. at Calmar at $1.05—I should say week before last—and last week he had to buy on the railroad, and it cost to get it to the mill about $1.10. This will reduce your profits somewhat.

You seem to be growing a little weary of "loafing" as you term it. How will it be ere summer is over, if that is your condition so soon? You do not intend to do anything but loaf, do you, until the labors of the fall begin?

Perhaps you think you can do it more to your satisfaction with your family about you. You are quite sure, are you Del, that the Natchez Post Office matter will do you no harm? How is it with French? Is he enraged? I am very sorry about the Navy bill. Kinsman says all the papers in Mass. are pitching into Father on account of it, and that in his opinion, which doesn't amount to much, the chances are about even that a house on Capitol Hill will be occupied next Fall.

I suppose you have been a little troubled by the action of the Legislature, although you seem to think it bodes no evil. It would be rather flat for us all to return to Washington next winter, after such plans and expectations.

Good night, Dearie. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 14, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: After I finished my letter to you last evening, and before I had my supper, an important message came to me from Gov. Powers, and before we concluded the discussion ten o'clock had come, and I went supperless to bed. Today I have a headache, which I attribute to the irregular habits I am falling into. The message from the Gov. was one suggesting a compromise between us. He wants to run for Gov. and let me run for the Senate, assuring me of his support. He has said, at least he is so reported, that there is no morality—no honor, in politics. Surely there needs much faith to close with such a proposition from such a man.

My reply was that I wanted a clear and well-defined proposition—something more tangible than the general suggestions he presented. Of course I cannot make any bargain to sell and deliver my supporters to him or anybody else. He may read this letter tomorrow, and you never see it, so I will say no more on this point—except that I shall leave everything to my friends and the party. He claims a majority of the votes in the Convention, and names the counties whence they are to come. Yet, he wants to compromise with me. It looks as if he did not feel so certain as he would make people believe he does. It is possible that I deceive myself. Thus you have both sides.

Col. McAlister of Washington is here on a visit. He is a claim agent, and has come to see and be seen.

You apologize for filling your letters with the little household incidents of each day. It may be a want of good judgment on my part, but I must confess I find such letters the most interesting you write. It enables me to see you as you are, and to know what occupies, at least for a part of each day, your time and thoughts. Then your pictures enable me to see our babies as they really are. All of which is the next thing to being with you.

I do not expect after tomorrow to receive here any more letters from you. It will be about the first of May when I pass through Vicksburg on my way north. I think you had better come with me and spend May and June here. Go north during July and August, and return for the fall. Can you and the baby endure such journeyings?

I send love to you and to Butler and Edith.

Adelbert

Jackson, Miss., *April* 15, 1873

Dear Blanche: By your last letter dated the 10th inst. I see that you will soon leave Washington, if you have not already done so. I shall direct this and subsequent letters to you at Lowell, where you will doubtless be by the 20th inst., when this letter reaches that high latitude.

I am glad to hear that our boy misses me. My heart goes out to him in moments of disappointment and fear, when he sees the person he thought his father is a stranger. I hardly understand his continued repugnance to his new nurse. I do not know how to interpret his motives. I think he has much caution, but that will not account for his feeling towards Lizzie. He is very thoughtful and affectionate to turn to you every morning for his morning kiss. It seems to me that I have been separated from you for months, and that our boy must be much larger than when I saw him last, but my diary shows that I have been absent from my family just fourteen days this evening, almost to the minute. My conclusion is that I miss you all very much, which I believe is the correct conclusion.

Politically, the situation remains the same. Gov. Powers has signed the printing bill though the state printer (the *Pilot*) refused to support him; so at least he says. He will remain neutral. The Gov. is quarreling over some R.R. bills. It is said he is interested in some of them—such is the general belief.

The last proposition made me through friends was that each designate friends to adjudicate the questions in controversy. I believe the real question in controversy is have I or has Gov. P. the greater number of friends. I must decline to receive or accede to any proposition of this nature.

Some of my friends say that were I to make this bargain I could not succeed with all my strength added to that of Powers, in securing him the nomination. By this you can judge how very variable are the opinions which are entertained here. I am by no means so sanguine as those who so speak, but I feel confident I will beat him.

After many interruptions I draw my letter to a close. I send much love to my dear wife and babies. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 16, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I dined with Major and Mrs. Howe today at their boarding house, where many others ate. It was the best dinner I have had since I left Washington. Among the boarders were State Senator Abbott, and his wife. The Senator is one of the best men in the state. He is a Northern man—and his wife is a very pleasant lady. They live in the eastern part of the state.

Previous to dinner I was in the House when the "joint convention" of the two houses elected a Commissioner of Immigration. His one duty is to bring immigrants to this state. He is a colored man, said to be but slightly educated, but is a very active, enterprising person. He will do as well as anyone in bringing men here from adjacent states, but is hardly equal for the work of such officers in a foreign country.

Two or three very important political bills have passed, and been signed, which we believe will surely give us the next legislature. The Democracy thought of going home and leaving no quorum and thus kill these bills. They concluded that there would still be a quorum, and did not go. We were quite solicitous for a time. Every important measure for the party has been disposed of, and the legislature will adjourn as it intends on Saturday next.

I send you a letter and "report" from Northfield. By these you will see that our folks have made a miscalculation of one quarter of a bushel of wheat for every barrel of flour. I think it rather an amusing incident. It shows a want of accuracy in their calculations.

I send my love. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: If it is proportionally as cold with you, your latitude considered, as it is here, you must find it very winterish. Fires and overcoats are necessary here today. Another polar wave must be on its way to the tropics.

I have been doing nothing but gad about. Last evening after a few (three) games of billiards I joined a party of our carpet-baggers' wives in a game of "set-back" euchre, in which I was badly beaten. Among the ladies was Mrs. Pease, the wife of the Superintendent of Education. The superintendent, Captain Pease, has been professing friendship (political) for me, and as he desires to be renominated has sought to make his friendship apparent. But for a long time I have been cautioned against him. He has been eager to bring about a compromise between Powers and myself, while all of my warmest friends oppose any such step, which would be to his advantage and to my disadvantage. The "situation" was discussed last evening by Mrs. Pease in the presence of one of the ladies—a friend—and it appeared that Mrs. P. did not believe in running me for two offices—for Gov. and Senator—and that she was opposed to it. She would support me for the Senate! My informant seemed to think her husband, the Superintendent, was being quoted by his wife. I do not blame the wife, she is frank and open, but the double dealing, if there is double dealing, will hurt the husband in his aspirations. All these two pages to show how the Captain's secrets have been betrayed by his loving wife. Yet, I must acknowledge that I had *felt* it all before.

Tomorrow and next day will be the last of this legislature. I shall leave at one o'clock Sunday morning for N.O. to arrive there at midday. I shall spend three or four days there, and on the coast, perhaps. I cannot tell positively, even so few days ahead, exactly what I shall do.

I send you love for yourself and our babies.

ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 18, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Another day has passed, much as have all since I came here. The legislature is very busy—it will adjourn tomorrow at twelve, a little more than twelve hours from now—and I have seen but little of my friends. I have been devoting my time to my friends, but not to my *special* friends, who are rather the leaders of the two houses. Our friend the Governor still continues to make bad worse. This morning he had a veto against a R.R. bill, but somebody advised with him and a few hours afterwards he signed it and it became a law. From my standpoint he is losing ground rapidly. Most certainly his acts would indicate what some say of him,—that he has no vestige of a backbone about him.

It is very late. I will close by sending much love to my dear wife and babies, so far away. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *April* 19, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: The legislature has adjourned, and the members are hastening to their homes. The scene today was much the same as Congress always presents on the last day of each session, with one or two exceptions. The House, at least members thereof, gave the Speaker, Mr. Lynch (colored), a valuable gold watch and chain, and appropriate speeches were made by two of the colored members. They have no little tact and skill on such occasions, as well as on others. Mr. Lynch made a very pretty speech in reply. After the House was adjourned, the Senate appeared and we all listened to a speech from the Governor, who was invited by a joint resolution to address the legislature. His speech was very tame, very weak, and was considered by all with whom I have conversed as a failure. I think he planned to have the resolution passed with the expectation of winning favor by his eloquence, but his effort was beneath what the occasion demanded. It seems to me there could be no more inopportune time to make a speech than to a legislature on the heel of its session. He did not say he had a veto for the R.R. bill yesterday morning, and signed the same bill before sun down. But he did try to explain his reason for signing it, and his reason was that the bill passed both Houses by so large majorities that he was convinced that the legislature wished it to become the law. He failed to electrify the people.

One word to show you the situation. Powers has tried to make a combination again today, but without success. All looks well.

I shall leave at quarter to three for N.O. I think I hear the train coming.
Love, ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 20, 1873

DEAR DEL: Everything is packed ready for a start—all the furniture in the office, and clothing in the trunks. Father telegraphs that he will be here tomorrow morning. Then we shall know what the next move is to be.

Both children are troubled with colds, inclining to croup. The weather has been very raw and damp, and the door open so much the house was full of draughts. Butler still fights a little when I take his sister. He is content however, if I tell him to bring her to me and let me give her some dinner. He went out for a walk this afternoon. Laura reports that all the ladies stopped to speak to him, called him a handsome boy, and inquired who he belonged to. She answered "Senator Ames." So you see, Sweetheart, the boy is growing up as he should, strong and handsome. As for Miss Edith, I shall not tell you how she looks but leave you unbiased, only you must not expect to find her quite grown up.

What a frightful risk that was in Louisiana, and how dilatory and imbecile Kellogg's action is. The Modoc war is nothing to it.

Monday, April 21

Father returned this morning, and it is decided that we remain until Friday. I am sorry, for it is troublesome to take care of the children with matters in such confusion.

Mr. Fox desires to buy the barn and office. Father wishes to sell, so all the things which were packed away are to be pulled out and carried to the house next Johnson's. Three rooms have been hired there, two for offices, the other as a packing room, for twenty-five dollars a month. I urged in the first place that something of that kind should be done rather than to put the furniture in the office where it was liable at any time to be moved out again if the office was sold, or to be stolen if the office was moved. But my remarks did not carry much weight, and the only consolation I have is to live in dirt and dust a week longer and say "I told you so."

Uncle Fisher is better again. About as well as before this last relapse. Dr. Parker has presented him with a bill of seven hundred dollars for three months professional services. This, I should think, would tend to his rapid recovery—if his illness were at all imaginary—but it is not—more's the pity.

Tuesday, April 22

Father has now decided not to start for Lowell until next Monday. I have a great mind to take part of the servants and go Friday. The house here is very cheerless, and we are all confined to the back chamber third flight, or third story. By all, I mean the children, their nurses, myself and the puppy. Close quarters, especially since the children have taken cold and we have to keep the doors closed. Mother objects to my going because she thinks I should find it troublesome to travel with two young children without an escort. I am equal to the work—although it would be more pleasant to have company. I suppose it will end in my remaining until Monday.

"The boy" was weighed today, and brought down the scales at thirty pounds—which is a gain of three pounds in something less than two months. "The girl," like Butler, is troubled with constipation, and at times she suffers, and frets a good deal. It is unusual for so young a child to be annoyed from such a cause. The children wake up at half past five exactly, every morning. I call the girls, and from that time the room is a perfect Babel. Butler cries—Edith cries, the girls sing, laugh, or chat, the rocking chair rattles and thumps on the bare floor—to say nothing of the blocks and boxes which Butler flings from one end of the room to the other. In the midst of all this I am so weary from waking to nurse the baby three or four times during the night that I turn over and take a nap of an hour or more, until it is time to get up for breakfast.

I told Mrs. Hale the other day that she would find she had bidden farewell to all her girlish dreamy morning naps. She said she was beginning to understand so. You ask me "do you regret it"? No, Sweetheart, I love you and the children, and can well forget many little things of that kind for the happiness and good I have gained. Good night, Love, BLANCHE

Custom House, NEW ORLEANS, LA., *Surveyor's Office*
April 22, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Mrs. Parker, Kate, the surveyor and I rode out to the races yesterday, starting at half past two and returning at seven rather tired and covered with dust. There was an immense crowd there, which seemed to take especial delight in the racing. In a lower room of the stand were a dozen or so gambling tables—such as roulette and cards—around which the people eagerly crowded to make their ventures. You can well imagine that the atmosphere which enveloped the place could not be very moral. I do not know what I saw was at all out of the usual order of things for this latitude, but it would be so regarded elsewhere.

I went to the hotel this morning to see Capt. French, but found he did not come down last night as we expected. Two of our white *friends* are here from Natchez. I understand they demand some action on my part in hostility to the M.C. elect from that Dist. Also, that our friend Costello is preparing a speech against me. Even Davis, whom I made Assessor of Internal Revenue, is ready to forget the past and turn upon me for not doing that which he would like to have done by me at the present time. That which they intend to be the most injurious to me is a second delegation to the State Convention, hostile to me. But the beauty of it all is that they are in the minority, were beaten last fall, and at this moment have less strength than they did at that time. They can do nothing beyond making it disagreeable to me while there. They teach me a good lesson.

Mrs. Parker will stay here till you come down, make your stay and get ready to go home, when she will accompany you. Kate is looking very well. Sadie is apparently enjoying herself with the colored children.

I send love to you and to our babies, ADELBERT

Custom House, NEW ORLEANS, LA., *Surveyor's Office*
April 23, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have been passing the forenoon with friends at the hotel, and in shopping.

I bought four hundred dollars worth of furniture for our Natchez house. This sum furnishes the parlor, dining room and two bed rooms, including mattresses and pillows. So you see, I am busy preparing our home.

I find it is mail time, and I can but send my love to my dear wife and babies, ADELBERT

WASHINGTON, *April* 29, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: We are still here. Del came yesterday morning and not expecting to find any of us in town went to the National Hotel. In the morning he thought it would be well to go to see the old house, and met Chandler just as he reached the front door, before he had time to read the notice. Chandler told him of my whereabouts, and he came to the Hotel in time to go to breakfast with me. Gen'l. Ames was disappointed that he did not see the boy, though he had made up his mind that I should not be likely to let him go to Miss.

Gen'l. Ames, as you know, has a house in Natchez. He has bought some furniture. A friend of his, Capt. French, and his wife will, or have already gone into the house and will occupy it about three weeks, by which time we shall have arrived in Natchez, and we shall either stay with them three weeks or keep the house ourselves if they wish to go. At the end of the three weeks we shall steal off to the coast, join the Parkers at New Orleans, and come home with them. This is the programme as far as it is now known. If it is to be done at all it is the easiest plan for me that can be devised.

Aunt Maria and Katie are both well—and have had no warm weather yet. The market is full of early vegetables and strawberries, so that we shall not starve.

The three weeks we are to spend in Natchez will pass away very quickly, and shall be at home before you have had time to get settled.

Laura is not to be trusted, Mother, and you will have to keep a sharp lookout for her. Mary says Ellen the cook told her that Laura would sit in the kitchen with the boy on her lap and take down three and four pairs of drawers off of the clothes horse and put them on Butler one after the other, because she was too lazy to take him up stairs to attend to him. Also that since she has been nurse for the baby Butler has soiled his drawers three times—after having made his signs, before Laura would attend to him. This seems a small matter to write about—but it will grow to be a perfect nuisance, and all my training will be undone. Tell Laura, from me, that the boy can have but one clean pair of drawers a day, and that he must look clean and nice, and if when I return I find he is in the habit of wetting or soiling his clothes I shall dismiss her and she will have to pay her own way back to Washington. I am in earnest about this, and she may make up her mind I shall do as I say. Either she must do her duty, or pay her own way back in the middle of summer. I will not put up with such laziness and neglect. About Butler's suits. It will be better if you will cut one to fit him, and take the cloth to Mrs. Atwood and let her make him nine or ten of the sacques. Kiss him every day for me, poor little Sweetheart, and ask him where his Mother is, so he will not forget.

We leave for the South Friday or Saturday. Gen'l. Ames has some business to attend to on the 6th of May—and as we are well accommodated here it is useless to start until we are obliged.

Give my love to Paul and Ben. Tell Ben I am sorry not to see him before he goes to West Point, and ask Paul to be good to Butler and the dog. A kiss and love for you, Mother, from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May 2*, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: We shall leave for Memphis tomorrow night. It will take a day and two nights to reach there. The baby and I are very well. I have an excellent appetite, and am getting a bright color in my cheeks again. The weather is quite cold, and it has rained almost constantly since you left.

Father has not found a cook yet. Two are coming to see me this evening. I hope to find one of them competent. Ellen brought a woman to go in her place, who has not had much experience, but says if Ellen could suit—she knew she could. She represented herself as an excellent washer and ironer—but has never lived in any family we know anything about. Father will have to take her if we can do no better.

Gen'l. Ames' Father came yesterday morning. He thinks the girl a finer looking baby than Butler was at her age. Poor Butler! Write me, Mother, frequently, and tell me how he is getting on. Direct in care of Uncle Parker at New Orleans until I write you we are going to Natchez. Love and kisses for you, Mother, and my pretty baby.

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

Senator and Mrs. Ames with baby daughter Edith started for Natchez, Mississippi, May 2nd. Mrs. Butler had taken Butler to Lowell.

NEW ORLEANS, *May* 11, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: We arrived in New Orleans Thursday at noon. The trip was a day or two longer than usual, for we stopped at Pittsburg, Memphis and Louisville. These rests I found very pleasant, for it gave me time to wash and care for the baby as I could not do on the cars—besides changing the noise and jolt of the train for peace and quiet. The journey, if you can believe it, was not unpleasant. We seemed to follow the rain all of the way—so that there was not a particle of dust and the weather was perfectly delightful. Aunt Maria and Katie were glad to see us—Uncle P. came down to the depot and is doing the honors in grand style.

We shall go to Natchez next Tuesday. Mrs. French is in the house—has put it in order and will remain while we do, so that all annoyance in the housekeeping and living line will be avoided. This we learned from Mr. French, whom we met in Louisville. Gen'l. Ames did not know whether they would remain after we arrived when he told me of the plans in Washington. Altogether everything is arranged as comfortably as possible under the circumstances. We shall go into a clean house, with new furniture and straw matting—and remain as short a time as will seem decent.

The weather here has been exceptionally cool this spring and is now like our pleasantest days in June. All the summer vegetables are ripe, and Mr. P. has them brought in from a little farm of his so that they are perfectly fresh.

Still, Aunt Maria is anxious to get home, and I think it a pity she should not go. Uncle Parker opposes it—for he does not wish to be left behind, and talks about his business keeping him a month or so longer.

The baby is perfectly well and we can see her grow day by day. How is my pretty pink?—does he seem to miss me a little? Take him up on your knee, Mother, pet him and kiss him often.—It is such a young little heart to be left to himself. He will grow very fond of his Gran I am sure—but I want you to love him and caress him for yourself and also for me—that he may not feel any loss of affection, because his Mother has left him. This is asking a great deal of you, is it not? Father and Paul must assist you. Give them my love, and say that I depend upon them when at home to help make my boy as happy as a bird. Look at his teeth now and then, Mother, and be sure to have Laura wash him nicely. She is not over careful and will put him into bed with his little hands all smut.

Gen'l. Ames sends regards, and says he will take great care of us. I will write again as soon as I reach Natchez. Kisses and love, my sweet Mother, from BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, *May* 18, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: I have been thinking of you constantly this morning, knowing that Ben is to leave you for West Point, and that when the hour comes you will find it hard to let him go. Poor Ben, I fear he will be very homesick for a time.

We are *at home* in Natchez, as you see by the heading of my letter. Mrs. French keeps house and I attend a little to the baby in the morning, and sew, read, and lounge the rest of the day. The weather is warm, of course, but not unbearably so. There is a breeze blowing all of the time, which tempers the heat. The house is clean, and seems fresh—quite different from a dingy room in a hotel. It is not at all luxurious—and we have no disposition to make it more so, our stay is so short.

There is plenty of nice milk, good bread, and fresh eggs—vegetables of course—but we are rather careful about them, because if not perfectly fresh they are unwholesome. My appetite is excellent, and chances are I shall go home quite plump. The baby is perfectly well, and grows prettier every day. A woman on the boat wanted to take her—and said "What a fine child! Whose is it?" When Mary told her Gen'l. Ames'—"Oh, take it, take it,—It is a Yankee baby, take it." Mary retorted, "I could not nurse a Southern baby for twenty-five dollars a month, no indeed!!" This pleasing woman then bribed her grandchildren, six in number, to sing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" for our edification. I do not mean that all six of the children sung—only one or two of them. The oldest was not ten years of age. So much for the friendly spirit of our neighbors. I am glad, however, that I came. So far the time has passed pleasantly, and it may prove of some advantage to Gen'l. Ames.

How is my pretty boy? Where does he sleep, now that Father is at home? Repeat my warnings to Laura. I must find a neat child when I return. It would be a shame if Edith were to be nicer in that respect than he. If it should prove so—Laura would be the only one to blame.

Write often, if it is only a line—just to let me know that you are all well and happy. Now that we are settled you shall hear more frequently from me. Kiss my baby for me. I suppose he is happy as the day is long—growing and blooming in the fresh air and sunshine, as fast as the flowers. When the apple trees blossom it will be a lovely place for him by the pond. Gen'l. Ames misses him greatly, but is glad that he is not here. Love for Paul and Father, a kiss for you, my sweet, kind Mother, from BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, *May* 21, 1873

DEAR MOTHER: We have been here a week tonight, and are still quite comfortable as regards heat. The baby has been a little sick, but is now better, and as I am very careful about my diet I shall be able to keep her well. She is as fat as a partridge and coos and gurgles by the half hour.

The nights are quite cool. We are obliged to draw up the blanket towards morning, and I have but three mosquito bites. Yesterday I finished a mosquito bar, but it is more to keep the flies off the baby than mosquitos. The season is very favorable for us, that is, unusually cool and rainy. Every pleasant afternoon an open carriage is driven up about six o'clock and we go out for a ride. The country around Natchez is hilly and quite picturesque. All things considered, we are much more comfortable and pleasantly situated than I expected to be, and as our stay is to be so short I am quite content. Life seems too short for fretting and I hate to have a day go by without something pleasant in it, so that I am constantly on the watch, and nothing that is in the least agreeable escapes me.

Our neighbors are very bitter Southerners. That is, they are unnaturalized English people, but they feel deeply the wrongs of the South. Their movements and remarks are our chief excitement and amusement. Mary, you know, is fond of loud singing. Saturday she was getting the baby to sleep—with the tune of "Marching Along." The two colored girls joined in the chorus and old Mr. Polkinghorn called out in the next house "Shut those windows and keep out that d——m noise." Everyone asks on the street "Oh, whose sweet baby is that?" When they learn it is Gen'l. Ames' the noses fly up and they start back as from an adder.

I hope you will not have gone to Squam before I get home. We expect to reach Lowell by the last of June.

Kiss my pretty Sweetheart. I wonder if he will know me. Does he look well in his new clothes?

Gen'l. Ames is growing very fond of the girl. He has been as nervous and anxious about her since she has been sick as a hen with ducklings. He wants to know every ten minutes how she is, if she is better, etc. Love to all, and kisses for you and my baby.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *May* 28, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your second letter came last night. I have written once before this—I write this that you may not think letters are lost on the way.

You are only existing down there—here it is heavenly air, water, earth in the fullness of beauty.—Come home. It must be too warm there, for it is summer here.

I rose this moment to look at Butler baby sleeping, to see if he was too much covered. His round, ruddy face is wet with warm dew, and in spite of his stern, firm, set little face, he is the image of health and robust contentment. All day long he rides, walks, eats, staggers about in the grass, the dog and Laura at his heels. She is very careful. I see nothing to complain of. Two or three weeks ago his Grandfather, to show his interest in him, gave him an orange. I did not know that he had it. He sucked about a quarter of the juice, and he was half way sick for a week—the same as he was in Washington. Now he is perfectly well, and has been all the time but that.

Aunt Sue will be here next week. She comes alone, in the steamship Frizia from Hamburg.—Mr. Webster writes that she will bring a trunk full of articles. Children's gear and I know not what. Your Father has been away a week on a fishing trip with Farrington—will return now I suppose in a few days. General Michie came for Bennie on his way home from Dartmouth, which made it very agreeable for Ben. He went away in good spirits, hoping for nothing so much as that he may be sure to enter. Gen. Michie wrote me that as far as he had examined him he was perfectly prepared. Bennie's whole mind is set for West Point. Mrs. Jackson Butler was here several days. Returned to New York with Ben and Gen. Michie. From there she takes passage for Europe to stay a year. I was pleased. I am alone in the house, very busy setting the house in order. The whole lawn has been covered with curtains. This morning, we have draped all the parlor windows.

Mrs. Farrington has gone back to her old invalid state.

Fisher's health changes, sometimes we have great hopes and then he falls off again and we think he cannot get well. I should prefer to keep both houses open if we had servants enough on his account. Tell Gen. Ames to be kind enough to order two or three barrels of flour, or more, to Lowell. They all want some.

Now, once again, come home. Do not wait till sickness seizes you, for then you cannot come. Do not foolishly run risks by staying where you are.

I have cut out several dresses for Butler. Mrs. Atwood is making them. The Nesmiths start for Europe this week. The season has been backward. It is coming on gloriously now. Maria wants to come home at once. Pack your trunks and on no account delay later than the middle of June. That is two weeks too late.

Best regards to Gen. Ames. Kisses for you and baby from your most affectionate MOTHER

The climate at Natchez threatened the life of baby Edith and forced a return North to Lowell and Bay View the middle of June. General Ames returned at once to Mississippi. The following letter was written on his way back to the South,

Astor House, NEW YORK, *June* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: First I will begin by telling you I have *felt* your absence all day long, whatever I may have been doing—a sense of homesickness has been present with me every moment. We had a very pleasant night for passage up the sound. This morning I got up bright and early and took to the streets.

I did my shopping at Stewarts', then went to our flour agents. They shipped the flour to you on Friday last. You should have received it yesterday. I hope you will find it as good as that you have previously had. Flour is exceedingly dull now. It will bring no price whatever. Even the Northfield, which recently sold for nine dollars, will not bring more than eight. They will sell little or none for a month or so.

I found a copy of the report of the canal commissioners, and am only the more eager for our trial to begin, and have written accordingly. I have no doubt they will obey my wishes.

This afternoon I have spent with my friend, John R. Brown. I went over to Brooklyn with him—saw his family, and rode out to their bank with him—and have just returned, giving myself time for this note before starting for the ferry, which is to take me to the Jersey City depot.

I hope you are well and happy. I did not kiss Edith good bye in our haste, though I thought at one moment of sending for her. You must kiss her for me—also Butler, and for yourself, Dear One, take much love from him who loves you beyond all things else. I hope my journeyings without you are to be but very few in number and even those very brief. Love from

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 18, 1873

DEAR DEL: I am writing you before breakfast. Are you not amazed?

Uncle Fisher is not as well, and Aunt Sue and Mother watched with him last night. We are delaying breakfast for them this morning. We are all well. Butler hunts around for you at every meal. He passes straight through the dining room into the library, not finding you there he calls loudly at the foot of the stairs, until we tell him that you have gone.

Then he comes to me. But it is easy to see that for him "the glory has departed."

Monday night when I went up to undress, the little fellow was sound asleep on my bed as usual. Laura had not arranged his mattress, but had put down a pillow to save him if he should fall out of bed. After fixing my hair in the next room I noticed the bed was empty and Butler was on the floor with his head on the pillow fast asleep. We shall never know whether he fell out, or crawled out. He had not made the least noise—for I was in the next room and should have heard him. He awoke thrice in the night and called for you. He does not seem satisfied that he cannot find you. I took him out for a little walk yesterday morning, and allowed him to play with the hose. The water was turned on, and his delight was boundless. He seemed to know that he must not wet himself, and was quite skillful in his management. I have nothing to tell you about Edith except that she is perfectly well.

I spoke to Mother about the Convers' mortgage, and she said that Father had told her it was legally mine. In order to take the three thousand back he would be obliged to change all the papers. So you see, that matter is settled, and I will tell Mr. Carney.

I miss you, and if it is any consolation to you to know that two people are lonely without you—you have that consolation.
Good-bye Love, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *June* 19, 1873

DEAR DEL: This morning I received a most welcome letter from you. I noticed when you went away that you did not ask for Edith, and would have sent for her, but thought it as well not to send—for she is so small that she could not feel neglected, and it would only make your parting more sad.

Butler and I have a frolic every morning before he gets up. I play "creep mouse" and he calls for "more, more." Yesterday afternoon he had a long crying spell because I would not carry him about the ground. I had carried him quite a distance, and he was so heavy I could do no more. He would not allow me to sit down, and altogether behaved with so much temper that I felt quite ashamed of him. Still he is a very good boy for his years.

I am glad you feel encouraged about "Navigation of shallow waters" and hope they will not fail to do all that you want at Northfield.

Uncle Fisher was about the same yesterday. We have not heard from him this morning. Unless there is decided improvement soon he can't last long.

I enclose two letters from Ben. He writes that he is better contented, and indignantly asserts that far from buying friends with cake he thinks there is no fellow among the "plebes" better known or liked. He is quite in earnest, and anxious to have razors sent at once.

The days are perfectly delightful, Del—and I should have nothing to desire if you were with me, and engaged in something which would make the time pass pleasantly to you. Butler is here in the billiard room with me, and sends kisses and love to his Father, who is "away, away." Edith has kissed this paper, and I join her in love, BLANCHE

LOUISVILLE, KY., *June* 19, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I reached here about the same time we did on our way South, though I, on the advice of Maj. Howe, came through Cincinnati. No better time was made this route, and it is not so pleasant. In the future I shall return to my first love, the route across the Ohio at this point.

For the first time during my many long and wearying travels over this continent, I lost my check for my trunk. I sought to check it through to Jackson, but could not. After a little deliberation I decided to check it to this city, under the impression that delays might occur here when they would not elsewhere, and so checked it. Preoccupied with "the navigation of shallow waters," I did not once think of my check from the time I left New York till the baggage man came on board the train near this city. Alas! I had no bit of brass to show for a trunk. I will not say my time was wholly given up to the "shallow waters" question. A sweet lady in Lowell had a lion's share of my thoughts—nor were a little boy and girl forgotten. I find I am building (in the air) for them a great deal. The result of all this, or something else, caused me to be wanting in a check. However, after a little delay—proving property, which I could easily do, and paying one dollar for the check lost, a standard price, I got possession of my trunk. With carpet bag in hand, I came to the hotel, the Galt House, where I now am.

I have just written a long letter to Father, asking him to make the experiments we have been talking about, and if he will not, to write you to that effect, sending my letter of instruction as a basis for your plans. I think he will go on. If he will not, why you must be my agent in Lowell. The work must be done this season, and to test it on the canal three round trips will have to be made, which will take from two or three months—the canals closing because of ice in November. Suppose you begin to inquire about the cost of hiring a canal boat, an engine, etc. etc. The business will do you good rather than harm—and then you know that if you navigate "shallow waters" we, both, must be in the same boat.

Love to you and love and kisses for our babies,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *June* 19, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are having now the very warmest days of the season, and though it is only eight o'clock in the morning the windows are all open and the household is groaning with heat. You need not feel that you are enjoying privileges in Mississippi of which we know nothing.

Father reported last night "cholera in Boston." Be very careful Love, and risk nothing. Health and strength are to be considered above all things. The *children* are well. Butler was a little restless last night, owing I think to the great heat. Uncle Fisher is not as well. He does not suffer as much, but lies in a kind of stupor without talking. It is something that he is out of pain.

The flour came yesterday. One of the barrels had been broken open and about a quarter of the flour taken. The Express Co. need a reprimand.

Father will soon be starting for Squam. I dread to start again and when I think of the place, the bad feeling I had last summer comes back to me. That would soon wear off however, after I was once there, I am so well now. I think we shall go before the 4th of July if the warm weather continues. Mother will be back and forth—for she will not feel like being away from Uncle Fisher continually.

I am going to drive Aunt Susan over to Uncle Fisher's. The men are all employed about the haying—so I take Phil and the phaeton. I wish the boy would be content to sit still. It would be so pleasant to give him a ride. He is not yet quite old enough. I suppose we must not expect him to do everything at once. Good bye for today. Love and kisses from the children and

BLANCHE

OXFORD, MISS., *June* 22, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here Friday evening, and find now the first opportunity to write you. Here, people of the same politics flock together, and being in a crowd I have been unable to command the time necessary to write my Love. Yet I shall, if I be diligent for a few moments, have my letter ready for the first mail since Saturday morning.

Here I was interrupted by Col. Lamar, the democratic M.C. who called to pay a friendly visit.

The train, which is an hour late is now due, so I will close that you may have a note by the first mail, though it be a short one.

French, in Jackson, telegraphs me to go down there, which I will do tonight.

I am well—the country is healthy—the political horizon is as favorable as ever.

Love for my loved ones so far away. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 22, 1873

DEAR DEL: This is Sunday, and I am not at church. Mother and Aunt Sue have gone to represent the family. The boy has been down in the garden with me. We went to the strawberry bed to pick a few for Uncle F. The bright scarlet berries pleased him very much, and he insisted upon keeping one in his hand. Not to eat it, however, for they are too sour to suit his taste. We had a frolic about six o'clock this morning, but sister woke up, and I had to nurse her. Butler was curled up on my other arm, and was not ready to share attention with her. He called her "bad, bad" and tried to slap her; finding I would not allow that he crawled over me and endeavored to lay himself down on top of her, so as to crowd her out. This I put a stop to, and he got out of bed, disgusted and out of temper. His new night shirts fit him finely—only they are quite long—so that he cannot walk with ease. This troubled him, and he fell down, but in falling espied a goblet of water under the edge of the bed, and at once his whole attention was giving to kicking it over on the carpet. For some little time my hands were full, but when Mary came and took away the baby, Butler crawled into bed again and was as good as a kitten. I fear he has a very jealous disposition, and wants one's whole attention or none.—Where does he get that trait, Sweetheart? From *Father* or Mother, or both?

We had a letter from Ben yesterday—in which he says that he expects now without doubt to be chosen for guard duty on the 4th of July. This he seems to regard as quite a distinction. From the tone of his letters, I judge he is more contented. He declares he did not shave until he was ordered to, and wants his shaving case sent.

Be cautious, Del, about exposing yourself, and above all be careful all the time in regard to your diet. Good-bye for today. I hope tomorrow will bring me some word from you. This has been such a long week. Kisses and love from your babies and

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *June* 23, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I reached here last night at twelve, safe and well. I found Capt. French awaiting my arrival. We will leave for Natchez tomorrow morning, unless some unexpected business intervenes.

I find there is a little cholera here, but it is in no sense epidemic. Nearly all complaints seem to turn into cholera. Green plums have taken off many Negroes, and stale vegetables and gross neglect of diet, others. People do not seem to dread the disease. Natchez is reported healthy. In fact, the cholera as an epidemic seems to have fastened itself on locations further north. I need not tell you that it is very warm here. The sun penetrates to the bone. I am very careful not to expose myself, and am also careful in my diet. I am not disposed to endanger my life to gratify my stomach. So you see I will be careful, as you wish me to be.

Politically it is getting warm. My opponent is very active, and is spending considerable money. He had a convention of his friends here the other day—who came on free passes over the R.R.'s. It was not a success in any particular. The few active men are of the class who appeal to the personal interests of the men of whom they ask support—not to speak of a loud and persistent misrepresentation. Much dirty work is being done by them, with such success as makes them sanguine. Yet I do not find that they have made any serious impression on our supporters. I am curious to know if they can win, with such instruments.

I miss you much; though I cannot say I wish you were here. I shall stay here till—well—all the time, as I expect to be nominated and elected. I shall not be able to leave at all. Though I may be sweltering in the hot sun, I know my loves are better situated. This is a happy thought with me. To you, dear Wife, and to our babies I send a world of love and kisses.

DEL

Lowell, *June* 24, 1873

Dear Love: Your letter from Louisville came this morning to my delight, although five days have elapsed since it was written. Still it is something to know that you were well and happy so far on your travels. Your experience in losing your check will cause you to have a little sympathy with men of inventive genius who appear dreamy and impractical. It may also explain why they are so seldom successful in life. I will undertake (if your Father does not wish to) the experimentals for navigating "shallow waters." I have no doubt everything you desire can be done here, for there must be plenty of skilled mechanics who could aid Frank in any difficulty into which he might fall. What you most need is someone to push the work forward and carry out your plans as quickly as possible. That part I am equal to. But I think your Father and John will be ready to do it for you. I will inquire about hiring a canal boat and an engine, as you suggest.

You will be amused to hear that Col. *French* has purchased at auction sale at Annapolis the yacht "America" which was sold by order of the Sec. of War. This is one of the fastest vessels, or rather yachts, afloat. Father wants Paul to go down to Annapolis and come round to Squam in her. Mother is very much opposed to this, especially since she has heard that ever so many thousand pounds of ballast have been taken out of her. I think it quite likely that she is entirely dismantled and that it will take a good part of the summer to refit. What wild extravagance, is it not? Oh, I forgot to say the price paid was five thousand dollars. The original cost forty thousand. The expense will be in the interest of the five thousand and the wages of the crew, which must number at least four men. The weight is seventy tons. I wish you were here to sail in her, but as I could not go that would take you away from me, and I should not be much better off than I am now, only that I should feel you were enjoying yourself instead of laboring in that sweltering climate.

As soon as I can get the carriage and take the children out I will have the pictures. The horses have been in use ever since you left about the haying, which is nearly finished.

Uncle Fisher is a little more comfortable. All the rest are quite well. I took my breakfast in bed this morning, but it was on account of laziness, not illness.

The girl has been visiting the neighbors. They all think her a most wonderful baby. There is no question about the boy. All admit he is a noble little fellow. He saw Kinsman in the distance yesterday going down into the garden. Butler was in the grove, and cried and ran to meet him. The poor little heart must have been quite disappointed to find that he had made a mistake, and it was not his Father.

All send regards, but from the children and your wife, love

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *June* 24, 1873

DEAR DEL: We have just finished dinner, and I hasten to write you so that Mother can take the letter on her way over to Uncle Fisher's.—He seems much better for the last two days.—Mother and Aunt Sue watched with him, and seem encouraged about him. The children are well. Butler is very fond of me, and is really an excellent boy. He comes into the dining room at every meal.—Sometimes I feed him, sometimes Laura, sometimes his grandmother. He does not make the least trouble or disturbance, but is a delightful picture to look upon. He wakes quite early in the morning and climbs into my bed. Sometimes we have a frolic, sometimes he falls off to sleep again. He is growing a little more reconciled to the baby, and condescended to play with her a little yesterday. Ben has gone into camp, and writes that he likes it better than barracks. He is very well contented.

I am longing to hear from you again, Sweetheart. Only two letters from you so far. I have written every day except last Sunday, no Monday. Kisses and love, Del, from your wife and babies,

BLANCHE

VICKSBURG, MISS., *June* 26, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: If my success can be predicted by the number of my "friends" I feel justified in concluding that it is certain. So numerous are they that I really have not had the opportunity to send you the briefest note since I arrived in this city. I am stopping with Judge Hill. What a blessing it is to have such a place to come to you can appreciate, when you think that room 21 Washington House is the only other place for me to go. The Judge has his family with him, except his oldest daughter. The boy, upon whose birth his wife died, is here, and a bright, sensible little boy he is—some three years old.—You may remember that the judge called on us at the W——n house some three years ago next fall. He now has four children. His second wife, a very pleasant lady, and evidently very fond of her husband, will soon, I should say, judging from appearances, present her husband with another babe. I feel in consequence of the situation that I am something of a burden here, for the servants are new, and I learn on coming home to dinner that they are sick, and have gone away leaving to her the burden of the kitchen and dining room.

I shall stop here till tomorrow or next day, when I will leave for Natchez. What I will then do, I cannot say. I shall stay there but a short time. I shall keep moving about.

I return Ben's letters. I see he is fast becoming a "cadet" with all their prejudices. To keep him out of the army will be the next labor of your Mother. I send much love to you, and to our children.

DEL

VICKSBURG, MISS., *June* 27, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I wish to assure you that this city was never more healthy than at the present time; also, that there is little or no cholera south of Tenn. In Jackson there have been a few deaths from the cholera, but investigation shows that the fate of the patient depends almost solely on the care he takes of himself. Bowel complaints naturally tend towards, or change into, cholera. So for the present you must not feel uneasy about me. I have two or three places of retreat, should we have an epidemic. The telegraph will notify the country of change for the worse in the health of this section. I see the cholera is reported in New York. So I shall feel perfectly easy about that disease only when you leave Lowell and retreat to 'Squam.

Our committee (Republican Executive) will meet at Jackson on the 15th July to fix the day on which our nominating convention is to meet. On the 14th July the prominent colored men of the state will meet at J. on business relative to some R.R. they had incorporated. After the "business" is considered they will proceed to take up the *situation* for discussion. This all is to be in secret conclave. My opponents assert that I am running a "nigger party," which view of the case held by them is either known or felt by all the colored people. I intend to be in J. at that time.

Yesterday I saw a large number of my friends, both white and black. I hear at every point that the colored ministers are for me, and that they are *working*. I feel as sanguine as ever. I intercepted here yesterday two letters from you on their way to N——z. I am glad that you and the babies are well and happy. If you can have a picture—group or single—taken before you go to Squam, I wish you would. Still write me at

Jackson. I repeat my old words for the ever young sentiment of love to thee, and to Butler and Edith. DEL

LOWELL, *June* 28, 1873

MY DEAR DEL: I did not write you yesterday so you must not wonder what has become of the letter. Today is by far the warmest day of the season. It nearly equals some of those at Natchez. Perhaps I feel it more as I have been with the children trying to have pictures taken. We began with Butler and the little man behaved as well as he could. But when the iron stand was put up behind his head he insisted that it was the gas and would burn him. I had to put my handkerchief over the knobs before we could induce him to rest his head against them. The effect of the support against his head was bad, as it pushed the upper part of his head forward, and caused him to thrust his chin into his neck. We tried over and over again. The poor little fellow could not help moving his eyes, and once or twice his mouth dropped open, so that the picture was all lengthened out—and his mouth was longer up and down than across. I will send you tomorrow the best one taken, though it is very poor as a picture and likeness. How can a picture convey to you his rosy cheeks, bright eyes—shining hair, and "cute" little ways?

The warm weather yesterday made him very restless. He awoke about nine in the evening and for an hour or more was very irritable and wakeful. His habits are perfect now. He asks plainly when he wants you to do anything for him.

The baby is well, and we labored to get a picture of her, but without any success. She would not keep quiet one moment. Her fingers were in her mouth or pulling at her dress without the least cessation. We were all so worn out with our labors, Butler particularly, teasing to be "away, away" that we did not stop for the pictures—but I will send down for them tomorrow.

They are waiting to take this to the mail. I will write longer tomorrow. The children send love and kisses, as do I.

BLANCHE

VICKSBURG, MISS., *June* 28, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Another day and I am still in Vicksburg. Yesterday was excessively hot. I have not felt the heat so sensibly for years as I did yesterday. I attended a dinner of the colored firemen of this city, and as a matter of course was called upon for a speech, which I did not accede to, though I made a few remarks—very few. I was followed by those who made almost political harangues in my interests.

I am hearing from all quarters and judging therefrom I am of the opinion that my opponents are making very little, if any, progress. Now, the work to be done by newspapers and his commissions in the Militia have had their full effect, and the next move, which will be by far the more effectual, is being resorted to, which is "mule riding." "Mule riding" means an active canvass of each county by the local politicians, who make their way over the country on mules or horses. This is serious and effective work, and the issue will be, if not controlled, at least influenced by such workers. As my friends are doing the same kind of work, and in doing it undoing what Powers' friends have done, I feel little or no concern as to the issue. I am of the opinion that Powers is losing among the intelligent men of our party. I am still serene and placid. Being busy with much talking, the time passes quite quickly, and I feel the day of contest is fast approaching. Yet, though busy and fully realizing the situation, I have many minutes to regret the time and space and necessity which separates us. I do not believe I am a politician by nature, but rather by necessity. I send, as ever, my love and kisses to Butler and Edith, and to you,

Del

Vicksburg, Miss., *June* 29, 1873

Dear Blanche: This is a bright and cool morning, rather early—I am not dressed, having just left my bed, but having been thinking of you, as I always do for that matter, I resolved to have a chat with you in the cool of the morning.

Yesterday afternoon I strolled around the streets with Judge Hill "seeing" friends. We called on the foreign element—the Germans, who are handled without gloves by the "bygones." Of course we drank lager, generally, though an Italian gave us some Sherry with ice, as one serves claret, and it made a very palatable drink. Among the Germans I found very intelligent men. One elderly man was very interesting. I spoke of the oppressions suffered by the Israelites in Europe, at the same time showing my sympathy for them and then stated we ought not treat the colored men of the South in a similar way. My remarks upon the Jewish question to him opened the discussion and he discoursed very fluently but not as a Jew, though he stated his parents were Jews. With much such converse and many drinks, the afternoon and evening passed away. I do not say I drank much beer. While much was drank, but little passed my lips. I would not have you imagine for a moment that I am drinking.

I met yesterday on the street Gen'l. McKee, the M.C. from this Dist. and his bride. She seemed to be enjoying the climate —looked very well, and so far as I could judge was happy. I shall call on them today.

I have been to breakfast and chatted the time away till midday—and it is now very hot—I shall remain in the house till evening. I send love to you, Dear, and to the children.

Del

Lowell, *June* 29, 1873

Dear Del: This is a fearful day, it is so warm. I took off Butler's undershirt this morning, yet his little head is wet with perspiration. We shall start for Squam Tuesday or Wednesday. Paul goes to Annapolis tomorrow—to come around in the "America" to Bay View. Mother is opposed to his going, but both he and Father are quite determined upon the matter and she will have to yield.

I shall write your Mother this week, inviting her East and enclose the boy's picture. I have had no word from your Father, and conclude he is going on with the boat.

The foundation of the houses in Washington is being laid. Father has the plans for the window caps and will take them to Squam to have the granite cut. With the mill and the houses I suspect he is using all the money he can command, for Florence asked him last night if it would be convenient for him to pay his note, and he told her it would not. So you see, everyone is busy doing all that is possible. I enclose Ham's report. The price of flour is very low—but the last New York papers report is more steady.

Aunt Sue asked me yesterday which of the children I loved the best. I told her the boy. She said "I don't know why, but I had that impression." He is a noble little fellow—but I think I shall be quite as fond of the girl when I have had her as long. My love for them grows with their growth.

Last week I made Butler a bathing suit—not to wear into the water however. But I thought sometimes he might like to play in the puddles when the tide was out and bury his little feet in the sand, which he could not do unless properly dressed for it. There was material enough left from a suit I was making for Mother, and the little man has a coat of cotton flannel which comes a bit below his knees. The new boots which were put on when we came back from the South he wore into holes in less than a fortnight. I have bought him five new pair—price, $5.80, which I hope will last him two months and a half, tho' Squam is a bad place for shoes. It is fortunate they are not very expensive. I write you these little details about the children because I remember how very acceptable the mention Mother made of Butler was to me when her letter came in New Orleans. I trust you do not tire of them.

I observe from the tone of your letters that you are not disheartened by the efforts of your opponents. The more frantic they are—the more confident it seems to me you must feel—for it shows that they are conscious there is greater cause for fear.

Love from your babies and your wife, BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISS., *July* 1, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: You see I am at home again. I am in our room, sitting in the rocking chair, with my paper on my knee—the gas burning over my head. Need I tell you I miss you—that I look about in vain for our baby's improvised crib (what a stroke of genius that was on somebody's part)—that I find not a little satisfaction in thinking that you were here—that it would not seem much out of place to hear your sweet voice, or the chuckling sound made by our daughter Edith as she strove to put her thumb into her mouth—what suction power she has—and though I might wish you here this second, the next is one of thankfulness that you and our babies are in such a cool and healthy latitude. It is quite warm here, warmer than when you were here, and though I perspire more freely I feel no other ill effects therefrom.

I arrived here at seven o'clock this morning after a journey of about twelve hours—a quick but not a very comfortable journey. I rode up to the house in time, and to spare, for breakfast. I found Capt. French and his whole family. They inquired very kindly for you and the baby. They have the same servants. Gillem seems the same as of old, ready for a cry, though his father curbs him a little. The daughter had taken our room, which she has kindly vacated for me. Two or three little ornaments on the parlor mantle piece, and a few books on the parlor table excepted, and the house is just as we left it.

Our neighbors, the Polkinghorns, occupy their doorsteps, but I have not deigned to look at them.

It is late, and I will go to bed, Love, DEL

July 2

I have arisen early that I may do some of my writing before the sun begins to make me uncomfortably warm. I had a good night's sleep, but my peace of mind was disturbed this morning by the discovery of small colonies of bugs on the upper folds of the mosquito bar. N'importe.

Everything is well in this part of the state politically. Two counties down here have had their conventions or meetings to nominate delegates to *the* convention at Jackson.

From the first, Amite Co., there are three delegates, two of whom are for me at all times, the third was from my town in Maine, and says if necessary to nominate me he will vote for me. He says he feels under many obligations to me for first making him a sheriff of that Co. etc. etc. He has two reasons for voting for Powers—first, his Co. is close and he wants to appear conservative; second, his wife is a Powers man. The second Co. I referred to has selected two Ames men. This was Franklin Co., one that I have never counted on. Good reports come from all parts of the state. Instead of having the convention held in Sept. we have concluded that it would be better to have it about the 20th of August. This will open the campaign sooner, but it might as well be opened formally as be going on as now, when the tendency of the present labors is to split the party.

I have received a letter from Northfield, informing me that John and Frank have gone to Milwaukee to buy an engine for our canal boat experiments. I wish you would write my parents and invite them to Bay View. They would enjoy it, and Father especially the new yacht. Mother would like to see her grand children. They live a great deal in their children and I am desirous to make their days happy—may our own children feel so towards us.

I send you with this long letter much love and many kisses, which you will share with Butler and Edith DEL

BAY VIEW, *July* 3, 1873

DEAR LOVE: It is about twelve o'clock at night, and I am in my room undressed and ready for bed. The children are sleeping near me—Butler on the bed, Edith on the floor. When Butler wakes and finds himself on his mattress he climbs at once and nestles close by my side. So I concluded it would be best to put his sister, who has not yet developed such climbing propensities, in his place. The puppy sleeps at her feet.

Can you picture the scene to yourself? We reached here last night—the children, myself, and the servants.

I have neglected writing you for the last two days. I ought not to say neglected, for I have thought of it a thousand times, but packing, moving, and arranging matters kept me so busy that I really could not write.

Oh, I wish you could have some of the fresh cool breeze which is curling through this chamber. It does not seem right that I should be here, cool and comfortable, while you are suffocating with intense heat. The last letter I had from you was dated Vicksburg. I was happy to hear that you were a little comfortable, although sorry for Mrs. Hill's troubles and trials. Poor Mrs. French, how she must be complaining of Natchez by this time.

The children are perfectly well. They were very good coming down, and gave me no trouble. Butler was uneasy in the stages. The motion made him a little sick. He would put his hands to his mouth, sigh and groan—and lay his head on my shoulder or curl up in my lap—until at last he fell asleep. I fanned him constantly to keep away the sick qualms.

In the depot at Lowell, while waiting for the cars, Butler showed his knowledge of shopping by taking me by the finger and walking me up to a candy stand, inviting me to get him something. Candy I would not buy, but fortunately they had some apples, and he marched off the happy possessor of one. There were many children on the cars, but none like him. A little girl had the whooping cough. I trust Butler will not catch it, or rather has not caught it.

I think of you constantly, Del, and wonder if you miss us much. Be very careful, and above all things, keep in good spirits. The mind has much to do with our physical well being. Love from the babies and your Wife, BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *July* 4, 1873

DEAR DEL: The glorious Fourth is about half gone, and has so far been very quiet. Father went to South Framingham this morning. He is to make a speech I believe. Mother, Aunt Sue, and I make up a small household. I must not except the children, however, for they are the life and beauty of the establishment. I wish you could have seen Butler's attempt at wading. I put on his little suit, and went down to the beach with him. Laura had on an old skirt and shoes, so that she was not afraid of getting wet. Butler was delighted when we put him down on the sand and at once ran to the water's edge and dabbled his feet in a little receding wave, but when the swell rolled in with a "*swish*" on the shore, covering his ankles with cold water, he turned and ran, begging to be taken up. I took him next to a large puddle among the rocks and sand, and tried to instruct him in the art of building sand houses. But the sand stuck to his fingers and seemed to make him uneasy, for he insisted upon having it all wiped off. My efforts were unsuccessful. You see, Love, the boy is too neat and nice to relish sand pies. Still I think it will be an acquired taste. This afternoon I am going to bathe for the first time. I do not care to have Butler go in, but I thought he might enjoy a wade or play in a puddle.

Last 4th you were with me, Sweetheart. I have thought of it so many times today. I wish you could walk in now, and let me see your *handsome* face—if only for a moment. By the word handsome I mean a face which is for me all that is noble, kind and gentle. Is it wonderful that I desire to see it? The boy will know you when you return.—"Ya-Ya" to him is one who will give him all and more than he asks. Love—Del,—from us *all*.

BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISS., *July* 4, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: This is the 4th of July, the day of soaring for our national bird; and the day of days for our great orators. Loyal boys fire off little cannons, and fire crackers, and get their eyes put out; and set fire to cities; (of what little girls do I have not the faintest idea); little rebel boys and editors sneer at the day down here, while your husband has given the day wholly to his correspondence. I went out early in the morning to get the news and buy some stationery, but since then I have been in my room with coat off, at work. I am glad to say the last letter has been answered and I shall have time to read a little.

The colored men and Northern men are celebrating the day by a parade of fire companies and some of the Governor's celebrated Militia. The Militia will do no harm to me, and I believe little good to the Gov. though its purpose was to do a world of good to him and accomplish my destruction.

I have not sought to follow the celebrationists today and am ignorant of their deeds. I know all their officers but two are firm supporters of mine.

In speaking of the yacht "America," recently bought by your Father, you say she *weighs* "her weight is seventy tons!" I do not smile though I could. Vessels are not measured by their weight—they are weighed by their measure. Two vessels of exactly the same form and capacity might *weigh* very differently. They are measured, not weighed. It would be nautical to say your yacht is seventy tons burthen—in reply to the inquiry as to her size or tonnage. I say this much that some naval officer or horse-marine may not laugh at you in his sleeve, when you may speak of the world-renowned yacht "America."

I send you love and kisses. Do you weary of these words? If so, teach me other words which will tell you of my love, and I will use them. Share them, the love and kisses, with our children.

DEL

BAY VIEW, *July* 5, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have written to your Mother and Ben today. I sent one of the boy's pictures to Northfield and invited your Father and Mother to visit us here at Bay View—offering an inducement to your Father in the shape of sailing and fishing in the America. To your Mother, an acquaintance with her granddaughter Edith. I think they would enjoy a visit here even more than at Lowell. Yesterday I went in bathing with Aunt Sue. Butler went down with Laura to witness the performance. But when I ran out into the water and threw myself down, the poor little man screamed "Mum, Mum, Mum" at the top of his voice. I went to him and tried to comfort him, but he would not be satisfied unless I took him in my arms, which I could not do, for my clothes were all wet. I told Laura to take him up to the house, which she did. Aunt Sue and I followed almost immediately, but when I reached the piazza Mother had Butler, who had cried all the way up the hill, and when he reached the house and saw the buoy out by the wharf called "Water Mum—Gran, water Mum," and pointed out to sea. He evidently thought something had happened to me, and would not be comforted until he saw me safe and sound, coming over the edge of the rocks. Do you not think it strange that he should be frightened? No one has taught him to fear water—on the contrary, he is wild with delight when allowed to play with it. The ocean, however, does not please him, and he seems to understand that there is danger in it. I shall not let him see me go in again, for I do not think it well to distress his little mind in that way. Both children are getting tanned. They will be brown as nuts by September.

Good night. You would be quite content if you could see what strong, handsome children you have, and know that one of them would be so happy to have you here, as would your

BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISS., *July* 6, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I send you a letter from Northfield. You will see that they are beginning on our canal boat. I am glad they are to hire the engine rather than to buy one. The expense of the experiments cannot be very great in this way. I am glad they have taken hold of it.

I sympathize entirely with Butler as to the danger of the support the artist always insists on giving the head. If it will not burn, it gives one instantly a constrained feeling and tends to destroy an easy and natural pose. A sensitive plate is necessary for children.

How jolly he will be in his new bathing dress, working his little toes in the wet sand! I should like to be there to see. I am sorry I cannot be with you and enjoy our children as they grow day by day. This we resolve (I hope I may be able to keep my resolution) shall be the last separation I shall submit to. I imagine my desires to be with you will answer all the purposes of a resolution.

I return to you the Fort Atkinson report. I also send you today a copy of the *New South*—the first one in which my name appears for Governor. The local fight is very bitter, and the Lynch side (more particularly my friends) will start a new paper tomorrow. It will have my name at its head for Gov. I am the only one the two sides agree on. Am I not fortunate? Or lucky? as you seem unwilling to consent to, or in this instance is it good sense and sound discretion? The road here has been very intricate, and it has *not* been blind luck which gives to me the confidence and support of both sides. With some folks everything goes wrong, while I am the most fortunate of fortunates. Here I am reminded of the fact that Capt. Foster, a Northern man who married a Southern lady, lost one of his children about two weeks ago of bowel complaint. The child was about a year old. He and his wife were getting ready to take the child north, but they delayed too long. We were not too cautious in our movements, and whatever may come in the future we will never regret our hasty flight from this city last May.

I have no doubt you will be successful in reconciling Butler to his sister Edith in a short time. Association, if not care, will make him love her. All things in good time.

Should you write to Father again, tell him of your Father's purchase of the yacht "America" (but not of her weight) and offer him a sail. I am certain it will prove a strong inducement.

Good news comes from all parts of the state. What are your Father's chances? I send love, kiss the children for me,

Del

Natchez, Miss., *July* 8, 1873

Dear Blanche: There are two wings of our party in this county, or rather city as you doubtless know. The Lynch side is named the "Warm Spring Indians" and the other the "Modocs." The "New South" is controlled by the "Modocs." These two factions have been fighting each other bitterly but both have agreed to support me. I may have told you that a compromise or treaty has been made in black and white, in which all have united on me, the only person on whom an agreement could be made.

Yesterday a new paper was started by the "Warm Springs," to which the County patronage was given. The "Modocs" dug up their tomahawks. Last evening the leading men of the "Warm Spring" tribe met in council. I was requested to be present. I could not well refuse, though I have been seeking to remain neutral. I made a brief speech for harmony. I have been informed that the "Modocs" talk of turning on me. I have from the first looked upon the "Modocs" as Modocs. They are "Bolters" naturally, seeking to destroy what they cannot control. They will not fight me—they dare not. I have that hold upon the party in the Co. that they have not the courage to attempt to break. In fact, much of their devilment is done in my name.

I have tried to compromise and pacify till I am tired—and am in just that position men find themselves when they say "I don't care" and pitch head first into a fight. Yet, I shall "keep cool," say nothing, and be ready for the crisis which I do not believe will come.

(Closing of letter missing.)

Bay View, *July* 9, 1873

Dear Del: I have not been as well—not sick, but tired—and Mother says I must not go in bathing again this season. I have been in only once and that was some days ago. I shall commence feeding the baby a little. The cow has come down and the milk will be the same until I start for Mississippi again. Your daughter has such a strong appetite from the fresh breeze, that it is quite a task to supply her.

Butler went fishing from the island with Laura and Horace. He was delighted with fish, but his little face is burned a bright scarlet. I put some tallow on it last night when I went to bed, and he seemed to have an idea that he must not put his greasy little face down on the pillow. You can imagine how comical he looked, sitting upright in the middle of the bed—his eyes closed and his head nodding. I had to coax him to lie down. He takes breakfast, dinner and supper with us in the dining room. I always fix it for him, and he sits in the window with Laura until he has eaten about enough, then he comes to me for tid-bits and "wawer."

Paul telegraphed from Fortress Monroe Sunday that he had been detained there by high winds. So I suppose we need not look for him until the last of the week.

Uncle Fisher is much worse. Uncle Parker came down last night and went back this morning with Aunts Sue and Maria. He will telegraph if Uncle Fisher is failing—in which case Mother and Aunt Nina will go to Lowell and leave me "monarch of all I survey."

I shall be happier if I can hear from my Sweetheart a little oftener. Don't forget us, Del. Write when you can, if it is only a line. Butler joins me in love and kisses. I have just taken two from him for you. That is all I could spare of his. Good-bye for today—Del. Tomorrow I shall write again.

Blanche

P.S. Mother and Aunt Nina have just gone to Lowell. Aunt Sue telegraphed "come at once," so I am sure Uncle Fisher is very much worse.

Natchez, Miss., *July* 9, 1873

Dear Blanche: Today, when I went to the office I found quite a package of letters for me, in which was yours of the 30th ult., containing Butler's photograph. I need not tell you I was glad to get it. The photograph is before me, and though it is not as distinct as it might be, it shows a bright, good-looking, well-conditioned boy. I have showed it to everybody, and everybody so express themselves—as they should. Now, I want the picture of his Mother, and then that of his sister to complete my collection and fill my album. When will I receive them? The artist who makes Butler's gives us all light and no shade—not a particle except where his lips are parted, and I doubt if the artist knew how to fill the mouth with light, a bit of ignorance we should be thankful for.

I enclose a letter received today from Northfield. I doubt the wisdom of a "counter shaft driven by a belt" and so have written. You see they have begun, and the expense will not be very great.

I sent you today a copy of a paper called *The Cotton Plant* which has come out in my support. The campaign advances with increasing vigor and interest.

I am in excellent health and do not feel the heat much. Last evening a heavy squall cooled the air, and the night was very comfortable—cool enough to require a sheet over me—which is saying a good deal, as it was the first night since I have been here when so much clothing was necessary. Yet, I cannot say I suffer at all by the heat. I send love to my wife and babies.

Del

Bay View, *July* 10, 1873

Dear Del: A letter from you last night made me happy, and the evening, which would otherwise have been so lonely, was delightful.

I went down to the beach with Butler until it was his bedtime. Then wrapped in Father's great, double shawl to keep comfortably warm, I sat out on the piazza until after nine o'clock, watching the sails in the moonlight, and hoping that one of them might be bringing Paul home. Suddenly a fog seemed to sweep into the bay from the sea, and soon the island and wharf were obscured, and the air so damp and chill I was glad to go upstairs to my "blossoms." After seeing that they were quiet and comfortable, I took two candles and the great Atlas into Mother's room, so as not to disturb the children with the light, and studied statistics and geography for an hour or more. People who live alone must study, and improve themselves far more than those who have companions.—I suppose Gen'l. Palfrey makes life endurable in that way.

I wrote to your Mother nearly a week, no three or four days ago, inviting her and your Father to visit us. I hope they will come.

Your reports from the state are very encouraging, but do not feel too sure, Sweetheart, for you may be disappointed. I send you a newspaper slip, which Uncle Parker gave me. I am writing in Father's study. On the table are two large stones, which I keep to throw at dogs strolling around the windows.

The puppy is asleep on my skirt. I am afraid these great dogs will kill it.

Good-bye for today. Love from the children and

BLANCHE

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *July* 11, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I am at 270 Felicity St., Mr. Parker's house, sitting at the table in his room, with the door to our bedroom open, having full control of this floor, at least these two rooms. Katie's room is occupied by Mr. Smith's daughter and her two children. They have just come in from Texas where her husband is stationed as an officer of the Army. His name is either McCarthy or Carter—as it sounded to me when I was introduced. She seems delighted at the comfort, ease and security of this city at this time, and paints her home on the Texan frontier as anything but desirable in its comforts. There, they can get no servants—to get there or away a two-hundred-mile stage ride is necessary. And now, while her husband is raiding after Indians, she is only too glad to come to this delightful city, as is her husband to have her come. Surely, we see here an illustration of the fact that we are good or great, comfortable or miserable in our circumstances comparatively only. Some folks think this is the *last* place to which *I* should go at this season of the year, while her folks are made happy by the knowledge that she and her two young children, the youngest an infant, the older two years old in June last—are in this their *first* place.

At Donaldsonville yesterday, on our way down the river, I got a N.O. paper of the 10th, and in it saw the telegraphic report of your Uncle Fisher's death. Sickness, in breaking him down both physically and mentally, robbed death of more than half its terrors. His children will miss him more than they expect. His sisters will be his most sincere mourners. Your mother and your aunt, Mrs. Webster, will have the consciousness of having done all that they could do to alleviate his pain in his last days. Would they have asked his days of suffering under the circumstances to be lengthened out? His immediate family may now be free from a heavy burden— Be that as it may—now, that it is God's will, it would not be unloving to feel that "it is well."

I barely finished my letter to you in Natchez on Wednesday afternoon last when I heard the whistle of a boat, but as the hackman did not come for me I wrote another letter and walked to the office to post them, thinking I must have been mistaken. Soon the hack picked me up on the street, having been to the house and taken in my valise, and all went down the bank in a hurry. We were in plenty of time. Yesterday was a warm day, but the moving boat gave us a very comfortable breeze. For a peaceable, quiet, recuperating day, I commend a ride on a Mississippi steamboat, where one travels incog. and wards off all efforts of his neighbors at conversation. I imagined myself a stranger among strangers for almost twenty-four hours, till a chance conversation showed me that my *speaking* friends called me "General." I am convinced that I cannot travel on a Mississippi steamboat anywhere near the borders of our state unknown.

I came down on the "Henry Tate" and arrived here at half past nine last evening. I immediately started with carpet bag in one hand and my light overcoat over the other arm for a Baronne St. car, and leaving it at the corner of St. Charles and Felicity Sts. found myself at 270 at a quarter past ten. There was a light in the hall and lights in the tower rooms. Ringing the bell I sat my bag down by the door, put my hat on the porcelain seat or keg, threw my overcoat across the railing and seated myself in the swing. Soon Mr. Smith appeared. I slept in our old bed. Edith's bed with its mosquito bar is still just as we left it. In fact, the room has not been changed. It is true it is not the room it was two months ago today, when my dear wife and child were here—yet it is pleasant to think that you have been in these rooms and breathed this air. You see I am a lover, if not sentimental—perhaps both.

Now that I am by a R.R. I expect you will get my letters very regularly. I shall go up to Jackson tomorrow night to act and move as circumstances may seem to demand.

It has been raining this morning, and the day is very cool and pleasant. I send you, dear Wife, and our babies, much love.

DEL

BAY VIEW, *July* 11, 1873

DEAR DEL: Tomorrow I shall go to Lowell with the children to remain until Monday. Poor Uncle Fisher died day before yesterday, and will be buried Sunday. I cannot say that I feel sorry that his sufferings are over. What is life worth that we should cling to it, or desire it for our friends, when every breath is drawn in agony? He has prayed Mother so many times to get him just one drop of prussic acid, which causes the swiftest, and most painless of deaths. As he had no belief in any future state, this request shows that all he desired was rest. For his sake we ought to feel content that the weary struggle is over, but for all that it is hard that his kindly face and voice have gone forever.

Paul has not yet arrived. I hope he will in time to go to Lowell with me. It seems to me he has been a very long time on the way, and I begin to feel anxious. I apologize for my mistake about the tonnage of the yacht. I believe I knew better, but was careless. I am glad you did not smile, Sweetheart. It would never do for you to laugh at your Wife. You would be amused no doubt if you were here, to note my anxiety about every old stone sloop that comes into the bay. I watch it with all my eyes, and say to myself "Is it—can it be the yacht?" Until the vessels are out of sight or drawn up to the wharf I am not content. Now, no doubt an old sailor like the Hon. Adelbert Ames could tell at a glance the kind and business of the craft to which he directed his attention. But alas! for his Wife, her knowledge is not great as regards anything nautical. She can tell a chaise from a wagon and a cab from a private carriage. A ship from a schooner or sand sloop from a yacht, is quite another thing. Perhaps this watching and waiting will be of some improvement.

When I remember Gillem—I am thankful that Butler has not yet begun to play such pranks. When he comes to the table he runs to me and says "Tick, Mum, tick." Sometimes I take him, but more frequently say "No, no, Sweetheart, Mother will fix your dinner, and Laura will give it to you on the window seat." He seems quite content, and jumps up and down while I am preparing it, a little impatient if I do not hurry, and inclined to walk off with the plate before it is ready, but never attempts to make a row. His little face is as brown as a nut.

Goodbye, Love. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *July*, 1873

DEAR DEL: I wrote you last Friday that we should all go to Lowell Saturday to attend Uncle Fisher's funeral. We could not make connection at Salem, and were obliged to go by the way of Boston. We made the trip very easily—the children behaving nicely.

While on the way to Salem I bought a newspaper. Butler at once took possession of it, and held it out like an old gentleman, handling it with great skill and glancing up and down the sheet as if he really could read it. I wondered who he could be imitating, and discovered that when a gentleman opposite opened his paper Butler did the same. It was quite amusing.

The poor little fellow was greatly tired before we reached Lowell.—Sunday morning his bowels were out of order and in the afternoon, while I was at the funeral, he was sick to the stomach and in a high fever all night. Dr. Spaulding came up after my return Sunday evening, to vaccinate the baby—and prescribed rhubarb—that panacea for all childish ills. I put the boy's feet into mustard and hot water, and this morning he was some better, though far from well.

Sweet Spirits of Nitre, and spending the day on my lap—sleeping now and then for a short time—have quite restored him to health, and he is sleeping quietly now, his head moist with perspiration. Tomorrow I shall take him back to Squam.—Dr. S. advised it even if he should continue as ill as he was this morning. The weather is extremely warm. I think his illness was due to fatigue, change of climate, irregularity in his meals—allowing him to eat too heartily on an empty stomach. You need not feel troubled about him, Sweetheart, for he is now quite well, and was very lively and playful before he fell asleep.

Paul came this morning. He arrived at Bay View Sunday, and left Fortress Monroe the Tuesday previous. They had some rough weather, and very poor fare. They could not get supplies at Annapolis, not even a keg of pilot bread, and had to depend upon someone who fits out the cadets. It was taken for granted that he would furnish proper quantities. Instead of that there was a short supply of one thing and a great quantity of another, so that finally they had nine meals on stewed beans, without pork, and Mr. Owen never was partial to beans. Then again, the rigging was old and rotten, and they numbered only six men to manage the yacht, when she requires twelve.—So they had to work their passage, and must have found it a pretty tough one. Still Paul is looking exceedingly well, was not in the least seasick, although subject to it, and is glad he went, as is Mr. Owen.

Butler has changed considerably since you were here. He weighs the same, but is much taller and slimmer. I hope he will not grow more so.—His hose are too short for his legs now. Good night, Love, from your babies and wife, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is about midnight—and very warm.

I have been very busy talking all day, and had to chock off the last visitor to get an opportunity to write my brief letter from N.O. before twelve o'clock. I rode to the depot in N.O. on a street car instead of in a carriage, and like the street car the better of the two. I was glad to economize.

At quarter to three we reached Jackson. Before going to bed I left word to have my mail sent for early in the morning. The sun had been up for an hour or two when I woke up. I at once called a servant and asked if my mail had come. No. But I soon started a boy, who brought me your letters from Bay View of the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th. I was very glad to get them, and have already read them three or four times.

Poor Butler! How he must have grieved to see the cold sea envelop you. He is certainly intelligent to comprehend it all. I think his head as well as his actions indicates much caution. While he may hesitate for a time in playing in the sand, I have no doubt he will take to it as soon as he sees others do so. I do not think it wise for him to go "all under" into the water very often. You know I am hostile to much bathing on the part of anyone. I can see you *all* very plainly in my mind's eye. You, Butler and Edith.—What a beautiful picture you make. Do you wonder that I should think that there are none other such the world over. I do not mind the heat half as much as I did when you were here last May, for then the thermometer rose ten degrees at the consciousness that you and Edith were here to suffer—and now if I think of the heat I have only to call to mind the fact that you and our loved ones are enjoying the cool breezes of 'Squam. You must keep well and strong and comfortable, and I will willingly endure this summer's sun.

I send love to my dear wife and babies, ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 14, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is after midnight and this should be dated the 15th. A crowd has been in my room all day, and up to a few moments since.

This attention of itself is an indication that my star is still in the ascendency.

Some of our friends are waiting for me for a secret conference. A "black sheep" is in the crowd, and I am told to stay in my own room till he gets away. So I have a few moments more. The friends are members of the State Central Committee, and we are to consult as to the time for holding the Convention, and also about the *work* to be done, etc. Everything looks well. Eighteen counties are represented by leading colored men, and they one and all, unanimously are for me for Gov.

The report from other counties is that a large majority can be counted on for me.

It is half past two, my company is present—I must close to catch the mail. Love, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 15, 1873

DEAR DEL: We arrived here this evening—all well.

Butler was much better this morning, and the cool air has entirely revived him, though the day has been one of the warmest of the season. He was so cross this morning in Lowell that I almost despaired of getting away. This evening he is as merry as a "grig" and does not think nearly as much of his Mother. When sick he turns to me, and wants to be in my lap the whole time. He has had his wishes gratified in that regard for the last two days; except for a little while this evening when he went off and left me, I have been constantly with him.

Today you are in Jackson and very busy and excited about the meeting of the State Central Committee. I trust all goes to suit you. Father says his fight bids fair to be lively, but he thinks he will win.

The yacht looks beautifully, her masts so tall and slender. If she had come in when I was watching the stone vessels I should have recognized the difference very quick. So I am not quite so stupid as I thought I was.

You desire me to write your Mother and Father. How glad I am that I did so before you suggested it.

The baby is beginning to cry. Good night. More to-morrow from BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 15, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I sent you a short letter last evening—adding the last few words and sealing it at three o'clock this morning, and getting down to the office just in time to catch the train.

I dressed in company, getting out of bed to open the door to let them in. I shaved in company. I have been crowded till this moment. The State Central Committee is in session, and every body has gone to the Capital. I am in my room and am taking advantage of these quiet moments to chat with you.

Your letter of the 9th came this morning. I see you had telegraphic word of your Uncle's increasing sickness. I hardly expected you would go with the children. It is two o'clock Wednesday morning—this is my letter for the 15th. I have time only to say that our side has been triumphant—the nomination convention will meet on the 27th of August. All is well—I will write a long letter tomorrow.

Love. Good night, Dearie. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 16, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your last letter before leaving New Orleans I have just received. I plainly see that you are well satisfied with the aspect of affairs political. It is to be hoped that no clouds will arise between this and next November. I asked Father last night what his prospects might be. He replied—"It will be a lively fight, but I think I shall win." The papers abuse him, as usual.

Father misled me about the tonnage of the yacht—it is one hundred and nine, instead of seventy tons. Paul went around to Gloucester with her this afternoon, to have her thoroughly cleaned inside and out. I have not yet been aboard.—Last night and this morning it was far too rough for me.

Butler is not quite well yet, although he is lively. Two or three weeks I hope will make him fat again. Edith is well, and as sweet a baby as ever lived.

Ben went on guard duty the 4th of July. He writes that the Commandant came to his beat three or five times, and he would not let him pass without the countersign. Gen'l. Upton must have been amused. To try Ben, he only answered "friend" to the demand "Who goes there?" Ben called the corporal of the guard, and brought him to terms.

July 17

Gen'l. Babcock is here to see the great stones for the Scot statue. He will dine with French I suppose, for he came at his invitation, not knowing Father would be here. I saw him for a few minutes on the piazza, and he will return for a call on his way back from the quarry.

Paul did not get home last night until one o'clock. Col. French went around with him, and was tired to death of the trip. They were becalmed off Thatchers Island, and drove over from Gloucester last night, nine, including the driver, in a hack. For one as large and fleshy as French it must have been close quarters.

Butler, who has not been quite well, is very cross—and we are all inclined to obey his commands—if we do not, the house is in an uproar. This morning something did not please him when he first got up—Oh! he did not want his shoes on—and threw himself back roaring terribly. I said "Butler, you will wake your Grandfather, stop that noise." To my great surprise, he stopped crying, and said "What?" I repeated my remark.—He seemed to take it into consideration, and made no more noise. I do not know by what motives he was influenced. Father has never corrected him, but twice,—once on the cars and that time in Lowell. Perhaps he thought it would not be right to wake anybody up.—He is a very bright boy. Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is within an hour and a half of train time, and I have not written the letter to you I had promised myself I would.

When you run for Governor you will understand how the minutes and hours slip by, and nothing is done but *talk*.

The large crowd has dispersed, yet the few have longer talks —and I am tired and shall be glad to get up to Breckville where I can have a rest.

I received this morning your letter of the 11th.

You should be thankful your Uncle is out of his sufferings. There cannot be a selfish sorrow at the death of one who, living, suffered as he did.

I hope Paul arrived in time to take you to Lowell.

You know I love to hear of the details of your daily life and the remarkable deeds of our children. It is two o'clock in the morning. I write just a word that you may have your letter regularly.

Tomorrow at six o'clock I shall leave for Breckville—the place I wanted you to visit—where I will remain till next Monday, when I shall start on a brief tour to the north and northeast parts of the State—thence I think I will go to the "seacoast" as the Gulf is called. I have only favorable reports to give on the situation. The first opportunity I will give you the details.

It is train time, 2:40 a.m.

Love for my beloved wife and sweet babies.

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 18, 1873

DEAR DEL: It will seem strange to you to hear that it is so cold, Father has a fire in the office, Butler wears his winter coat in the house, and the thermometer stands at 57°, or as you are particular about such matters, the *mercury* stands at that point.

We are having a northeast storm. The clouds hang close to the water, and everything has a wintery aspect.

Yesterday I received a letter from your Mother, which I enclose. I am sorry she is not well, and think a change of air might prove beneficial, although she would have to suffer some discomfort in travelling. By this time they have tried your boat. I am anxious to hear with what success.

Gen'l. Babcock made me quite a little call yesterday afternoon. "The boy" came in to see him—but would not make his best appearance. Gen'l. B. seemed to think that he was larger than his boy—of course comparatively. I was so stupid that I did not present Edith. She seemed so small that I did not think he would be interested in seeing her, not recollecting that he had one of the same size, and might wish to compare notes.

I am painting a picture which is quite pretty. The subject, two sleeping children, something like the one I gave Paul. It has been christened "Butler and Edith," but the children are three and four years old, and do not resemble them in the least. Butler is not quite well yet. How thankful I am that I did not try to take him South. If the short trip to Lowell causes such disturbance, what would be the effect of the long journey to Mississippi? A few days and he will be well, I have no doubt. He has not been wet in salt water above his knees yet—or fresh water, except with a sponge. I have remembered your cautions and dislike to too much bathing, and have been careful.

I wish, Sweetheart, you could have some of this cool air to temper the heat. You say you do not suffer from it. The reason is that you will not allow yourself to think about it, which shows how much troubles and annoyances are subject to our own control. Love from the children and your Wife,

BLANCHE

BRECKVILLE, MADISON CO., MISS., *July* 18, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I left Jackson last evening, reached Way's Bluff shortly after sunset, where I found Col. Breck's conveyance awaiting my coming, and rode over here a distance of four miles in the cool of the evening. Col. and Mrs. B. are very hospitable. They are very thoughtful and kind. He was for a number of years a consul in China, and they have had much experience in the entertainment of gentle folks. They have no "company manners"—they do not seek to "entertain" one as we do those who make formal calls when the attention of the visitor is strained to the utmost to either give or receive. They make one feel "at home," and leave him to do as he pleases while they attend to their own duties. When I had fairly seated myself for a chat after removing some of the dust of my journey, a servant brought me a glass of ice water. In a half hour or so supper was announced. The Brecks are Northern people, and so is their cooking—their manners, especially the bearing of their servants, has a touch of the oriental, and their food a strong flavor of curry. I went to bed at eleven o'clock, but not till I had shown them both of Butler's pictures. At half past seven this morning the servant brought me in my room a glass of ice water, a cup of tea, and water for bathing. At nine we had breakfast.

They have all the late novels, news and illustrated papers. I have spent a couple of hours today in a hammock suspended under the trees, where I lay dreaming, thinking, half sleeping and actually resting both mind and body after my four days campaign in Jackson. The results of that campaign are highly satisfactory, as I have briefly stated in my late letters. The State Central Committee met to fix the day for holding the nominating convention; and the colored people to consider a Railroad organization and "for other purposes" the "other purposes" being a consideration of the political situation. Altogether we had a good representation of the intelligence and influence of our party. In the committee our opponents tried to fix the day for the convention late, but were overwhelmingly defeated. The colored men were unanimously for me in their private caucus. Counting up the counties which we believe will go for me, we found a very large majority of the delegates to be in the convention. These two elements are for me, the colored and the northern, while some of the best and most substantial of the scalawags are also with us. You know I am naturally cautious and careful, but in this matter I have no doubts whatever. Yet with all this feeling of success, defeat may come—it must come to one side.

I am encouraged by the well-known despondency of my opponents. While Powers' friends will now and then bet that I will not win, they will not bet that he will. I could give you many other reasons for my convictions, but I imagine you will not demand more convincing proof than that already presented, as you will probably "go for" me anyhow.

This you see is a very long letter. My apology for it, if an apology be needed, is, that I am obeying the golden rule—doing as I would be done by.

I should like to be with you and have a frolic with the boy and enjoy the sea breezes with their old familiar smell of sea weeds and flats—not a very poetical fancy, is it? Yet, such is the sea-side.

I shall remain here till Monday. I send my wife and babies many kisses ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 19, 1873

DEAR DEL: The northeast storm, of which I wrote you yesterday, still continues, with more rain, so that we cannot sit out. We went to Bass rocks to see the breakers roll in the afternoon, and were not disappointed. They were very grand. By "we" I mean Mother, Paul, and myself. There were eight or ten ladies, and two or three gentlemen on the rocks. The younger ladies very enthusiastic and quite amusing. Paul treated us to cherries and cream, as we drove homewards.

After this "the boy" and I had a frolic. He is very fond of all the old methods of riding on the rug, so we played up and down the parlor for a long time. He is better, and feels in better spirits than he did. I have been trying to feed the baby a little. It is time to begin. Cream does not seem to agree with her; so I must try oatmeal.

Nina Hildreth is going to Germany with Aunt Sue. It is a very sudden arrangement and I should think her Mother would dread to have her go. Florence, Mother and Paul will go on to New York to see them off, then they will go to West Point to pay Ben a visit for two or three days. Katie will come down to stay with me while they are gone. I should not be lonesome if there were nobody here but the children. Still, Katie wants to come, and it will be as good a time as any, and it will be pleasant to have her here.

Paul has just brought me your letter of the 14th. You ought to feel proud, Sweetheart, that you have such a hold on the state. I can see that you are growing confident of success, and hope that nothing will arise to cause you disappointment. Do your friends or enemies make any point in regard to the absence of your family? I trust not. Yet if they do, I cannot reproach myself.

Good bye Love. BLANCHE

BRECKVILLE, MADISON CO., MISS., *July* 19, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I write you today, but not with the expectation of getting the letter off for the next mail. Though this is Saturday, this may not start for the north before Monday night's mail.

I have been resting well since I came here. It is just the place to recuperate in, the temperature excepted. It is now half past four in the afternoon, and we are enjoying a heavy shower, which has made the atmosphere delightfully cool. This is the way I have spent the day. At half past seven this morning the servant brought me a cup of tea, a ripe peach, and a glass of ice water, at the same time preparing my bath. As breakfast is at nine, I had plenty of time to sip my tea, eat my peach, bathe and dress before that hour. The fifteen minutes I had to spare I devoted to *Pickwick Papers*. Our breakfast was excellent, as all their meals are. A dish of curry was not omitted. Any dish seasoned with curry is called curry.

After breakfast I had a long chat with Mrs. Breck. She is a lady of forty-five probably, rather tall, graceful, and very pleasant manners. She has a fine face, which was doubtless very beautiful in her youth, but now it is exceedingly sallow. People living in the East Indies are renowned for the sallow hue that overspreads their faces. I think it is due in part to liver complaint. At least, such is the case with her, and because of that complaint she has the peculiar complexion I speak of. For an hour or two she described her life there, and the changes she had seen, her voyages, hopes, and the saddest of all, her fear that necessity would keep them here for many years. Her husband is not a good financier, and having bought this plantation they begin to believe they can never get away from it.

After our talk I went to my room with Mr. Pickwick and read and slept for an hour or two longer. Then Mrs. B. prepared a plate of figs for me. Later we had lunch of claret and cake. Since then I have been at this desk writing up my correspondence, except just before beginning this, when I took a seat on the piazza with all your letters in my lap to read over once again the last four, and at the same time to enjoy the cooling rain as it ran from the eaves and fell into the grass. Finishing them I came here for a chat.

We will not have dinner till about six. At eleven I will go to bed again. Is not this a good place to rest? When we shall be in the "Mansion" at Jackson we will return the kindness by inviting them to visit us. They have no children and I imagine never had.

I send you love, to our babies, also. ADELBERT

Bay View, *July* 21, 1873

Dear Del: I have just returned from Gloucester. I drove over with Mother to the depot. She is going to Lowell to see Aunt Sue a few days before she sails. I shall be housekeeper for a week or more. Just as I passed French's wall I met Butler, and the baby, Laura and Mary. Butler knew the horses, and was motioning to be taken in before he saw who was in the carriage. Of course he had a ride home. Yesterday morning he had the hardest whipping he has yet received. He was very cross—would not let Laura wash his face, hands, and feet. Every time she touched him with the sponge he threw himself back and yelled at the top of his voice. It was inexcusable, and I felt obliged to undertake the contest. It was the first time for many months, and I hope he will be so good that it will not be necessary again for as many more. He seemed quite ashamed of himself after he had calmed down a little, and far from feeling resentful as I feared he might, was only too glad to make up and give me a kiss, when I said "Now, Sweetheart, will you be a good boy, and give me a kiss. I was sorry to whip you, but you were so bad I had to." He felt as good and happy as could be before Laura finished dressing. I told him what a sweet, nice boy he was, and he left the room quite content with himself, and all the world. He is growing tall and thin. He is two or three inches taller than when in Washington, but weighs no more.

Yesterday Paul and I opened the old spring. I must take "the boy" down to it today. I do not tell you much about the girl, for I do not want you to be disappointed when you see her. She is brighter and more lively than Butler at the same age. Whenever she sees me, and I speak, her little face dimples all over, and she doubles up as if convulsed with laughter.

Having the Nominating Convention on the 27th of August, will you not have time to come North for a week or two?

I hope you have not felt obliged to make any statement or promises as to what you will or will not do in the future. I should desire to be unfettered if I were you in all personal plans and actions.

If you were here you would be playing billiards, I have no doubt. There are two tables, and I can hear balls clicking now. Your present life may not be as easy, and agreeable, but surely it will tend to develop and perfect, more than this indolent existence. I cannot say, however, that I am indolent—all my time is occupied. I have not played a game of billiards or read a novel since I came down, though I should not hesitate to do either if so inclined. Dinner is ready, and I must say good bye. Love for you, Del, from babies and your Wife,

BLANCHE

BRECKVILLE, MADISON CO., MISS., *July* 21, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Three years ago today we were married. What happy years they have been. No clouds, much less storms, have passed over our heads. It has been clear and bright and happy—as a summer's day, and almost as brief, as I span the time in thought. Yet, how much has been crowded into these three years. Surely we have been blessed—no cares, no sorrows,—but health, good spirits—every comfort, more, every luxury, of life—and such robust, healthy, happy children to keep you company when I am away—my absence being the only cause of regret we can possibly complain of. Yet, this absence I hope will be but brief in the future. We are indeed blessed, and what is well, we realize it. We have succeeded in making an exception to the general rule "that man never is but always to be blest." Since we have entered on the road to happiness by our efforts to comprehend and appreciate what we have and are, I have no doubt that such obstacles as may be in our course will be the more easily overcome year by year, if life and health be spared us.

Judge Hill of Vicksburg came here yesterday morning and will go with me on my projected tour. We will leave here at about six o'clock for the depot. I will take this with me. Love for you and the babies, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 22, 1873

DEAR DEL: The boy and I have been in bathing, so that I am a little late in writing to you, but in time for the afternoon mail. I did not take off his things and put on the bathing suit because I thought he would feel strangely, and perhaps be afraid. He came down on to the beach where Paul, Col. Kinsman and I were working at the spring, which by the way has dried up, and after watching us for a few moments he was attracted to the water. Laura took off his shoes and stockings, and the little pink feet looked lovely as they dabbled in and out of the wavelets in the sunshine. Presently he ventured to step in further and wet the ruffles on his drawers. So we took off his coat and belt, and he stood ready for swimming in his low necked short sleeved waist—as pretty a picture as eyes could rest upon. His old sailor hat thrust back from his brow

—and face all eagerness to pick up the shells and seaweed floating past him in the tide. The water was unusually warm and as he played he lost his former fear of it, and was wet to the waist. Just before taking him home Paul threw some water on him. He retorted in kind, and they spattered away until the little fellow was thoroughly wet. Then he went to the house for dry clothes, a cup of milk, and a nap. After this Paul and I went in from the rocks. I did not care to have Butler see us, for fear he would be frightened again. So far I feel remarkably well—since bathing. I dressed in the attic, which was as warm as toast, and felt no chill.

Kinsman came around from Boston yesterday on a Revenue Cutter. He knew some of the officers. Father has gone to the opening of the Cape Cod Railroad, and will not return until tomorrow night.

I have no news, only to say that all are well. Love,

BLANCHE

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., *July 22*, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I find, as I knew I would, this county "all right." I came here as a rendez-vous for collecting friends for our trip in the eastern part of the state. Judge Hill, Capt. Gibbs and Capt. Pierce and perhaps one or two others will go along with me. I do not believe there is much necessity for me to go, but my friends rather insist on my going.

My opponent's friends seem to be abandoning the contest. One of the most prominent says he "gives up." I do not know whether he is honest in it, or is trying a "dodge." He proclaimed his conclusions publicly.

Today I sent you by mail Miss Thaxter's *Isles of Shoals*. I think you will enjoy it. Love,

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July 23*, 1873

DEAR DEL: I enclose Ham's report. I have written him to send me two or three reports which are missing. I do not like the looks of the empty places in my ledger. I hope we shall not be out of conceit of our flour business when the yearly account is made up. If prices do not rise a little, we shall be troubled to pay debts. This sounds like your Father, does it not? The old mill has made nearly ten thousand barrels—so that in this respect we cannot find fault.

Paul is going to Boston to join Mother and Aunt Sue. If Katie does not come down this evening I shall be quite deserted. Father comes back tonight, though, I believe. Otherwise everybody remains very much as yesterday.

The children were weighed, and Butler has lost two pounds, Edith one. I cannot account for the change, unless it was the trip to Lowell. Butler is not yet as well as he was before we went up. I have started the oatmeal, which I think will have a healthful and fattening tendency.

The weather has grown quite warm, and we console ourselves with the thought that our city neighbors are suffering. So much for the kindliness of human nature. But when I think of you, Sweetheart, and that warm days here indicate intense heat with you, I feel that there is no cause for congratulation, unless it may be that the children are comfortable.

I am hoping every day to hear about "the navigation of shallow waters." Send me any word they may write you, Love. I hear the boy and the bell for dinner. Love,

Blanche

Corinth, Miss., *July* 24, 1873

Dear Blanche: How pleasant you must find the cold northeast rain storm you speak of. I have told my friends who inquire for you that you are kept comfortable by fires. Surely Mass. is a more pleasant place to campaign in than Miss. is. I wish I could be with you long enough at least to enjoy your fire.

Yesterday I saw Mrs. Wells at Holly Springs. She wished to be remembered to you. They have a fine house there which is as elegantly furnished as any I have seen for many a day. Of course I did not refer to their lost child, but I could not help thinking of their loneliness, without a child's sweet voice and pattering footsteps.

Judge Stearns of H.S. lost a child a week or two since, which was born on the 3d March last. I believe he could have saved it had he sent it north. You have no cause to regret your going north—I do not. It would have been wicked for us to have remained.

I have here with me Major Gibbs, Col. Wells, Judge Hill and Capt. Pierce. I think we have almost made up our minds to go to Columbus today, which place we can reach by 9 o'clock this evening. Love,

Adelbert

Bay View, *July* 24, 1873

Dear Del: It is towards the end of one of the warmest days we have ever had. The mercury stood at eighty (?) this morning about nine o'clock.

Katie and Percy came down last night, so that I am not alone. Father, Kinsman, Percy and the Frenches have all gone over to Gloucester for the purpose of sailing home in the yacht, which is finished, and is to return to her moorings. There is a brisk breeze blowing, and they will come around in fine style. The distance is eighteen miles. Kate, the children, and I keep the house. We do not belong to the sailing fraternity.

Did you remember on the 21st of July that there was an anniversary to celebrate? I hope you did not, because I must acknowledge that I forgot it. That is, I thought of it before, and after, but the day slipped by without my thinking three years ago today I was married. "For better, for worse" said the preacher. It has been for better always. Yet for eighteen months of that time I have been almost incapacitated, and rather a heavy and dull companion. I have been amply recompensed for that, however, and I hope my Love has. If not already, he will be.

Sister Edith has been a little fretful for the last day or two. Her arm is sore from the vaccination, and the poor child rubs her head and face in the vain effort to relieve the itching. In the night the only way I could quiet her to sleep was to gently pass my hand up and down her arm. Butler is now well, and has a fine appetite. He jumps up and down while I am preparing his meals, in great glee—meat, beans, butter, water. He talks well now, and tries to repeat everything he hears said. How pleased you will be to see him.—You have a right to be proud of him.

I received your letter from Breckville—the first one you wrote, and am happy to know that for a few days, you were comfortable. You ask about my health. I am perfectly well now, and went in bathing with Katie today. The first week or so after we came down here I felt miserably, almost as unpleasantly as last year—but that has all passed away, and I am in good condition.

Good bye for today—I close by sending as ever, love

Blanche

Office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lowndes County
Columbus, Miss., *July* 25, 1873

Dear Blanche: By the heading of this page you will see I am moving. We reached this city last evening about 10 o'clock. Our party is a very pleasant one—all are good-natured and in good spirits, due in part perhaps to the very favorable news we constantly receive at every step.

Gov. Powers had the county convention in his own county held a few days since. It was held early in order to influence other counties by its loud endorsement of him. But when his friends attempted to instruct the delegates to vote for him in the state convention they failed; and while no effort was made to instruct for me, still the convention would not instruct for him. Now he will reconvene his convention to attempt to get it instructed. This dodge is wholly unjustifiable—it has no precedents. It will do Powers harm rather than good.

All goes well. My health is excellent. When I have more leisure I will write longer letters.

Love to you Dear, and our babies. ADELBERT

ABERDEEN, MISS., *July* 27, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have been very busy since my last letter from Columbus day before yesterday. Friday evening there was an interesting political discussion there—in Columbus. Powers, in a two hours speech, proclaimed himself a candidate for Governor. He was followed by Major Gibbs—then Judge Hill. I was called to the stand and confined my remarks to thanks for their kind reception, but made no allusion to politics, or my candidacy. With the speeches and "*work*" we destroyed Powers' last hope of carrying that county.

I did not get to bed till two o'clock, and had to get up at four to take the train. We arrived here at about nine o'clock. At twelve we went into a large Ames meeting. I was first introduced and made my acknowledgments and returned thanks for the reception, but made no reference to my political aspirations. Powers followed with a two hours' speech. He was followed by Col. Wells, Maj. Gibbs, Mr. Hill, the colored man you met at Memphis, and then Judge Hill. Powers was crushed—he acknowledged he cannot get the delegates of this county. We all pitied him. He had to withdraw some of his assertions—when he arose to reply, the audience refused to hear him, and only consented when my friends appealed to them to show some courtesy to the *Gov.* of the state. Resolutions of a most flattering character to me were passed.

Tomorrow we will go to Okolona. Powers will be there probably—it is his intention—but I doubt if he has the courage to face our forces a second time. He will suffer worse if he gives us another opportunity to strike. You must not fail to observe that, personally, I have not entered into the struggle. I have preserved my dignity and self-respect. Powers has lost both, and with them the support of those who heard what was said and saw what was done. The *Pilot*, the leading Republican paper of the state, is out very strong for me. I will send you yesterday's copy. You will see it has in it nothing but "Ames."

The other day I was invited to attend a camp meeting near this city by the two ministers who came here to hold it. Today my friends and I rode out to the grounds. There was a very large attendance, with few exceptions, colored people. One of the ministers to whom I have referred, the Rev. Mr. McDonald of Holly Springs, preached a very able and interesting sermon—a sermon which pleased me more than any I have heard for a long time;—though it is true I have heard but few of late. They invited us to dine at the camp, which we did. I need not tell you that all there were my friends, and even on this day, the Sabbath, helped on my cause. I have no doubt now of my success—in fact, I have had no doubt at any time, as you know.

My health is excellent, but last night I was very tired and sleepy—yet I could not get to bed till after eleven o'clock. This morning I got up at nine, quite restored, and ready for tomorrow's campaign.

I hope you are well—I, of course, think of you and the children as well and happy. I send you much love—to you and our babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 25, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is now about half past ten. All have gone to bed except Father and Kinsman, who are still playing billiards. I am undressed and have attended to the wants of the children. Both are fast asleep, their little faces rosy from slumber.

Last night, or I should say evening, when Father came over from Gloucester, and this evening, he passed "the boy" on the road, but stopped to take him in, and gave him a ride around our Avenue and French's.

You would be amused to see the two. Father beaming with satisfaction, because he feels that he is amusing "the boy," holding on to him with one hand and driving with the other, Butler intently watching every movement of the horse, and evidently thinking that he (Butler) is an object of great attention, and importance.

After tea, while we were all sitting on the piazza, Butler, who had been sitting on my knee, saw the puppy playing with something in the grass. As he is obliged to do everything that

Teedle does, even to bending his head and biting off bits of grass when the puppy sets an example, of course he had to find out what the dog had for a plaything. I saw Butler take something up in his hand, look at it, throw it down exclaiming "hockee" which is his language for dirt. Then he came towards me saying "fog, fog." I obeyed his call, and found that it was apparently a dead toad which he had been handling. I lead him away from the place, but on looking back saw my dead toad take a lively jump into the grass. Shortly after this I took him up in my arms—he said good night to all. I carried him to Laura. He put his arms about my neck, gave me a kiss, and went to Laura and to bed without a murmur. Which shows that he is a very good boy, also that he feels tired when bedtime comes, and is glad to go to rest.

Sister Edith was weighed today, and brought down the scales at seventeen and a half—which shows she has recovered the pound she lost, with some addition. I must have Butler weighed tomorrow. All these little details I give you, Love, because there is nothing else for me to tell you that I think would amuse you, as much. Good night, BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *July* 26, 1873

DEAR DEL: Saturday morning Katie, Percy, Butler and I went in bathing. We jumped off of the large rocks below the flagstaff, the water being nearly up to my neck. I took Butler in my arms, intending to wade around a little, but the water was too cold to please him, so he sat on the rocks with Laura and watched us swimming and paddling about, now and then getting a good sprinkling for his pains. Just before I came out of the water I rowed French's little dory into the shallows where it would just float, fastened the anchor securely among the stones, took Laura and Butler in, and left them, Laura trying to pole the boat, and Butler so much pleased and occupied that he did not notice my departure. He is finely tanned, as you can imagine, and has a glorious appetite. As I prepare all his meals, and he usually returns for "more, more" I know his condition very thoroughly.

The rest of the day we occupied in reading, singing, and talking—and at sunset a great bank of clouds filled the western sky, which annoyed Katie and myself not a little, for we had a little project to put into execution and did not care to have it too dark. About half past nine, if you had been lingering near the flagstaff, you would have seen two grey figures picking their way along towards the rocks through the darkness, and four or five colored girls following. Katie and I had determined to try the water boy-fashion, without bathing suits, and of course night had to be our covering. When we reached the shore the waves looked black enough, but were filled with sparkling phosphoresence. We put our feet in first to try the temperature—it was cold, but the determination not to be baffled was strong, and off came the grey flannel drawers and shirts and into the frightful-looking water we rolled. It was a lovely sight I know, for every movement lit up the waves about us as with heat lightning, and the sparkles fell from our arms and finger tips in showers of gold. The white flesh in this pale light had a soft indistinct gleam like pearls. The freedom from all restraint was delightful, but having bathed once before, we did not dare to remain but a moment. The colored girls acted as sentinels, to guard against all comers. Perhaps you will think this was a mad freak for a wife three years married, but I am perfectly well, Sweetheart, in fine spirits, and do not feel any older or more settled than I did three years ago. Are there many wives, think you, who could say as much? Next to a kind Providence, I have you to thank for it, Del. Continued frets and annoyances are what wear out mind and body. Of these I have had none. Are there many as fortunate?

Sunday morning I was so well after my bath that the idea of being sick seemed impossible. So when Father proposed a sail I accepted the invitation without a misgiving. We started directly after dinner, about half past two. The Frenches, numbered eight or nine, Clanceys three, Runnels three, and our party about seven, including Mary and the baby. I did not take Butler for two or three reasons. First I feared he might be sick—then as I always think of the danger, without apprehending any, it seemed better that Butler should be left you, if the baby and I were drowned.—A strange thing to take into consideration you will say. I have a great aversion to risking all. If you had been here to go there would have been no misgiving, for we should have been literally "in the same boat." I pictured it all in my mind, and thought I heard you say "if she had only left my boy."

I was rejoiced before the day was over that I did not take him—only on account of the discomfort, however—not from any danger. The breeze had nearly died out, as usual, when we set sail, but as the yacht moves with only a breath we were twelve or fifteen miles over the bay before we realized it, and in the midst of a thunderstorm. Our crew numbering twenty men or more, all good sailors no doubt, were entirely without order, and did not know where to find the different ropes, or how to hoist or lower the sails. For instance, in pushing up the top-sail, they had pulled it half way up, and had to lower it again, because they had been trying to raise it on the wrong side of the mainsail. I acknowledge great ignorance in such matters, but it seems to me it was a good deal like what it would be for a housekeeper to put down a carpet wrong side up. Am I wrong? However that may be, Marchant, who acted as captain, did not dare to put on all sail. He said it would be easy enough to get the sails up, but another thing to get them down with that "crew." Just before the rain came on us, we lay becalmed, and the long swell was frightful. Percy brought the puppy, although I had told him not, and the poor little animal was the first to be seasick, and next Mary gave up. Kate and I felt miserably, but we kept out of the cabin until the breeze struck us, and thus escaped the final misery. Col. French suffered about the same, and we three remained in the pouring rain long after all the rest had gone below. As soon as there was wind enough the boat went through the waves so steadily that in the cabin when she was going at the rate of twelve knots an hour we could not feel that she was moving.

It had ceased raining by the time we reached home at eight o'clock. "The little man" was waiting on the piazza for us. He sat in my lap and talked to me a little about the "boat away off" and I rocked and sang to him until he was nearly asleep, then took him to Laura. He said "Bye-bye Mum" a little sorrowfully, but did not make any further remonstrance, and went with Laura for his glass of milk and bed. I would have gone up with him, but knew that he would be unhappy if I did not do it tomorrow night, and so concluded I had better not break up his regular habit.

Now, Sweetheart, I have written you a long letter. I hope you "will not weary of it." It is not half long enough to tell you all I wish, or how much I think about you, or how much love I send you. Good night, BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *July* 28, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have had three letters from you today. The last date being July 24th at Corinth. I felt ashamed and sorry when I found that you had remembered to note the anniversary of our marriage, while I had allowed it to slip by in forgetfulness. Perhaps it is some excuse for me that except to notice the date of your letters I pay little attention to such matters, rarely seeing a newspaper and quite frequently heading my own letters a day or two out of the proper time. I am not willing, you see, to allow that you are more attentive or loving than I, and consequently remembered when I did not. I do not believe such to be the case, and you must find some other reason why your memory served you better than mine did me.

Butler was weighed today, and has regained the two pounds that he lost, with some additional. He tips the balance at thirty-one pounds. From this you may judge that I was correct in pronouncing him perfectly well. Father brought home Saturday night a fine basket of grapes which someone had given him, and Butler has been luxuriating ever since. Father filled his hands full several times Sunday morning at breakfast, until I said "he has had enough. No more, Butler, till dinner." He came to my end of the table when I spoke, and shaking his head gravely said "tick, Mum, tick," meaning that more would make him sick. Then he ate his breakfast of brown bread and fish-balls apparently perfectly content. I think he was pretty bright to say "sick" for none of us had used the word. He was good, too, not to tease for more, for he is very fond of them. While Father was pulling them off the large bunches—Butler's eyes would dance—his hands and feet kept going, and he would draw his little body up until he stood on tiptoe with excitement. I don't know that I have ever seen a face so full of expectation and delight. This was after he had tasted one or two and found out they were good. We shall have to give him grapes whenever it is possible. If you ask him his name he answers "But" and refuses to put the -ler to it. What is it that smells so, Butler?—"kunk, kunk" is the answer. I allow him now to drink out of a silver goblet by himself. He can hold it nicely—and feels very large. We have to watch closely, however, for when he has satisfied thirst and thinks no one is looking he turns what remains on the floor. Father was quite amused today to see him, after drinking a little, look down at his sacque, and brush away some imaginary drops, with his little sunburned hand. He is a very amusing boy, and grows more so day by day.

Mother and Paul returned about one o'clock. They left Ben in good spirits, although he says if he had known how it would be he should never have gone, still he will do his best, and try to get a leave Christmas. Gen'l. Michie told Mother that he made a very nice little soldier, and all liked him. Mother does not think that the Cadets get enough to eat. They have meat but once a day, and corn beef two or three times a week. The corn beef and butter are so poor that but few of the cadets eat them at all. She has spoken to Ben of a plan by which he can have as much milk and bread as he wants daily, and, when he wishes, a beef steak or chicken.

It is late and I must say good night. Love from your babies and wife,
BLANCHE

WEST POINT, MISS., *July* 29, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Sunday I wrote you from Aberdeen—yesterday we went to Okolona where we had in the afternoon a very interesting discussion between our party and Powers. The result was the same as that at Aberdeen. We will have Chickasaw Co. At two o'clock this morning we left Okolona on a freight train and arrived here at half past five, sleepy and tired. When I got on the train, my bed from that time till we reached this place was the floor of the car, with a coat for a pillow. I was shaken a good deal, but not enough to keep me awake. Today at twelve, speaking to a very large number of Republicans began. I was introduced at first, and after a few remarks gave way to hours of talk by friends—and have just had dinner.—In my room now there are about a dozen men, all chatting. The day has been a success— All goes well.

Tonight in a couple of hours I will leave for Columbus, where we were last Friday. We have a little more work to do there with one man. Then we will go to Meridian to work, then come back on the road to Macon, which is Powers' Co., to oppose instruction to the delegates from his Co. of whom I spoke the other day.

My health is good, and I am enjoying myself. You see I am very busy. What I miss most is your letters—I will telegraph to have them sent me at Meridian, where I will be day after tomorrow. I send you, dear Wife, and to our babies much love.
ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 29, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have not heard a word from Northfield in regard to "shallow water." I am anxious to hear the result of their experiment. Have you had any letters from there?

All here is just the same as it has been. Paul, Kinsman and Percy are busy about the yacht, and a small wharf they are trying to construct from the rocks below the flagstaff, so that the rowboats can come there at low tide. Butler wanders about as free and merry as a bird, sometimes hunting blackberries by the rocks, then throwing stones at the puppy; or if any carriage has gone to Gloucester or Lanesville, he wanders down the road for a ride back, which is extended to a drive around the Avenue, and this is quite as much of one thing as he desires.

The plans for the house in Washington were sent here a day or two ago. They are much the same as those you drew, only in perfect proportion for building. Mrs. Evans, the old woman, has backed out now, and will not take sixteen thousand for her house. Father should have had the deeds made out when he was there, and so closed the bargain. He will go on with the other two, and trouble himself no more about hers at present.

Your daughter Edith has a very happy disposition. All say that they have never seen a baby laugh as much. She evidently knows nothing of the depressed days of last June. I should judge her to be more merry that Butler. You know he is inclined to be silent and preoccupied. His complexion is exactly like yours. He burns only for a day—then turns brown as a berry. I hear him now just waking from his nap. I will go to him. Love, Del—from babies and BLANCHE

COLUMBUS, MISS., *July* 30, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: We arrived here at about ten o'clock last night—got to bed at midnight, and had a good night's rest. We had breakfast this morning at nine, and then started out on the warpath.——Here I was interrupted. I have just come to my room at the hotel to get ready to leave by the train an hour hence. I do not think there will be any doubt about this county. Let me tell you some of the compliments your husband is receiving. Democrats have said to men who have brought it to me, that "Gen. Ames didn't look like such a bad man after all." This, upon seeing me for the first time. The Negroes tell me they "will go for me." "One sight of your face convinces us." "Youse de man." You would be amused to hear them express their satisfaction at seeing me, and their purpose of supporting me.

I am busy, as my letters show. My diet is not the best, nor are my meals very regular. My looking glass shows I am losing flesh a little. But we will fat up when these laboring times are over.

Love, for you dear Wife, and for our babies.

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 30, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your letter from Columbus reached me this morning. I rejoice every time I hear from you that you continue in such good spirits, and health. That is, I take it for granted you are well, as you say nothing to the contrary, knowing that you would not try to deceive your wife in anything. Speaking of health, I was weighed yesterday and it took one hundred and thirty-nine pounds of ballast to tip the balance. From this you may judge that I am in fair condition. How absurd! In reading over the last sentence I find I have written ballast where I meant to put iron. It expresses my meaning, however, and I think I will not change it.

Father was in Lowell yesterday and brought the news that Aunt Nina had had her knee operated upon by Doctors Spaulding and Greene, neither of them surgeons, and would have to keep perfectly still for a long time. I don't know as I have written you that she has been walking lamely for nearly three months. In one of her housecleaning freaks, she kicked at something, a barrel I think, and her foot did not pain her at all at the time, but the next morning she could not get her heel to the floor, it caused her so much pain. After great doctoring and rubbing it improved a little, and in another housecleaning freak she mounted a ladder, and in an unwary moment stepped back when she was two rounds from the floor, and wrenched her knee again. Since then it has grown no better. She undertook the operation, however, without consulting anybody, that is, any member of the family, and we do not yet know what was done, or why it was necessary. Mother is going up in a day or two.

We have just returned from a walk on the Island, where the tent is pitched for the clambake tomorrow. Two hundred members of the old Eight Regiment are to take a ride around the cape, and Father has invited them to a chowder and some clams. They are not more than half prepared for them. The direction and commissariat is undertaken by the steward of the yacht. Eighty pounds of fish, eight bushels of clams—all that could be procured on the Cape, but not more than half enough—six hams, thirty or forty gallons of coffee, a huge cheese, fifteen dozen rolls, hard-tack, a lot of watermelons, are all that I can remember. A monster tent is pitched in the center of the Island, and the oven is all ready for the clams.

Mother had a letter from Harry Reade this morning.—He seems in good spirits, and says he is almost a teetotaller. He sends his regards to you and Father, also his thanks for the influence used in procuring his commission. I sincerely hope he will be steady now.

I was much puzzled when *The Isles of Shoals* came in the mail, for it was directed to Mrs. *Blanche* Ames, and I hardly suspected my Love of that. I thought over all of my discarded lovers—looked in my music book to see if I could recognize the handwriting, but came to no satisfactory conclusion until your letter explained the mystery.

Good night and good-bye, love from

Mrs. Adelbert Ames

Meridan, Miss., *July* 31, 1873

Dear Blanche: This morning before breakfast I had the pleasure of reading five letters from you which came last night from Jackson in obedience to my telegram of yesterday. I rejoice to know that you and our babies were well and happy. I have had time to read them but once— I shall read them a number of times within a day or two. I enjoy the pictures you give me of your daily life, and the little incidents connected with the boy and girl. I am beginning to resent your silence on the "girl"—I think I ought to have more frequently some word from her, though as yet I know the boy more intimately.

It is now half past twelve at night, and at two we will start on the train for Macon up towards Columbus. Macon is in Powers' county; and in support of a friend of mine there we will, tomorrow, beard the lion(?) in his den. We will reach Macon about five o'clock in the morning. Today we have been working. This evening we had a meeting and I made a half hour's speech—entirely impersonal. I think it a good effort. Our work and the speeches made carry conviction—I think the *cause* the most powerful of the forces we employ.

I enclose two letters from Frank. You will see our idea is already a success. I have directed Frank to consult Father and John and carry the experiment to Erie Canal. I believe it will meet every expectation.

Tomorrow night I will go to Jackson, I think. I send you love,—pet the children for me. Adelbert

Bay View, *August* 1, 1873

Dear Del: Do you groan when you open the envelope and find one of these large sheets of paper? You have to travel over a great deal of space and obtain very little of interest or information. I can only tell you the same old story. This has been quite a pleasant day. Warm, with the sky slightly overcast, so as to make the light very agreeable for the eyes. I have done but little—except cutting out and sewing for Edith and a little reading.

Most of the time has been spent watching the clam-bakers by means of the telescope. They came about one o'clock in three or four large wagons and as many carriages. They had had some refreshment in the way of drink at Pigeon Cove, and several were unsteady on their feet in consequence. Father had coffee only for them, which gave some chance for improvement in their condition before they went away. The chowder was excellent and the same might be said of the clams. I believe the entertainment was a success in all respects, and everything was in readiness when they arrived, although I had my doubts last night, and feared such would not be the case.

We had some chowder for dinner. Butler sat on my knee, and ate a little, apparently liking it very well. All at once I saw him gag and his face flush, and was frightened, thinking he might have a bone in his throat, although I had looked closely for anything of the kind. It was not a bone, however. Before I could get him some water he was sick, and not a mouthful of chowder was left to trouble him. Of course I did not allow him to eat any more dinner. He seemed quite well in a few moments, and has shown no symptoms of illness since. I gave him a very little weak tea at dessert to settle his stomach. Dr. Spaulding recommended it when he was sick in Lowell. I think the ill turn rather strange. He did not feel badly more than three or four minutes.

I told Father what you thought of your prospects in Mississippi, that you had no doubt of success. He said "tell the General that I cannot write him as much, but when I begin to fight some wool will fly." He has written an excellent letter on the salary question. I will send it as soon as published.

Enclosed you will find Ham's report. What a pity it is that flour could not have remained at eight-fifty a barrel.

Kinsman, Katie and Percy are still here. Capt. Pearson is expected tomorrow, and a sail is planned for Sunday. I think it doubtful if it takes place—for the yacht is being painted and will not be fully dry. However that may be, it is nothing to me. Nothing shall induce me to try sailing again (at present).

This evening while playing on the piazza Butler went up to Father and received a tap on his head from his grandfather's cane. He at once picked up a stone to retaliate, but Father looked at him so sternly that he concluded not to throw it, but gave it a toss in the opposite direction, and came running to me saying "Mum—Gam ya-ya hit head" and rubbed the back of his head sorrowfully.—I kissed it for him and he went away content.

He talks a good deal now, trying to say about all he hears. He is quite determined that I shall pay proper attention to his remarks. If I do not answer, he will repeat Mum, Mum, Mum, until I am obliged to listen, and say "What is it, Sweetheart?" Good night, Love from your babies and wife. BLANCHE

MACON, MISS., *August* 2, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: We did not get away from this city last night as we expected, but will go in a few minutes—to arrive at Jackson tomorrow morning.—I am talking and writing at the same time.

Yesterday Powers' friends cheated us of our audience by posting men on the roads to turn the people back who were coming to hear us. Today I made a few remarks—and was followed by Gibbs and Wells. We did not get a chance to speak long, and as this is Powers' home we did not capture the convention as we would under a little different situation. The 'bus comes to take us to the depot. Love, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 3, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday afternoon, and the rain is falling steadily. We, consisting of Mother, Katie, Col. Kinsman, and myself, are happy that we did not accept an invitation to go fishing. Father, Capt. Pearson, Percy and Paul have gone in the "Blanche" off Halibut Point. The "America" has been repainted, and is not quite dry. I wish, Sweetheart, you could be here to enjoy the sailing and cool breezes. The newspapers report cholera in various parts of the country. I have not seen any mention of Mississippi, and pray that it may not return there. The summer is almost over—that is, there is only a month remaining. Not time enough for an epidemic to sweep through the country. So far we have had no warm weather. Only two or three days, and those have all ended in thunder showers.

Edith is just cutting her teeth, and is very cross in consequence. I can feel a little sharp edge in the lower jaw, but those that annoy her are not as far advanced. She has not done as well as Butler. He had three or four teeth at her age. Don't say "I told you so, girls are never as wise as boys." My daughter is as good as any boy that ever existed. It would amuse you to see her watch Butler. She has begun to think him perfection already, and he is growing more fond of her. Mary made believe giving her a whipping the other day. Butler was standing near, and sprang at Mary, pounding her with all his might. So you see he is ready to defend his sister against any ill treatment but his own. Both children are very brown. I am not at all proud of their complexions. They seem perfectly well. Butler, as I wrote you, had that little sick turn the other day, apparently from eating chowder. That was all of it, he has been in perfect condition ever since. Certainly we are fortunate in having a place where they can be as comfortable and well cared for as they are here.

I suppose you are at Bay St. Louis. I fear you do not find it very invigorating. I am expecting your Father any day, and am sorry your Mother cannot come with him.

Have you any idea when you can come North, Sweetheart, or is it impossible to make any plans for the future? I should like a glimpse of your bonnie face, Del. When you come, do not expect too much of the children. I fear you were disappointed with Butler. He was not as much of a companion as you had imagined he would be. Always remember that he is but a baby.

This is a badly written letter, and a stupid one. Still it should content you to know that I love you and think of you always.

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 4, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: My heart was gladdened by letters from you this morning on my arrival here. All you say of your sailing, bathing, and the children is of the deepest interest to me. The pictures you paint of your daily life are the sweetest and most beautiful ones the pen or brush are capable of. I have read your letters more than once already to catch your lines and coloring anew, and to fill in with a thousand details of my own. I could without an effort relinquish ambition for my family and home life. This I say in the hey day of success —I presume I could as easily say it when doubt and trouble were upon me.

I note what you say in explanation of your forgetfulness of the anniversary of our wedding day. I am sorry for you! Don't you wish you had a better reason? As I understand you, while you are apt in the languages, etc. you fail in the "Almanac"; and as I am good in mathematics you will have it I can remember dates better than you! Well, I expect you are right. You forget the wedding day because you love me, and I remember it because—well, because I—love—you. Is that it? I like to have a good stock of credit on hand, and surely you will allow you are in debt to me in this. I fear I would break your bank to draw all you owe. Or do you think the accounts would be about square?! Do not fear, I will not draw.

My health is excellent. I dismissed forces yesterday after our raid in the eastern part of the state and came here to look up some new battlefield. But I do not find any foe worthy the steel we have been wielding during the past two weeks. I shall stay here for a few days, at least. On Friday my friends in this city beat Powers' friends so badly that no one cared to shout for him. I was unanimously endorsed. I had not spent a cent while Powers had scattered money broadcast. Exactly how this county will go I do not know. I hope to get it. It is the place where the Gov. has all the officials working for him.

I send you letters from Northfield. You will see they are more sanguine. I have sent instructions for stopping the boat and turning it.

I send love to you all. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *Aug.* 5, 1873

DEAR DEL: Early yesterday morning Father, Col. Kinsman, Capt. Pearson, Paul, and Percy set sail for the Isles of Shoals in the "America." They had a good breeze at starting, but it died away rapidly and they floated in full sight for many hours. The afternoon was more favorable, and they turned their course to Rye Beach to call on Sec. Robeson.

Mother went to Lowell at noon to see about saving cucumbers for pickles, and give directions to the men. Aunt Nina still is lame and no one is able to keep her quiet, so that it is not improbable she may never recover the use of her limb. She has not a particle of patience in her composition. The doctors have told her to keep perfectly quiet.

Edith was weighed, and has gained another pound. She is a glorious baby.

The sailing party returned last night after twelve o'clock. They had a beautiful moonlight night for their trip—but failed in seeing Robeson. He was not at home.

This morning at half past six Father and Capt. P. went to Boston. I did not get up to see them off. It was so very early and bed so comfortable. I turned over after the children woke and were dressed, closed my eyes, and slept till quarter past nine. Katie and I took a bath last evening, which may account for the great heaviness.

You write that when the colored people see you, all their doubts vanish and they enroll themselves under your banner at once. I can easily understand this, Sweetheart,—for I have had the same experience, and after a few weeks was ready to elect my Governor not for four years only, but for life. Isn't that said as it should be? Rather humble, however, for one who did not take a vow "to obey."

Yesterday's Boston *Herald* speaks of a proposed new state—which will be formed of eighteen counties from Mississippi, nineteen from Kentucky, and seven from Tennessee. How is this? Is Mississippi ready to give up her territory, or is it proper she should? I don't know but there may be many precedents for such an action—but it seems wrong. At times of election I should suppose combinations and arrangements might be entered into which would have very much the same effect upon the Presidential election that the redistricting of a state would on a Senatorial. I must ask Father when he returns. At any rate, I have a great objection to my adopted state giving up any of her territory.

Love, do not laugh at your Wife, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 5, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I enclose you John's letter. I have just finished an eight page letter in reply. I think I answer all his objections and advise him what to do—which if successfully done will end all doubt—and to do which will be far more easy and simple than the step already taken. I have simplified the idea of yesterday, inasmuch as I advise a horizontal crank rather than a horizontal circle. With my own letters and those from Northfield which I am sending you, you must be getting a surfeit of "shallow waters."

Politically all goes well, I imagine, as nothing but good reports come to me. This county convention in session yesterday at Raymond did not complete its business. It met again this morning, but we have had no report from there today. It is now afternoon and I am taking advantage of a few leisure moments when free from visitors. Before I go to bed we will have news of all that was done. I still feel perfectly easy and confident. If I am beaten, it will be by money. Reports from other parts of the state are perfectly satisfactory. Our opponents, especially the Democrats, have raised a bugaboo in this guise. Ben Butler, Ames' father-in-law, has eight millions of repudiated Mississippi bonds—Ames is to be the instrument by which they are to be paid—Butler is running for Gov. of Mass. Ames for Miss. Butler is to be President, Ames Vice-President, of the U.S. and—and the deuce will be to pay!

What horrible relatives you have! It is apparent our enemies are hard pushed when they resort to such an argument to arouse hostility to us. Desperation at almost certain defeat by me is the cause. When will the convention in Mass. be held?

I have done nothing today but chat. I have done no particular work—and while I have been on the point of "pitching into" my correspondence half a dozen times, I have as yet done nothing but write to John and you.

It is midnight and I have time for but one word. The convention of this county endorsed me unanimously today, although Powers' friends used money and every other means to prevent it—not excepting whiskey. Congressman McKee tried to make a Powers speech, and although he has been a leader in this Co. they cried him down and would not listen.

I would like to see you very much—I am getting homesick.

Love, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 5, 1873

DEAR DEL: I received your letter yesterday containing two from Frank. I am delighted with the result of your (his) experiment, and suppose by this time you have heard your Father's and John's opinion. Your Father, I know, is feeling very poor at present, flour has been so low, and will dread to go to the expense of fitting up a canal boat on the Erie canal. How much do you think will be required? You have quite a number of irons in the fire Del.—It would not be wonderful if some of them come near melting, and yet all must be kept hot. Frank seems perfectly satisfied with his work. If the foot were properly made, a storage bottom ought not to interfere, unless it was ledge. Your experiment will be successful without doubt. Now the question is about the price. Don't you feel that you are undertaking many things, viz, to be a statesman, inventor, and miller all at the same time?

I am glad you have inquired about your daughter Edith. I do not intend to tell you much about her, only as regards her health, etc. but leave her almost entirely to your imagination. You were so much disappointed with Butler that I shall be careful that it may not happen again. Each day Butler adds numbers of words to his vocabulary. He is learning to talk wonderfully fast. Everybody is fond of him, and no one can regard him as a nuisance. On the contrary, he is an ornament and great attraction in the house. The other day he set up a great noise about something which did not please him. Father took him up and told him to stop, which he did at once, but his little soul was full of resentment and he would not go near Father for two or three hours. It seemed to trouble Father, and after one or two ineffectual attempts at reconciliation he bethought himself of the hot-house grapes, armed himself with a bunch, called the boy's attention to them and led the way to a sofa. Butler followed, climbed up, seated himself beside of Father, and looking up into his face with a smile, helped himself to grapes. Father was happy and felt that he held the trump card.—So you see, everyone desires to be in his good graces. Love from your boy and BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 7, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Another day, just such a one as yesterday and the day before, has passed. Judging from the number of my visitors I must be "the coming man." I have not been alone a single moment today. All said at the continual interview is but talk—talk. But this, I suppose is the case with everybody in a similar situation. Good news continues to come in. An additional county has instructed for me. I have forgotten whether I told you that Adams County had instructed for me and that French had been nominated to the House of Representatives—his old place. I think I told you this in my yesterday's letter. French telegraphs to a friend here that he will leave Natchez in a few days, if Mrs. F. is well enough to travel. This shows she is sick—or else it is an excuse he manufactures for not meeting an engagement he had made. At any rate, it shows that Mrs. F. is still there, and may remain there some time longer. Our convention will meet in twenty days, and as the time is so short they may decide to remain here till then—in which case they will not go North at all. I am sorry for Mrs. F.

I was amused at your description of your efforts at being weighed. First; it was one hundred and thirty-nine (or ninety-three) pounds of ballast to meet your weight, then the same number of pounds of iron. Why did you not get weighed on a modern scale—by one of Fairbanks? A few pounds of iron, five or ten, would have been sufficient. With all due respect, permit me to say I do not think a load of hay would require so much ballast. I am not certain that I am showing my usual discretion in the above—for I hear so many persons abused—so many persons are running for office and seek a favorable word from me that I am kept in constant guard over my tongue.

—I am growing discreet and reticent as to *individuals*, the above remarks being the first exception.

I am glad to get your letters with their sweet little pictures of the daily life of my wife and children. I see you are well and happy, and rejoice to see it. I send you love—for you and our babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 8, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your letter from Jackson August 4th I have just read, and in it you accuse me of certain remarks of which I have not the faintest recollection. When did I ever write that I was "apt in language, but failed in the Almanac"? My thought was that though I failed in remembering dates, I did not fail in love, and that it was an indifferent memory rather than an indifferent heart which caused me to allow *our anniversary* to pass un-noticed. You have my forgiveness, however, for your misstatement. The tone of your letter would indicate that you were well, and in good spirits when you wrote. There is a tendency towards making fun of your wife, which I have never noticed when you have been a "little depressed." As for squaring accounts, I should not have the least hesitation, knowing well the balance would be on my side. But I have no desire to do so. My love is like Charity, it is bestowed without expectation of an equivalent. I am happy when you give me yours, but do not feel under obligation.

After the 20th of Aug. can you not come North for a little? Will it be necessary for you to make speeches in your own behalf? If possible, you should come by way of Northfield and Fort Atkinson. I am sure you could do a great deal of good in both places. How glad I shall be to see you,—and the boy will be so happy that I expect he will behave like a little imp, tho' he is as good a child as I care to have. Edith will be ready to say goodbye to her long dresses. In a month from this time she will be learning to creep.

Butler has just come up to the table and says "nink, nink." I am writing in the office and he has mounted the great arm chair, and leans on the table. His little face is bright pink, for he has been down on the sand for about half an hour, and the sun is very bright. He is so tanned that his hair looks almost yellow by contrast, and to judge of Edith's age by her complexion one would say she was three weeks old.

I have read the newspaper slips in regard to canal navigation, and like your Father I think your undertaking a hard one.

Still I have great faith in your capacity for overcoming obstacles, and am sanguine of success. Are you not glad that you had no money to spend in politics? Seeing Powers do so much you might have been tempted. I suppose there are plenty of legitimate ways of using money if one is inclined, are there not? Dishonestly, of course you would not, but honestly you might be tempted if you had the wherewithal. Blessed are they that have nothing, there is so much for them to labor for.

Good bye for another day. Love from your family.

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 6, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is very late—even after midnight—so it is the 7th—but there is a crowd in my room who are waiting for the three o'clock up train and have proposed to keep me company till then. As I did not get to bed till about two o'clock last night I am very sleepy. I would like much to go to bed but my good nature—or affability—keeps me out of bed and at work on my eyes to keep them open. You see, I deserve the reputation of being good natured.

This morning I had a telegram from Capt. French at Natchez, saying Adams county had instructed for me, and that he had been re-nominated for the legislature.

I send you a *Pilot* Extra that you may see what is being done. Hinds county is this county—the one in which this city lies.

I will not write more at this time. I only write a word that the daily letter may reach you.

I am glad to know you are enjoying such good health and are so happy. We have everything to be thankful for—and to make us happy and grateful.

You must kiss our beautiful children for me. Do not let our boy forget me.

I send you love

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 7, 1873

DEAR DEL: I enclose two letters, one from Ham. There was no report this week. Ham has not answered my letter asking for missing reports. Perhaps he has not received it, or it may be that he has not kept any record of the business—though it is hardly likely.

Everything here remains as usual. Mother returned yesterday and brings word that Aunt Nina did not have any cutting done about her knee, but the doctors put her under the influence of ether for an hour, and forcibly pulled her leg straight. While all the cords and muscles were relaxed in unconsciousness the leg remained straight, but the instant she regained her senses it resumed its old position, with the additional trouble that the great pulling and straining to which it had been subjected caused it to swell enormously and gave her great pain. They applied leeches. Altogether she is not in as good condition as she was before they practiced upon her. The ether made her sick, and the leg is worse. She will do nothing to it now for a month or more.

A storm is brewing, and Butler is rather cross. This morning he insisted upon getting up before Laura was ready for him, then when she said "Come Butler, get dressed" he had climbed into bed again and laying his head down on the pillow said "no, tick," meaning that he felt sick. His next performance was to throw both of the baby's shoes and the seat of the baby's chair at my head. The shoes hit me as I lay in bed—but I dodged the chair and gave young hopeful a spanking. I had already exhausted all my persuasive powers, and had threatened him. Of course the threat had to be carried into execution. He took it quietly enough, and after lying on the floor for a few moments thinking about it, he came to kiss me, and snuggle into bed beside of me. He was quite good until after breakfast, when he insisted upon putting his head in Edith's lap. Of course she stuck her little hands in his hair and pulled. This he considered sufficient reason why he should slap her hands, and head. Having punished her as much as he thought sufficient in spite of the expostulation of the whole family, he would put his head in her lap again, probably to see if she remembered the lesson he had been teaching her. To end it we had to separate them. What do you think of your *Boy* now? Love and good-bye until tomorrow. BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 10, 1873

DEAR DEL: The gentlemen have all gone sailing to the Isles of Shoals, and possibly to Portsmouth—for the yacht was going in that direction as we caught the last glimpse of her through the telescope. The party consists of Capt. Pearson, Mr. Richard Fay, Col. Thompson, Col. French and his brother, Father and Paul. It is a beautiful day and a fine breeze. I wish you were here to enjoy it.

Butler is quite cross, and when things do not suit him he strikes, bites, and pinches anyone whom he thinks offending. I am so anxious that he may be a well-behaved boy that the last backsliding troubles me not a little. I suppose I am expecting too much. Last evening at supper he made so much noise that we could hardly hear ouselves speak, and Laura had to get him out of the room as soon as possible. He was enticed out of course with bribes, for I well knew he would raise the neighborhood if he was carried off against his will. He is not afraid of anybody or anything, not even his Grandfather.—I think he has more awe of me, for I am the only person who has ever punished him, and he knows full well when he has me at disadvantage. If he feels good-natured he will do anything that is required, but when cross he is truly terrible. He was not cross last night, however, he was only a little excited, and inclined to frolic, and scream.

Edith has another tooth. I can hardly realize that she is so big and old a baby. The happiest, lightest hearted of children. I trust she will get on well with her teeth.

The mortality in Lowell, especially among children, is fearful. Fifty deaths a week, when the usual average is only seven. I shall not hurry away from here, even if it grows quite cold, unless there is a change for the better.

Father's letter is published. I asked him for a copy to send to you, and he said "I will send the Gen'l. one myself," speaking so decidedly that I thought he might have some fancy in the matter and will wait a day or so to see if he remembers it. Your Father is evidently well pleased with your boat, and inclined to think it will succeed, or he would never commit himself so far as to say he "will go to New York to attend to your business" if you desire. This gives me great hopes, for I think him cautious, and inclined to see all the obstacles and rather more than exist. Your last plan for stopping and steering seems to me very simple and effective. I have not had an opportunity to ask Father about it, as I only saw him alone for a few moments last evening.

In ten days more, Love, the result of your labors this summer will be made certain. I hope you will not have endured the heat and annoyance you must have suffered for nothing. For myself I feel that I have been of no use to you, that I left you to fight alone. Still, I could not help it, and the children are of more consequence than the Governorship.

Love from babies and wife, BLANCHE

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *August* 10, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Again I write you from Col. Parker's house on Felicity St. I am in the front chamber with the windows open, through which a cool breeze is blowing. We reached the city at ten this forenoon. I took the street cars and came to the house.

The gentlemen are downtown, but Mrs. Carter is here, and I have just had a chat about army matters with her. She rather bewails the harsh fate which separates her from her husband, and makes his duties so severe.

I condoled with her on the separation, but I "gave her a talking to" on her husband's professional troubles. His troubles are only those of the average army officer.

I did not see the Frenches in Vicksburg, as the steamboat did not arrive till after the train took us back to Jackson. I had but a few hours in the city, saw only a few gentlemen, took dinner at the restaurant where you dined, and then took my departure.

While there I learned that Lincoln County, which is on the New Orleans R.R. the second below Jackson, instructed its delegates to vote for me at the state convention. When I reached Jackson I learned that Copiah county, the one next below the county in which Jackson lies, between Hinds and Lincoln, also instructed for me. I had not counted on Copiah.

Thus you see I am getting a stronger support than I had expected. The Democracy concede my nomination and many of Powers friends, though he and a very few are continuing to struggle, yet with fainting hearts. That which concerns me most now is my speech on my nomination! Do you smile? I really expect to make an impressive speech on the occasion. It will be simple, plain, direct, and devoid of figures—as are all my efforts.

I am glad to get away from Jackson for various reasons—by no means the least of which is that certain aspirants not very strong in themselves, were seeking to build up on me, which they could do only by somewhat misrepresenting me, and so I run away, not to be misrepresented.

By the time this reaches you this month will be half gone—cool weather will be upon you—and in a couple of weeks thereafter you will be moving again inland. What then are you to do? What to advise you to do, come or stay, I cannot now decide upon. Stay, of course, for the present—stay, till we can both agree as to what will be for the best; and I more than half suspect I shall think that for the best which you decide upon.

I think of you all the time—I loiter over this letter with pleasure, talking to you and seeing you and our babies in the mind's eye—to you I send that which is never old—tho' the words are the same as I use day by day—love, ADELBERT

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 11, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I came out here with Capt. Raymond of the *Pilot* and Mrs. Pease and her child. Mrs. P. was spending the summer here with her child, a girl, five years old—but about three weeks since a pet dog bit the child, when showing signs of madness. Her husband, who was with us in east Miss., posted off and took the child and his wife to Holly Springs to try a "mad stone" said to be infallible. Both Capt. and Mrs. P. believe the dog was mad, and both believe the stone effected a cure. Singular, is it not? I will not now repeat Capt. P's description of the stone's action. I will only say that he thinks it affected the child's whole system, acting especially on the bowels.

Riding out on the cars yesterday afternoon I watched for alligators in the water in the excavations by the track. I saw a half dozen or so. Just before reaching this station we passed Montgomery station and saw the ground on which Cooley and Rhett fought a duel a month ago, in which Cooley was killed.

Everybody lives on oysters and fish here. Such, at least, has been my diet last night at supper and this morning at breakfast.

There is to be a regatta today. The place is crowded. I occupied one of five beds in the same room last night. I have protested this morning, and will get one by myself today.

I send to my beautiful wife love, which she will share with our babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 12, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are all well. Edith weighs nineteen pounds. Her teeth do not seem to reduce her flesh. Butler was a very bad boy yesterday, deserving and receiving a whipping. It was rather a severe one. I wish it might be the last, but it had very little effect upon him. The quarrel was about getting dressed. He wanted to run about the room without his clothes, and when Laura took him up to dress him he screamed, bit, scratched, kicked and flung himself about so that she could do nothing with him. We tried argument, bribes and all kinds of devices, but they were of no avail. After I had spanked him and Laura was putting on his stockings, he felt so full of ugliness that he could not forbear, even at the risk of more punishment, giving little kicks and jerks to trouble her. When it came to washing his face and brushing his teeth he began another contest. It seemed to me that spanking was of no avail, so I took him in my arms, and he did not dare to kick and scratch, although he appealed to Laura to come to his rescue, washed him and brushed his hair. When all was finished that is done every morning, I put him down. I was perfectly gentle with him, but so firm that he knew he must submit, although he cried loudly. It took him a long time to get over his troubles. He climbed up on the bed, laid his head on the pillow, and seemed to be thinking over the situation. Laura tried to persuade him to go downstairs with her, but he declined, and remained on the bed until I was dressed. I talked to him, and told him I was sorry he was so naughty that I had to whip him. If he had been good and allowed Laura to dress him without a fuss he might have had a bunch of grapes and been down to see the boat or get a ride with Horace, instead of being spanked and lying on the bed crying. He seemed to understand the discourse, and first began to smile, finally got off of the bed, came and kissed me, then led the way into Mother's room saying "gapes, gapes, Mum." He had both hands filled, and was happy. Laura could not coax him away from my side that forenoon. He seemed more affectionate than usual, perhaps making amends for the morning's badness. His temper is like his Father's and I foresee that we shall have our hands full to govern him.

I trust you are not weary of this long story about so little. I write it because I should be interested in your place to hear the trifles and because I think you ought to understand that even if your boy is the best in the world, he is not superior to these little fights.

Your letters dated 6th and 7th came this morning. I should think from the papers, etc, which you send that your nomination is no longer a thing to question. It must be a certainty. Still we will not be so sure in regard to it, that a disappointment shall find us entirely unprepared. I accept your apology for your remarks concerning my description of my weight. I ought not to say that the tenor of your remarks surprised me, for it is the habit is it not, for men to show the ill temper, weariness, and viciousness to their wives which "*discretion*" prevents their exhibiting to those who are not *obliged* to put up with it? Now, Sweetheart, we are even, are we not? I feel so much better after writing the above that I will even condescend to ask how should I express myself? Would it be better to say I was weighed this morning, and weighed one hundred and thirty-nine pounds?

I drew on Carney yesterday for one hundred dollars. I owed some to Mother, and wages to the girls. Two hundred are due for articles Aunt Sue bought. I will pay that when I return to Lowell and learn from Carney how much he paid for the gold. Is your "bank broke" Del? I should suppose you must require a great deal for your movements, or is all that kind of thing done by your opponent? I mean feasting, drinking, etc. This is what we read of in English novels in regard to elections.

Enough for today. You agree with me, I have no doubt. Love from the children and BLANCHE

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday we had a boat race here, which proved quite interesting. We took our stand on board a revenue cutter which was lying at one of the piers. The Capt. of the cutter, by the way, was in command of the revenue cutter which took the Board of Managers of the Soldier's Home from the Kennebec and Boston steamer and brought them to Bay View last year. I find that U.S. officials are all old acquaintances in some way or other.

Just as the boats were to start a rain squall came up. The start was delayed, but two boats at different times tried to move about (under sail) and were capsized, but no one was drowned. Finally the boats which had met with no accident started. The contest was between a New York-built boat and a fleet of boats built here. The N.Y. boat took the lead and kept it for four or five miles, when she capsized in a squall—nobody hurt. The race was finally won by a boat built at this place.

This is my second day here, and I rather enjoy the quiet. The people are mainly from the south of Europe and French. You hear a foreign language spoken most everywhere. It is very unlike Mississippi. Down here on the coast they do not seem to care or even know much of Mississippi or any other kind of politics. In this particular it is more pleasant than up country where every Democrat looks upon you and treats you as an enemy.

The weather, save the heavy rain yesterday, has been very pleasant and comfortable. I begin to doubt your Aunt Maria's judgement as to the desirability of the "Coast" for a summer resort. You know, or at least I think I do, that she is disposed to let her troubles pass for their full value—never seeking to belittle them. To such a person no place can be particularly pleasant. Then, with her husband in the city and herself here against her will, the probabilities are that a rose color would rarely overspread anything. All this I say without the least expectation of ever asking you to come here.

Gov. Powers' sister is here, and we are on chatty terms, although it is a fact that she, and her two sisters in the state, "cut" my zealous supporters; not only that, but they would not visit Major Gibbs' wife who is now here, on the ground that he is a supporter of mine.

I send love to my dear wife and babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 13, 1873

DEAR DEL: The storm which we have been expecting so long is here, and the east wind sighs, and whistles about the windows most dolefully. The rain is much needed. Last Sunday while riding over towards Essex, we passed a pump, the handle of which was fastened down with a chain, and padlocked, showing water must be very scarce.

In Lowell it is very sickly, especially for children. Aunt Lauretta and Florence came down this afternoon, and report a great many fatal cases. I am glad the children can be here.

Butler is very fond of vegetables of all kinds, beans, peas, corn, beets, tomatoes, and squash. Since his recovery from the Lowell trip I have given him some each day, and they seem to agree with him perfectly. Mother says she never knew a child to like such things before, except green corn. Paul and Ben were very fond of that, but she could not allow them to eat it, it always disagreed with them.

As none of them seem to trouble Butler, I don't know why I should keep them from him, especially as he seems to crave that kind of food. Every day at dinner he wanders around the table until his eye rests upon corn, or beans, or peas. Then he calls "Mum, corn, bean, bean." Of course I limit him in quantity, otherwise he would make his meal entirely of one thing. His manners are not very good. He has learned a new word, and whenever I tell him to do anything he does not wish to do, or when anyone talks to him too much he says "hush, nah" (hush now) with as much emphasis as though he were driving oxen. It is very comical—one can hardly help laughing. He frequently asks me to sing, but when I attempt to give him any song but "dad, dad" he says "No, Mum, ting, ting," until I give him the same old tune.

Father went to Newburyport yesterday, and rode quite a distance with the President, who was on his way to Maine. Father wishes to see him on business.

Babcock was of the party, and desired Father to write you that Williams had recommended for United States Marshall some man opposed to you. Father had forgotten the name, but thought it might be Young. Babcock said that he had called the President's attention to it, and only some friend of yours will be appointed, that "it would be strange, indeed, if the supporters of the administration should not be considered in such matters." Babcock is your friend in camp. I wonder why Williams favored your enemy, or if he knew that he was doing so.

You write that you are getting tired. I hope you will be able to get away after the nomination. You will come home, I suppose, as thin as a shadow, and it will take you all winter to get into condition again. You must not look too slight, or people will think you are henpecked.

Good night. Love from your babies and Wife

Blanche

Shieldsboro, Miss., *August* 13, 1873

Dear Blanche: After writing you yesterday I started out to visit the Collector of Customs, a Mr. Lindsay, an appointee of mine. By the time I reached his office I had with me Capt. Raymond, Major Gibbs and one or two of the leading politicians of the place. Our visit over there, we went to the P.O. which is kept by a colored P.M. Then we went to a billiard table where we whiled away an hour or two. Then came dinner, and afterwards I took a long nap.

Before supper, just in the cool of the evening we walked down the shell road, along the shore, and made a call on Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Pease, both of whom occupy the same house. Then came supper. Then a chat with a Miss Strauss, a New Orleans belle. We are great friends. I think her Father is a Jew and her Mother a German—not a Jew. She is a Roman Catholic. The Mother speaks broken English, and is very stout—three hundred pounds or more—she don't stand around much—nor play croquet—she just eats and sleeps and sits. All that makes no difference with the daughter. You may remember having met a Capt. Cass at the hotel in Jackson. He was a federal officer during the war, and is now a federal office holder in Miss. Well, he is engaged to this Miss Strauss, and they are to be married next month. As he is a friend of mine, you may be able to see why the young lady, his fiancee, and I should be on good terms. I think Capt. C. is getting the best part of the bargain. She seems amiable and considerate, while I judge him to be morose, selfish and jealous. Even now I see he attempts to restrain and dictate to her. I wonder if I made any such attempts with you?

I have had visitors, and as I am going over to Pass Christian on the train which is due in a few minutes, must close. Love,

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 14, 1873

DEAR DEL: My letter today will be short, for I only write that you may know we are all well.

This afternoon we went to Bass Rocks to see the big waves driven by the northeast storm. It rained some, and I have probably taken cold, for my head aches quite badly. The waves were wonderfully grand, however. Enough to compensate for a slight trouble.

The yacht started out for Boston yesterday, although it was blowing furiously. In two or three hours it was at anchor in our cove again, having broken the gib stay and something else, owing to the springing of the masts. Then the anchor chain snapped, and the "America" retreated to Squam river. Our cove looks quite deserted. The owner of the "Blanche" took her away a day or two since. She is going to Nahant and was sold for nine hundred dollars.

Father told me this evening that the papers report Alcorn as having declared against you. I said that you had never had, or expected, his support.

Aunt Lauretta says she never saw a child of two years so little trouble as Butler. The rainy weather he has been in the house all of the time, and she has had a good chance to judge. Are you not proud of *your* boy? *Love,* BLANCHE

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 15, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I was on a tramp yesterday and had no opportunity to write to you.

Day before yesterday, we, Major Gibbs, Capt. Raymond, Capt. Cass and Collector Lindsey went by rail to Pass Christian, a distance of some six miles. We remained at the Pass till about seven in the evening when we took a train and went some nine miles further east to Mississippi City. Miss. City is a very small place, but has a very large hotel. It is all hotel —one of the old time watering places, patronized by New Orleans people. Our stay there was but for an hour. Three companies of U.S. troops are stationed there to avoid the heat and sickness of the city. The regimental band is there, and the effect was some like a Northern watering place. At the end of the hour, and after we had supper, we took another train and went some forty miles still further east to East Pascogoula. Being in a crowd, and of a crowd, we were compelled to play cards well after midnight.

In the morning we all got aboard a steam tug and went some six or eight miles up the Pascogoula river to a place called Moss Point where there are very extensive mills for converting the yellow pine logs into lumber. We were gone nearly all day, and though somewhat wearied we enjoyed it much. Returning to E. Pascogoula, which is on the Gulf, an hour or two before dark, we had a sail in a small sail boat. In the evening we were forced to go to a small political meeting where we were compelled to make some remarks. At twelve we took the cars to return, arriving here at two a.m.

I was very tired and sleepy, but was revived upon seeing my mail on the table, and in it three letters from you. Love to you, Dear, and the babies. ADELBERT

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 16, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is just two months ago today since I left you in Lowell. Two months is a sixth of the year—a sixth of the year is a long time—it is a long time since I have seen you. This long time will still lengthen itself out by weeks, perhaps months, before I can see you again. Should you decide to come here during the canvass you could not do so for a month yet. Even should it be perfectly healthy it would not be well to come to this latitude before the middle of September. So I have little hope of seeing you for another long time.

Gov. Powers is here—we met and talked of everything but politics. I think he, or at least his friends are abandoning the contest with this little scheme—they being convinced they cannot beat me in any other way, are trying to bring out a Negro for Gov. and that man is Bruce, whom you met at Memphis. They will fail in this as they have in all their plots. Their only motive is "to beat Ames" utterly regardless of principles or the interests of the state. Their platform is not broad enough to build up much of a structure. A week from next Wednesday the convention meets. The fight is too hot for a change of front. If they, in their desperation, try it, they will be more ignominiously defeated than they now dream of.

You speak of a new state to be formed of a part of this, Tenn. and Ky. There is no chance for such a thing. It is attempted by men in this state who want to get into a Democratic state, and believe they can do so only by forming a new state of a few counties from three different ones. Their effort was a sorry failure—hardly serious enough for ridicule.

I note with pleasure what you say of our children. We ought not forget how fortunate we are in them—in their health, their dispositions and their beauty. I would like to see them. As I cannot I will send them, both Butler and Edith, many kisses and pettings. To my wife I send love. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 16, 1873

DEAR DEL: You speak of your nomination speech. I am not at all inclined to laugh because you are giving it thought, but also would suggest that you prepare yourself for defeat. Father, you know, made a speech which did him a great deal of good, and will be of service to him in this campaign. I do not think that you will have an opportunity of using it. Still it is well to be prepared. I shall not be with you to congratulate you upon your victory. But you can spare me better than if it promised defeat. In sickness, or trouble, I should want you near me, and I trust you would have the same desire.

Butler has grown quite tall, and is no heavier. Sometimes I think he is too thin. Yet his little limbs are well rounded, and he looks perfectly well. Perhaps it is the contrast with Edith which makes him appear slight. He says "hush nah" to everything which he does not like until it is almost exasperating. For instance, "Butler come up stairs and have your face washed." "Hush nah." "Come, be a good boy." "Hush nah." "Just look at the mud on your hands." "Hush nah," and so on for every remark which anybody can make. He is a regular boy. Edith finds great amusement in watching him. She will look at him by the half hour, while he is playing with cards or blocks, her eyes following every movement. Yesterday when he had a piece of candy she tried to take it away, but he slapped her hands and moved out of reach, and she could only look on wistfully. Your family is growing up. I am startled every now and then to see how old and large the children are growing.

Ham sent me the reports I wrote you about, and I will give you a few sums total that you may judge a little of the year's work.

Made up to Aug. 14th	10,696 barrels
Sold in New York	7,395 barrels.
Sold at Mill, flour, bran, shorts, etc. to the amount of	$ 6,215.47
Shipped bran	410,247 pounds.
Bought 210,380 bushels of Wheat	
Sold at Mill	562 barrels of flour.

Ham of course has given no return from the bran which was shipped, but it sold at the mill[1] for thirty cents per hundred weight. Add the 562 to 10,696 and you have 11,258 barrels of flour for the year's work. Which is very well, is it not?

Love from your Wife, BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 17, 1873

DEAR DEL: Another week has passed and you will have, when this reaches you, only one more before your fate is decided. Father mentioned the fact this evening at the tea-table, from which I judge he has the matter on his mind. He is receiving a great deal of abuse, of course, and his letter did not tend to diminish it, although I consider it a most able defense of that most unfortunate bill. I say unfortunate, because but for that there would not be any new point on which his enemies could found objections. I enclose Mr. Hoar's letter in reply.—Rather a weak effort, is it not? No argument, only personal abuse. Mr. Hoar and his brother headed a meeting at Hamilton Hall, Boston, for the purpose of taking measures to defeat Butler. Hence Father's remarks upon Hoar.

Gov. Boutwell is not quite ready to enter the list as he should, in defense of one who has fought battles for him. Father saw him yesterday morning, and told him he wished him to speak for him. Boutwell seemed to think that would not be the best way, but expressed his willingness to do so after the nomination. If Father gets the nomination, he does not need Mr. Boutwell's aid. If his support is worth anything, now is the time for it, but our generous friend does not wish to commit himself. However, he may do better than he promises.

I wish you could see your boy eating his green corn. He is very fond of it, and the moment he enters the dining room he takes a survey of the table. If he discovers the corn, his joy is unbounded. Butler sits in the window and gnaws the corn from the cob as if he had been used to it these thousand years. Aunt Lauretta asked today if I never pinned a napkin around his neck. I told her there was no need of it. He never soils the front of his dress when eating.

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[1] Mill at Fort Atkinson, Iowa.

Last night I was awakened by hearing a slight scratching noise close to the head of the bed. I felt for the baby at once, but she was gone from her place, and I found she had pushed herself off of her mattress onto the floor, and was trying to crawl. Her little nails made the noise which I heard. She is the happiest, sweetest baby you can dream of; most children would have cried to find themselves on a hard, cold floor. But she was ready to make the best of it, and help herself if she could. Her look of surprise when Butler slaps her is very funny. The young man is given to striking, biting, and hair pulling. I don't know how to correct him unless it may be to retaliate. When I attempt to reason with him on the subject he says "hush nah" to every sentence of my discourse. What do you advise in this matter?

Senator Cameron is coming here tomorrow to spend the day, and perhaps the night. We are to have an early breakfast to be ready to receive him, and I must be off to bed, or I shall not be able to get up in the morning.

Love from BLANCHE

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday I rode over the shell road with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. I learned that Mrs. French was not very popular with some of the ladies at Jackson. It is said she loved to gossip and sometimes passed beyond the verge of truth. Notwithstanding what I have heard, I am inclined to believe that Mrs. F. is as good as the best.

We had a game of croquet after supper, and as darkness came before it was finished, we had the grounds dotted with people with lamps in their hands, to give us light.

I had an invitation to a colored ball last evening, and with three acquaintances attended it. It was at a colored hotel. The assemblage was small, owing to the fact it was said that the out train from N.O. failed to stop at a certain street as was expected. Except as to color, nothing out of the usual order of a country ball was perceptible. The belles were evidently a Creole from the Miss. river above N.O. and a white girl apparently raised, it was said, by the hostess. After viewing the dancing for a few minutes, we went a-bathing. The water was delightful. We of the north do not know the luxury of bathing. Here one is inclined to remain in the water any length of time. I can understand how it is the savage inhabitants of islands under the equator are half amphibians. The water last night was full of phosphorous and often a rapid motion of the hand under water would leave a small luminous ball behind. As we swam along, little sparks like electric sparks were thrown off, or would roll up the arm. Finally we came out, and I went to bed, thinking of you and in my sleep dreamed of you. The night was cool, as are all the nights here, and I awoke this morning, this Sunday morning, much refreshed.

Tuesday I will go to New Orleans, and give myself two or three days quiet at Mr. Parker's to prepare the speech I expect I shall be called on to make on the 27th inst. From N.O. I will go to Jackson.

I will have to canvass the state and will not have the time to visit you in Mass. till after the election in Nov. You see it would take at least ten days or two weeks to go to Mass. and return, stopping with you but a day or two. Appointments for me to speak in the canvass would have to be met even before the ten days or two weeks would have expired. Therefore I do not well see how I can see my beauty and our babies for a long time unless they come to Miss. Perhaps it would be better for them to be here during a part of the canvass. I will let you consider this and decide for yourself.

I send you love. ADELBERT

SHIELDSBORO, MISS., *August* 18, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: You are mistaken as to the time when our convention is to be held. It is the 27th instead of the 20th. I have sent you the *Pilot* for the past three weeks, but as you make no reference to it I fear you have not received it. Had you done so you would have seen by the published call that the 27th is the day. As soon as I can get last Saturday's paper (*The Pilot*) I will send it to you. You will see that the fight goes bravely on, with every prospect of success. I have no doubt as to the results— I am more concerned now about my speech.

I send you two letters from Frank. The first is dubious, the second notifies me that he starts today for Buffalo to test our plan on the canal. Success would be a great success, a wonderful success, yet I believe our plan susceptible of everything we claim for it. All rests with the working up of the details. I wish I could be there to direct, but I am, as you say, directing too much—certainly over too extensive areas—from the polar regions to the equator, and in the midst of it all I have to give my personal attention to this state. If our canal boat does not succeed, you and I will conclude it is because I could not be present to attend to it in person. You know the many changes I have made, and it is quite possible that I would find it advisable to make others and new ones. I need not tell you I have not set my hopes or heart on that one hundred dollars. We will get along without it, doubtless, but we will have the fun of trying for it.

Now, as to the next six months before us. If I am elected I will be inaugurated about the 20th of January next. As I will have to attend to some business in the Senate—some confirmations—I will be there when it meets in Dec. So from Dec. till early in January I will be in Washington.

The election will take place on the 4th Nov. We had better spend the month of Nov. here. The question is, when will you come here? This, as I said yesterday, I will leave with you. Tomorrow I will go to N.O. I send my dear wife love and many kisses to our babies. ADELBERT

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *August* 20, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday as I had intended. I left Shieldsboro (everybody calls it Bay St. Louis, which I think the prettier name) yesterday morning at half past seven, immediately after an early breakfast; and reached this city two hours and a half afterwards, in company with Gibbs and Raymond. They were to go away in the evening, one by rail, the other by boat, and insisted I should play a game of pin pool with them. Pin pool is a game played on a billiard table—the game being to knock down pins instead of hitting balls.

I am going to tell you now something that will surprise you. Prepare yourself. I have asked a friend at Bay St. Louis to buy for me a house and some sixty acres of land, which are to be sold on the first of Sept. at auction sale, by order of the court—provided the purchase can be made for three thousand dollars. I hear you say another iron in the fire. Monday I rode out to see the place. It is a mile and a half from the depot—not in the best situation for the sea breezes, but good for bathing, and far better than Natchez for any and everything. The house is two-story, and of brick. It was built about twenty years ago at a cost, it is said, of thirty thousand dollars. Whether this be true or not, the bricks in it are worth almost three thousand dollars. Should we buy it my plan will be to sell that in Natchez. While it is not so well located as others at the Bay St. Louis, being too far up the bay, we can make it a very pleasant place—yet, it is not ours.

Love for my beautiful wife and babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 21, 1873

DEAR DEL: I did not write you last evening, and my excuse is that I was engaged all the latter part of the evening in efforts to make more comfortable a huge turtle sent to Father from Florida. When that was accomplished my feet were wet, and it was time for bed. The poor creature came by Express. Its fins were tied together, and it seemed to me to be dying. It would stretch out its head, gasp, and let it fall again, and its eyes were dim and sunken. I was quite determined that the suffering thing should not be left all night in that condition, although they do say it is impossible to kill them, and as Horace had to wait over in Gloucester for Father to come by the last train, I called upon Lizzie and Mary to carry the turtle down to the beach, and give him a taste of his native element. It was very heavy—as much as they could lift. They carried it in our largest wash tub, but it was too large to lay flatwise, and stood up on end. When they tumbled it out on the soft sand, and the cool waves came sweeping over it, the creature brightened, drank, and seemed comparatively happy. Of course we could not leave it there unfastened, and before a rope could be procured and the turtle tied and fastened to a rock, the evening had slipped away, and it was nearly ten o'clock. So I allowed my compassion for an afflicted turtle to supersede my desire to be attentive to my Love.

It is a long time since you left me in Lowell, but it seems six months instead of two, and as you say it will be weeks, if not months, before I see you again, unless you can come north. I shall not dare to go to Lowell even until the second week of September. The children are perfectly well, here, and though Edith is cutting teeth, they do not disturb her general health at all.

I do not know what you design to do between this and next January. Let me know your plans, if you can form any. I suppose that is difficult, however, in the present unsettled state of affairs. Are you going to speak in the Campaign if you are nominated? If you are elected, shall you spend December in Washington? I have not made a single plan for the future. How could I? I have been quietly waiting to see what Fate has in store for you, consequently for me. Butler will be two years old tomorrow. He seems much more than that. I believe that a great portion of his good nature and cuteness is owing to the constant care and attention he has had. For instance, he always puts his hat away safely, either on a chair, a knob of the door, or gives it to someone to hold for him. This he has learned to do because every motion of his is watched, and he is taught to do things as carefully as if he were grown up. When he eats grapes the stems always go into fireplace, basket, or out of the window.—He never thinks of dropping them on the floor. Now, if one person's entire time were not given to him, it would have been impossible to have taught him in this manner. He would have been allowed to do almost anything which would keep him still, and would have had none of the cute, nice little ways which have come to him almost as if they were instinctive.

I put the newspaper slip you sent me about the Grasshopper Steamer on Father's table. He said to me last night "So it seems the Gen'l's boat is a success." I don't know what made him think so, unless it was the fact of its being named Ben Butler.

Love,—Sweetheart, from your—oh, why is it, Del, that in the last four or five letters you have called me your "beautiful wife"? Have you been mentally drawing comparisons, or has someone mentioned me, and brought that point to your attention? Answer truly. BLANCHE

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270 Felicity St., NEW ORLEANS, LA., *August* 21, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have done little else during the past twenty-four hours than to think of you, sleep and work at my speech. I will not say that you have had the greater share of the time, for I give you indications enough without this to show you how much I love you and think of you.

Your last letter amused me somewhat. You say our boy has a bad disposition like his Father's, and you tell me what the boy did to lead you to that conclusion. You say he had too much electricity in him and you spanked it out—that he gave signs of an approaching east wind and you fanned him with your hand—that thinking the bed a non-conductor he climbed up on it—to think. Kinds words from you and gentle treatment caused him to smile and to cling to you the whole forenoon, leaving his playthings and his ordinary sources of amusement. I recognize in his conduct my own disposition. An east wind may disturb, but kind words and gentle treatment wins us and holds us more securely than bars of iron. He is a good boy, and if that is the worst case you can make out against him and his Father, you have no very great cause of grievance! The fact is you have a very tractable family, and should feel that you are fortunate among the fortunates. Leastwise (as they say) I regard myself in that light, though my family is not so tractable as yours. I suppose I here forget the "*discretion*" you speak of, and will be "*obliged*" to submit to your keenest retort. Well the boy and I *do* have to suffer.

It is very cool and comfortable today. Last night and this morning it rained heavily, so that this street was filled from side to side with water. The sidewalks were flooded so no one could pass unless he waded. After breakfast when the business men were to go to their business, they were to be seen standing in the door-ways, waiting the falling of the water, and did not get away till about ten o'clock, when a little strip of sidewalks could be seen.

It is now eleven, and I start down town to see if any letter from you has come. My health is excellent as you might infer by the tone of this letter. I send you, Dear, and our babies, love,

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 22, 1873

DEAR DEL: The Spoffords came yesterday noon, and have just gone. Mr. Spofford sails for Europe next Wednesday. He goes on business, consequently Mrs. S. is left behind. I am sorry, for it would be such a nice thing for her to go. She has seen very little of life, and the two months he will spend in England would do her a world of good. She says she cannot break all her engagements, and she feels sure since she has been so magnanimous as to allow Mr. Spofford to go alone, he will be generous enough to go with her when she can get away. What do you think about it?

This is Butler's birthday. If you were here no doubt he would have a present. But he really is in want of nothing. All kinds of fruit he has, and as much candy as is good for him, —while his active out-of-door life requires no addition in the way of playthings. It amused them very much to see him go out on the piazza and "go" for a strange dog that had made its appearance over the edge of the hill. He armed himself with stones, ran at it shouting and throwing his missiles, which flew quite wide of the mark of course, but still were sufficient to frighten the dog away. Butler always drives the cows away from the house—and I wish to call your attention, Del, to the fact that Butler was not two years old, while another little boy we know of was more than four, when he excited his grandfather's admiration to such a degree, by setting the dog on the cows.

Butler was delighted with Mr. Spofford, and went to him at once, evidently feeling that he had seen him before. They had a great frolic together. Butler learned to say "Onk Dick," Uncle Dick, and asked for a smoke of his cigar.

Mr. Spofford thinks Father has gained very much since the last trial for governorship, and does not seem to doubt his success. He inquired after you and Mississippi. Of course I was happy to give him good accounts of you.

Mother asks every day, "How is Gen'l Ames, is he well, and in good spirits? He will be poor as a crow—but perhaps he will regain his flesh in the quiet life you are likely to lead this winter." Mother has not an exalted idea of the duties of the Governor of a Southern state, either officially or socially. Father inquires frequently how you are progressing, and will feel just a little cut up if you succeed, and he does not. That is—not anything serious—only that you are getting ahead.

Enough for today. What long letters I write you.

Love from the children and BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 22, 1873

DEAR DEL: This is my second letter today, but it will explain itself. Frank Wyman has just come, and wants to know what is best to be done about the boat. They, your Father and Frank, have been to Troy to see Mr. Greene, the engineer of the Board of Canal Commissioners, and Mr. G. after looking at the patent shook his head and said he had seen it before, and that the prize would probably be awarded to the boat which made the best trip last year, which works with a screw under the center. The objection to your method is the probable effect of the foot upon the bottom—that it will loosen the soil near the locks, and the current, which is strong when the locks are opened and shut, would form a sand bar. This the Clerk at the Commissioner's Office told them. Mr. Greene said that many similar plans to yours had been submitted to them, one of which was a wheel armed with iron spikes which revolved on a shaft and rolled along the bottom.

He advised them to give up the trial, and told them quite plainly that he thought it would be money sunk. Also that the time was very short, as the most successful boat last year started the 28th of August, and had barely time to make the three necessary trial trips. The delay is caused at the locks, where each boat has to wait its turn, and sometimes there are a large number waiting. All the ordinary canal boats do all they can to impede the progress of the experimenters, as they fear if successful their business will be interfered with. The boat which is likely to win the prize has this in its favor, that it can run in the river and on lakes without waiting for a tug—and it is so arranged that it does not wash the banks in the least. The only advantage which you could claim which would equal this in any way is that working on the bottom there is less loss of power, consequently less fuel and less expense. The experiment will cost not less than five thousand dollars, hiring the boat and engine if possible, and it will take a month to get ready for a trip.

Your Father has given the matter up in despair, and says he will have nothing to do with it. Frank thinks there is no hope of success in trying for the prize, but that if you could attend to it and make a boat and engine just as you want it, and take plenty of time, and you could put it on the canal and make a trial of it, as no doubt they would allow you to do, that you could realize enough without the prize—that is to say, provided you could prove its superiority to all other methods. This he is not sure of—for your boat of course cannot compete with others which run on lakes and rivers.

Now, Del, I do not know what to advise in the matter. The clerk told Frank that three of the Commission beside Mr. Greene said that they would reject it—from looking at the plan only—this on the ground that I mentioned, the washing of the bank. Frank asked your Father what he should do for money, provided you decide to go on with the experiment, and he told him to ask me about that.

Now, I believe I have stated the case to you as nearly as I am able—and we want you to decide and telegraph me here and I will telegraph Frank in Maine, in order that no time may be lost. Also, if you decide to go on you will have to plan for funds for Frank, as he cannot make the first move without. I have not given up my faith in the boat yet Del, although it may be that love has blinded me, and for that reason I do not dare say go on. Yet, if money were plenty I should have no hesitation. Consider the matter well, and the great likelihood of defeat, before you telegraph.

Love,

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 22, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I left N.O. yesterday evening at 6 o'clock on a telegram that my presence in this city was desirable. I reached here at three o'clock this morning. I have not found anything of special importance for me to do but to hear favorable news from all parts of the state. Today the delegates stand about one hundred and sixty for me and some eighteen or twenty for Powers—one hundred and fifteen being enough to nominate.

I have done nothing but talk the whole day long. Our friends are hopeful that Powers will withdraw in my favor, which if done will consolidate the party on me, and leave Alcorn out in the cold alone. You are right when you tell your Father that I neither want nor expect assistance from him (Alcorn). I shall win without him, and in the face of all he can do against me. The victory will be all the greater for me, and his overthrow all the more complete. Before you get this I expect you will have received a telegram from me announcing my nomination. It all will be decided in less than five days. The nomination made, then we begin the canvass—the contest before the people—our battle ground the stump.

I have been awaiting news from you relative to the late storm which was spoken of by the telegraph. I am glad the "America" suffered no more, and that our folks were well housed on dry land.

It is late—my last visitor has gone—and to get my sleep I must close.

I send love to my beautiful wife Blanche, and to our dear children, Butler and Edith. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 23, 1873

DEAR DEL: I wrote you a long letter yesterday about your boat, which of course you have received and telegraphed the answer by this time. Frank went back to Boston last night, although I urged him to stay, because he was anxious to get a day or two in Maine before going back, and if you say go on, he wishes to be all ready and not lose any time.

I spoke to Father about your boat, and what Frank had told me. He said "My advice is to carry out the experiment—if it is an improvement in canal navigation, it will soon be adopted, even if the other boat takes the prize. The whirling of the screw so near the bottom will offset it far more than the push poles, and as for the navigation of rivers and lakes, what is there to prevent Gen'l. Ames from having a screw on his boat to be connected with his engine when necessary?"

His idea is that your boat can be run with more economy than the others, and that trial will prove its superiority over the other as regards the effect on the bottom. I told Frank I had not the least doubt you would say go on, in the first place because it would be characteristic of you, secondly because an inventor always has unlimited faith in his own inventions. The prize I consider altogether doubtful. It is impossible for us to know what influence may be at work in favor of this boat, so prematurely decided upon, and in making the trial it should be done without the least expectation of the award, simply because you believe it will prove the best method of navigating shallow water.

Your Father will be on, I think, before he goes West. I am sorry to hear that your Mother was not well enough to come East.—Frank says that she is far better than she has been, but is still very much fatigued, even with a ride down in the village.

The children are well. Butler weighs thirty-two pounds, and Edith eighteen and a half.

Love, Sweetheart. Don't be cast down, or depressed about the boat. Life's path cannot be all rose leaves, we must expect a few thorns.—Certainly we have a good share of roses.

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 23, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Everything is going on well here. Each day brings with it some favorable piece of news. The last telegram is that Coahoma county, Alcorn's, has instructed its delegates to vote for me—the delegates being earnest friends of mine and bitter enemies of Alcorn. Powers is even talking of withdrawing in my behalf that the nomination may be unanimous. Whether he does or not we will have no trouble to get the nomination. Any faction's opposition to me will benefit me. The party is thoroughly united with the exception of the one person I have named, and are disposed to resent any opposition to me. Alcorn has been threatening in his paper that he would make a speech in the convention to prove I am not a citizen, but as I have stated he failed to come as a delegate. I'll telegraph you the result on Wednesday.

I enjoy your pen sketches of your life and that of the children. Edith is fortunate in having such a happy disposition. We also are fortunate in having such a child. I should much like to see her.

Did you remember yesterday the 22nd Inst. that Butler had his second birthday anniversary? He is two years old. It is time for him to lose the chubbyness of a child like Edith and grow tall and Apollo-like, like himself.

I am occupying a room at the end of one of the long halls here. Tomorrow I shall try to get the room you and I occupied here when on our way north. I will have many visitors, and need such a room.

I send love, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 25, 1873

DEAR DEL: I did not write you yesterday. Saturday evening Father brought home with him Gen'l. Cushing and Mr. Sam Ward. The idea was that they should sail over to Rye Beach for Robeson, return here and take a look at the quarries, then return with Robeson and take the cars for their several destinations on Monday morning from Rye Beach. The yacht was to have left Charleston Navy Yard on Saturday morning, but failed to do so until about five of the same afternoon, so that we did not expect her here until Sunday morning.

Aunt Lauretta, Katie and Florence went away Saturday noon. I drove over to Gloucester with them and returning stopped at a green house for some flowers for Mrs. Bennet's little baby, who died in the morning. It has been so dry this season that I could not get many, and delayed just long enough to get caught in a violent thunderstorm. The rain fell in torrents, and the horses jumped at every lightning flash. There was no place to seek shelter, but I curled myself up on the back seat, and did not get very wet. The rain was followed by a violent wind from the north, which continued to blow furiously until this morning—so that we were all anxious at the non-arrival of the yacht yesterday morning—until Paul came about noon and told us they had to put into Gloucester, not being able to weather the cape, that the anchor dragged so that they ran afoul of another vessel, and pulled a staple out of her rigging, and in trying to get out of the harbor in the morning, which it was impossible to do, they got afoul of the same boat, and one of the sailors restored the staple to its original abiding place. I fear the gentlemen did not have a very pleasant time. The weather was cold, and a ride to the quarries and around the cape was all we could offer in the way of amusement. Poor Sam Ward suffered torments with the gout. I don't believe he slept more than three or four hours either night.

This morning about nine Gen'l. Cushing, Father, Mr. Ward and Paul all went over to Gloucester for the purpose of going on the yacht and sailing direct from there to Rye Beach. But alas for human calculation! The yacht had already left the harbor and was on its way around. In about an hour a dead calm prevailed, and it was three hours before the vessel had a breath to fill the sails. Mr. Ward suffered all the time he was here with a severe attack of the gout, and he decided not to wait any longer for a sail, so at two he left. At four the yacht came in sight, and Mr. Cushing and Father departed for Newburyport.

Mother congratulated herself that the company had all departed, but at half past seven Gov. Boutwell drove up. I am glad he came, for it would signify a desire to be on good terms and lend his aid to Father. I cannot bear to see a man turn a cold shoulder to his friends in time of trouble.

I received your letter this afternoon informing me of your intention to thrust another iron into the fire. I think it a good one, however, especially if you can sell the house in Natchez for more than you gave for it. I haven't the least regret at parting with "our home" in Natchez. Everybody inquires after you, and your prospects. I am happy to be able to say that all looks favorable. I have received the weekly *Pilot* you have sent, but did not put full confidence in the statements of the political situation, thinking they might be partisan.

Butler last night flourished about in the grass with a huge stick—striking at something with all his might,—then called to me to come to him. I obeyed the summons, and when close to him he bent his little body—peered into the grass and said "Mum, killed a fowg." Of course I looked to see the fowg, and found he had been pounding a cobble stone. Teedle led him into the mistake, for he had been barking at it for some time. Perhaps you don't think your boy as bright as he ought to be. Love from BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 26, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is half past one in the morning—my last visitor, Judge Hill, has just gone—had he gone an hour and a half ago this would have been dated the 25th.

Word came to me last evening—three or four hours ago, that Gov. Powers had received a letter from Gen'l. Butler making inquiries about the condition etc. of the finances of the state. As my opponents have asserted Gen'l. Butler is interested in our repudiated bonds, they claim now they have the proof. If they have received a letter I believe it a forgery —I have no doubt your Father would have written me. If it be genuine, what of it?—Nothing, only a howl. All goes well.

Love, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 27, 1873

My DEAR DEL: This is an exciting day for you. I trust all will be as you desire, and am sorry that you are alone in Mississippi, with no one to share either victory or defeat. I shall be with you in spirit, but that is not very satisfactory.

Father has started on his work, and we do not expect to see him for more than a week. He made his first speech at Worcester last night.

Mr. Boutwell's visit was a failure. He evidently wished to convey the idea that he was kindly disposed—but no one cares for his disposition. His work is what is wanted. Father felt so mad at him that he was hardly inclined to treat him civilly. Mother advised him, however, to keep his temper—try to talk him into action, and if unsuccessful let him go in peace. Father wants him to be President of the Nominating Convention, but Boutwell does not wish to take the place, and in fact does not care to make any public declaration until after the nomination. I think he will show himself a fair weather friend.

Mr. Sumner is perfectly well. He has been so ever since his divorce was granted, although what that should have to do with his health no one can tell. He is in favor of Father, but is not in a position to render assistance. I think it rather a pity that Father has gone into the contest. His position in the House is so good. Garfield and Dawes are the only rivals, and they are so weakened by the "credit mobilier" that they are not dangerous, and he stands in a good position to be leader of the House. If he loses this contest for the Governorship, of course it will weaken his strength in Congress, for it will be said that he cannot carry his own state. If he wins he is Governor for two years. What then? I don't think he cares about it as much as he did two years ago. But as he has begun he must go on with the fight.

We are all well. How glad you will be to see your boy. He is a gay little chap.—As for Edith, I leave her to your imagination, only saying that she is very fond of a frolic.

Ben's report came this morning. He has had no demerits since he has been at the Point. Once or twice he has had to make explanations, but they were always satisfactory. This is doing well, is it not?

Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 27, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have just sent you a telegram that I had been nominated for Governor by a vote of one hundred and eighty-seven (187) to forty (40). There were three (3) scattering. Could the victory be more decided? Of course, it was made unanimous. This is a death blow to Alcorn. Our banner prevails. We are the master of the field.

The contest has been long and bitter on their side, with the result stated. It seems to be the good fortune of your husband and lover to gather unto himself the good will and favor of his associates. Herein may be found some explanation of this fact—that he has such a sweet, beautiful, loving wife.

Show the enclosed "Extra" to your Father. I had no time to write you yesterday. I send love, to you, Dear, and our babies. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 28, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have today telegraphed you that you had better suspend experiments on our canal navigation. I believe we will make it a success by and by. I cannot give my personal attention to it—it is late in the season—too late perhaps; and last but not least, funds are short. I presume it is as well as it is.

Today Mr. A. K. Davis, a colored man, was nominated for Lieut. Gov., and Mr. Hill, whom you met at Memphis, as Secretary of State. Mr. Davis is regarded as the next best man to Bruce, who would not run. Since I began I learn that a Judge Holland has been nominated for Treasurer. All are good men, and I am quite content. The work will continue tomorrow, and finish then, I hope.

August 29

There is much interest springing up relative to candidates. Last night my room was crowded and I had no opportunity to finish this letter. When the north (up) train came along at three this morning my room held a few of our leaders, holding a consultation. I find my nerves are steady and that my associates seem satisfied to gather confidence and courage from me.

Yesterday some were a little stampeded, but I rallied them and they were again ready for the fray. The cause of trouble is first, the discontent of the unsuccessful aspirants—second—Alcorn and his friends, who have assembled here, clutch upon the disappointed men and endeavor to stir up strife. Alcorn intends to run against me—at least that is what he says. I only wish he would. It will be the last of him. In view of his declaration it has been suggested that the convention shall not adjourn till tomorrow. He makes a speech tonight, and if he says half it is expected he will, there will be introduced resolutions reading him out of the party and asking him to resign his seat in the U.S. Senate. So you see we are in the midst of a battle, watching for any mistake of our foe.

I send love. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 28, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is now Thursday and twelve o'clock meridian, without one word from you in regard to the nomination. You were so sanguine and the papers give such good reports that I do not feel the misgivings I should otherwise. No doubt I shall hear before night that Gen'l. Adelbert Ames was nominated by the Republicans of Mississippi for Governor by an unanimous vote. Hurrah for our side will be the order of the day!

I have been thinking over your proposal to purchase on the Gulf—and the more I think of it, the more favorably I am inclined. Do you not think it would be well to attend the auction in person, and if the place pleases you, why should you limit the amount to be paid to three thousand. You can afford to pay for it as much as you can sell the house in Natchez for—and more if it were not for the canal-boat. I am waiting anxiously your decision in that matter—for if you decide to go on, Frank should get to work at once.

The weather is growing quite cool here, so much so that we think of going to Lowell the last of next week, but shall not do so if it grows milder. When it is too cold here for the children to be out of doors the greater portion of the time, it will be best to make a change.

Just think of Edith weighing two pounds and a half more than a child of ten months. She is a perfect butter-ball. She has three large cupsful of milk and cracker during the day besides nursing three times and three or four times during the night. Her appetite will probably not be as good in Lowell.

There was a great fire in Gloucester last night. The bells in all the neighboring towns rang for nearly an hour. A block was burned, the best-looking one in town.

We (Mother and I) have been busy all the morning preparing turtle soup. Father desired that we should can it. Of course there is more than it would be possible for a family to eat in three weeks. The turtle weighed about fifty pounds. Do they live in the Gulf?

Love,

BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 29, 1873

DEAR DEL: Father came home quite unexpectedly last night, and brought the news of your nomination. He called your boy his young Excellency and asked me if I was not ashamed to get that position before my Mother. My congratulations, Sweetheart, on your success.—It is grand to win when one undertakes a thing, and you have the additional satisfaction of having won thoroughly. That is, you made nearly a clean sweep.

Powers did not join with you, as you partly thought he might. Wasn't that owing to Mr. Alcorn's influence? I notice the papers report him as present at the Convention, although you wrote me he was not a delegate. I have not received any word from you concerning the Convention. I expected a telegram—but it is just as well I heard through the papers, though not quite as early as I would have liked.

Your telegram to give up the boat came last night. I am glad you came to that decision. I feel that you have no chance for the prize, and in order to perfect your boat so as to make a revolution in canal navigation you ought to have some little time to devote to it personally. Yet, I am sorry for the disappointment I know you must feel in the matter, and I regretted to annoy you with it, at a time when I would have had all bright and pleasant for you. I have not given up faith in the invention, and think you had best turn your attention in that direction again as soon as you are free to do so. I telegraphed Frank this morning, in care of J. H. Martin, Esq. Rockland, Me. The telegraph operator has just sent up word that there is no one there of that name, and suggests Rockport Me. I have re-written the telegram.

Mrs. French has not been well this summer.—She calls her complaint rheumatism. Howard, the colored man and chief of the household, suggests gout. The indications are in favor of the latter trouble. The rest of the family have gone in the yacht to a watering place opposite Newport, called Narragansett Pier.

Butler can tell his name quite plainly. He repeats the last word in every sentence that he hears—so that he is learning to talk very fast. I trust he will be rid of a little of the tan now on his skin before you see him. He is too brown to be handsome, and as for Edith—she is perfectly red, and her little hands upon mine look like a colored child's by contrast.

Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 31, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: The work is done—our convention has adjourned, and the members have scattered to their homes—save now and then one who comes straggling into my room at intervals just timed to make my day one of receptions. I am glad that it is over. Of course, it was somewhat gratifying to be the central figure at such a time. But I have been by no means elated at my success. It all seemed a matter of course. It came with the same certainty as does the end of a journey to the traveler. There may have been doubts as to the time, but barring the loss of capacity to draw my breath, I seemed to be sure of victory. This feeling may have been due to my knowledge of facts and my conclusions thereon—or faith. We will win in November. I made a brief speech to the convention. I will send you a paper containing it by and by. *It* was not much of a success. Well, I ought not expect to succeed in everything.

My letters have been very brief, and that because of the little spare time I have had. Nearly every morning for the past week I have got out of bed at an early hour, considering the hour at which I went to bed, to let in visitors, and have been compelled to dress in their presence—a matinee. Often two or three sets of callers have had the opportunity to witness my toilet in its different stages. These are rare occasions though—a similar one will not return for four years, when the next convention will be held, at which time I do not now expect to be a candidate.

This is the last day of August. How the time flies! As soon as the appointments can be made out and the people notified (which will be some two weeks hence) our canvass will begin. It will grow warmer and warmer until Nov. 4th when the election will take place. That is two months hence.

Perhaps you had better stay in Mass. till I can join you in

Nov.—or meet you in Washington in Dec. I think I should take Minnesota on my way.

My health is good, but I am growing thin. Hot weather, poor food and much politics the causes.

I send you and our babies much love. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 1, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: The days roll around. September is here.

About the middle of the month I will begin my canvass. Alcorn has announced himself a candidate for Gov. and made a violent speech against me and others of our party. Blind with rage, he only does himself harm. He makes himself the laughing stock of the state. We will defeat every scheme of his by the 4th of Nov.

Your Father failed to send me his letter on the back pay salary, but I found it in N.O. It is a powerful letter. I see by the telegrams that he has a much larger number of the delegates elected than the opposition. It looks as if he would have no trouble to succeed. I hope he may. He has been abused so much by the papers that he is in duty bound to make every effort wherever this path may lead him. Unless he treads it to the Governor's chair, he can tread no other road to preferment.

I have not had the time before to answer your question "why I spoke of your beauty." You want a candid answer. It is this— In one of your letters you praised my looks. It was *rather* pleasant to read—not that I cared much if any for the compliment (I may be mistaken as to the extent) except so far as it showed that you thought me good looking, which I attributed more or less to your love for me, and I was willing to believe anything to think you love me, even to conclude my looks are more in your love than in my face. This kind treatment on your part awoke a corresponding feeling in my own heart, and having heard it said women love to be praised for their beauty—and as you are very beautiful—I said just what I felt, and know, wondering why I do not always say it—hoping it might prove *rather* pleasant to you. There you have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

I think I will go to Natchez this week. The sale of the house at Bay St. Louis was to take place today, but I have had no telegraph from there. Had it been bought for me I think they would have telegraphed me. Capt. French told me today that a man in Natchez wanted to buy my house there. If I can get a good price I will sell.

I send you, my more than beautiful wife, much love. I long to see you and our dear babies. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *September 2*, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are very busy packing up for Lowell. I am glad we are going, for I have quite a number of things to attend to this fall—and the days are slipping by with lightning speed. The children are well. I should be quite as easy about Butler if he would sleep a little more. His naps are very short and he is extremely active. He has inherited your habit of gritting his teeth. He shuts his little jaws so closely that his soft milk teeth grit like files. I seldom give him meat at night, and cannot account for his restlessness. How pleased you will be to see him, and how proud you ought to be of him. I do not know of any such boy. Perhaps it is because I have never seen one so constantly, and noticed all the little tricks.

Paul has gone to Cambridge for the rest of this month, or until he has studied up his condition.

When are you coming north, Del? I do not say home, because I feel that we are likely to have more of a home soon than we have yet had. That is, we are to depend more entirely upon each other. I hope I shall be able to manage a household, and if you are patient and do not criticise too harshly, I think in time I may succeed pretty well. If you are away much longer you may find on your return an old grey-headed woman for a wife instead of the one you remember.

Love and kisses from the children and BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September 2*, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter of the 27th ult. was received today. I telegraphed you that day, and tomorrow morning will, I hope, have your letter of the 28th inst.

I am always interested in what you say of yourself and the children, more than in all else. Your sketches are very vivid, and to me, fascinating. I agree with you that our two year old was not very smart to join "Teedle" in a fight on a cobble stone, and to believe he had "killed a fowg." If you cannot record something smarter on his part I shall be obliged to look to Edith for intellectual display.

Why is it you do not tell me more of her? Does she not do anything worth speaking of? Or are you holding her in reserve to overpower me by and by? I think I would prefer to have some of her from day to day—not all at once by and by. This by and by may be more than two months off, and

I may more than half forget her if you keep her so close to yourself in such a selfish way. Let me have more of Edith, and more of Butler, and more of yourself.

I have had an easy time of it today. Almost everybody is out of town, and I avoided the few callers who came this afternoon by leaving my room door open so all could come and see I was not at home, while I was quietly writing in the small closet or washroom attached to my own. I wrote twenty-five letters—a good day's work. I expect to catch up with my correspondence tomorrow.

Today I send you the *Pilot* which contains my speech and one from Alcorn. We will "get after" him by and by. But a comparison of the two speeches will do me no harm, I think. The twelve o'clock train has passed down. I send you, my beautiful wife, and to our sweet babies love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 3, 1873

DEAR DEL: You have seen from the heading of my letter that we are safe in Lowell again. We left Bay View this morning. Mother will ride up tomorrow. As we came by the 9:45 train, I do not know what the mail may have in store for me there. I am homesick for a letter. The time seems twice as long as it really is since I had one.

Mrs. Farrington knew that I had arrived, as I sent Mary down to her for some morning's milk for the baby. She happened to meet Aunts Nina and Lottie on the street, and told them the news. They came up about five, as Butler and I were eating dinner. The young man had his seat beside me, and was behaving like a little gentleman. They thought both children looking well. But Aunt Nina said "Butler is a little thin, and his head is developing very fast—the lower part of his face seems a little picked." I told her he was growing tall, that he weighed more than he had done, but the fat was in length rather than breadth and thickness.

After dinner I walked down to the gate with Butler, and we crossed the street to see some little child riding by in a baby carriage. It proved to be Hattie Bennet. She is not looking well, and is not well, having cut four double teeth since she has been up here. If Bessie is obliged to stay here on her account that is one thing, if not it would be much better for her to go back to Mr. Bennet, who is looking dreadfully. He is worn to a mere shadow and has a hacking cough. Last night he came up for a few moments to see Mother about some matters, and I thought he would not be able to control himself when she spoke to him about his health. Not that he has any fears for himself, but he is all broken down, and needs rest and consolation. He feels the death of his baby in a way which he would not if he were in full health and strength. The tears come to his eyes when he looks at fat, rosy Edith. Bessie ought to see that he needs comforting, and lay aside her own grief to do it. She is well, and far better able to do it for him than he for her. I have great sympathy for him.

How is it with you? You are far away from me, and may be in need of some one to share your burdens.—As far as I know, Love, all goes well with you, and you write that you are in good health.

If a good spirit should give me a chance to wish for the most blessed thing in this world, I would choose perfect health for *my family* and myself. All else is subordinate to it in my estimation.

Love from your wife and babies.—I wish you could have seen Butler this evening, a large scarlet geranium in his button hole, throwing stones at Mary with such zest that he could hardly keep his balance. His aim is quite true. Sister Edith will be crawling by the time you see her. She is six months tomorrow, and is very fightsome. She will be able to hold her own against Butler without the least difficulty. Good night, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 3, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter of the 28th ult. bearing postmark of the 29th, came this morning. I am surprised my telegram had not been received. The morning papers of the 28th had the news of my nomination. The votes Powers received were given him by his friends as a compliment, and not with any expectation of electing him. As the vote was announced, a friend of his moved that my nomination be made by acclamation, which was done.

I find I am very strong with our party. No other person has had any chance for my place. I stand pre-eminent and this late convention has increased my strength. After my nomination there was a struggle of two days for the selection of the rest of the ticket. I did not go to the capitol once during that time, but remained at the hotel. All felt that my word could make or unmake men—and it could. I held, so far as I could, a neutral position. I was in an embarrassing position, for men would come to me and plead for me to say one word in their behalf, telling me that they had nothing and if beaten they would not be able to feed their families. Now, that the convention is over, the defeated candidates are inclined to blame me for not extending a helping hand. Now too, these same men who were defeated assert I am the only strong man on the ticket, and that the others are but weights to pull me down. So you see they blame and praise in the same breath. It is, however, a very good ticket—as good as any expected. We all are perfectly satisfied and will go into the canvass certain of success.

The sale of the house and land at Bay St. Louis did not take place on Monday last. It was postponed. The day for its sale has not yet been fixed. I am glad you like the idea of having a home there. It is much better than Natchez, and I will buy it if I can.

I shall go to Vicksburg tomorrow morning to take the boat for Natchez. There is to be a ratification meeting on Saturday next, and I wish to be present to address them. It is quite probable that I will not catch a boat to put me there before Saturday evening. I shall probably remain there but for a day or two, and then return here via New Orleans—perhaps I may run over to Bay St. Louis to see about that property.

I am glad to hear of the cool weather with you and of the good health of our children. We are very fortunate in them—Are we in each other? I would have said we are, but you have a right to be heard.

Love to my beautiful wife, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 5, 1873

DEAR DEL: At last I have word from you. Yesterday Horace brought up from Bay View two letters for me. By them, and the newspaper you sent, I find that the nomination was made unanimous. How is it, then, that Alcorn and Powers have bolted the convention—taking their adherents with them? Alcorn to run as Governor, Powers, Lieut. Gov.—with the expectation that the Democrats will join with them? This news Uncle Parker gave me yesterday. I do not know that it is correct. Such an opposition as this, you might fear.

I have not seen Father for a week, but will give him the newspaper article when he comes home. Uncle Parker thinks his chances poor. All the cities and larger towns are for him, but the little country towns opposed. The salary bill is the root of all evil. But for that there would have been no hook on which to hang objection. In spite of all this, he may win. The 10th of Sept. next Wednesday, the convention is held.

If he is nominated the Hoar party will bolt. If he is not—he will bolt, so that there is likely to be a lively time, either way.

What word have you from Fort Atkinson, Del? The year is over, and arrangements must be made for another. Is Ham contented to stay with you? And what does he give you as the result of the year's work? You will have to give a little attention to business, in spite of politics. I am glad you seem so contented to let the canal experiments drop. I was fearful that it would be a great disappointment. Better that you should wait, however, until you have a little more time to attend to it.

The children are well. Edith was six months old yesterday and put on short clothes—which are far more becoming to her. Last night she slept in the nursery. I am going to have her weaned from nursing during the night.

Butler has taken another whim. He will not let me leave the room, or do anything without him. The little man says "Mum hand, hand, Mum" and goes trotting along, holding on to my hand from room to room, and place to place. He is growing fond of his sister, and tries to show her how to creep. You have a great family,

Love—from babies and BLANCHE

VICKSBURG, MISS., *September* 5, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: As you see by the heading of my letter I am in V. I came over here yesterday morning expecting and hoping to catch a boat for Natchez to take me there by midday Saturday, but the indications are that I shall fail. The Katie will go down tonight, and I will go on her unless some through boat comes along in the meantime. She will not reach N. before tomorrow, Saturday, evening.

Yesterday Judge Hill met me at the depot and took me to his house. I did not see his wife, as she was not presentable. You remember you met him for the first time three years ago in this city, just after the death of his first wife in childbirth. I should think he would be full of anxiety and forebodings at this time. His youngest child, a boy, who was born three years ago, has lived the greater part of this time with his colored nurse; and now he spends half of his time there although his Father tries to keep him at home. It may be poverty which constrains the judge—I do not refer to his child, but to other things—and keeps his family here at this time. I am sorry for them. When you and I get poor—well, we are not rich now, I mean when we are *real* poor—we will find somewhere in this broad land a healthy place and keep our children close to us even though we have to work, by the day, to get our daily bread. Yet, the Judge is happy, why should I complain.

My valise was in his buggy all day yesterday, and I was on watch for a transient boat down, but none came. In the evening I came to this hotel under the hill by the steamboat landing—the Prentiss House—to be on hand when the expected boat, the "St. Luke," came. But although it is nearly midday, this Saint Luke has not arrived. I look from my window over the bottoms in a northerly direction for smoke, but there is none to tell of a coming boat.

It was said that there was some feeling of disappointment on the part of candidates from this county for nomination on the state ticket, and that they felt "ugly" and might act "ugly," but I find all serene here, and the party a unit. I believe mine was the only nomination which gave general satisfaction.

By this morning's telegrams I see that Washburn is reported ahead in the selected delegates, while until today your Father has been a long way ahead. I hope, however, that my way of accounting for the last report is correct—the newspapers being opposed to your Father, misrepresent the facts and give Gov. W. credit for delegates which he really does not have. If I am not mistaken, your Father, two years ago, was reported as being greatly in the minority though he came very near succeeding. He cannot well afford to be beaten this year.

I have been alone all the morning except when broken in upon by a man who will want an office by and by. I prefer a little quiet—while I must confess I am just a little homesick for my wife and babies. I would like to see you very much. In a recent letter I indicated that it would be well perhaps for you to remain North till I met you in Lowell or Washington. It may be desirable, for political reasons, for you to be here during a part of the canvass. Mr. Parker is to return at the end of this month. You might return with him. Yet, I cannot be with you, for I must be canvassing over the state till the day of election, Nov. 4th. You must bear this in mind, in making up your mind. Really, as I think of it, I am disposed to resent anything that looks like bringing you into the campaign. Your presence or absence will not gain or lose a single vote. So you must do as you think best.

I send you much of what I have a great deal of, and that is love for you.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 6, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is about seven o'clock in the morning, and wonderful to relate, I am up and dressed, waiting for breakfast. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that I have made a resolution to rise when the children wake, and try to accomplish a little before breakfast. I hear you say "Why, what have you to do Love, that will require so much time?" Nothing in particular, but the days are not long enough for that, and a little painting. How long my resolution will last is another question, but my having made it indicates a step in the right direction.

The children went down town yesterday with the girls. They rode down in the horsecars, and attracted a great deal of attention. Everyone decided Butler to be the handsomest—which shows how short-sighted the people are—but Edith is so forward and full of fun they were greatly amused at her antics. I asked Butler last evening where he had been, and he said "down in the 'osscars." From this you can judge that he is large enough to give an account of himself.

When Laura took him up to bed, he kissed us good night and she started with him up the front way, but he stopped her saying "back way, Laura, back way." The night before I had made Laura go up the back stairs, and gave as a reason that her shoes would wear the carpet. Butler remembered, and made her go right. Isn't that pretty well for a boy of two years? I have been busy fixing over his dresses for the girl. She has quite a supply of old clothes, much to Mary's chagrin, who thinks it quite hard that Butler should have all the new raiment.

We were very quiet yesterday—the horses being tired, and carriages out of order from the drive from Gloucester the day before, we did not drive out, and no one called but Mrs. Farrington, who was as full of gossip as usual, but about people you do not know, therefore of no interest to you.

Good morning, your loving wife, BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISS., *September* 7, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you day before yesterday from Vicksburg. The same evening at 5 o'clock I went on board the Katie to come here. The through boat I had been expecting did not get along. The Katie was not due here till four or five p.m., while our mass meeting was to assemble at midday. So I gave orders to be called should a boat appear which was making better time than our packet, the Katie, which was doing a sort of ferrying from Vicksburg to Natchez. At half past one at night I was called in great haste— Half dressed I rushed out on the bank to catch a boat which had landed a little way off to wood. I was in a hurry—so fell up hill and jumped into the dust a foot or two deep in getting down to the boat, which proved to be the Arlington. I reached this city at half past eleven, in ample time.

At one I began an hour's speech. It was not as good as it might be, but I intend to improve on it at every effort. There is in this county a little discord in our ranks. None, however, relative to the state ticket, but as the outcropping of the old local fight. I do not think any harm will result.

I am staying at Mrs. Curry's, a boarding house, where our friends stay. I have not been to our house yet. No one occupies it. It is closed. Two or three persons have applied to rent it. I will let one of the applicants have it.

This morning, or at midday, we Republicans were congregated at the "bank building" as is customary, chatting away, when we heard the alarm of fire. We hastened out and for the next two hours saw fire and water contending for the mastery over a few old wooden buildings a square off. It was a drawn game. The buildings were half consumed by the fire, half saved by the water—the ruins being pulled to the ground where they now are. For a moment it looked like a general conflagration, but fortunately everything was against the fire. Now, I hear the Negroes who had two of the four engines at work singing in chorus as they gather up the hose and move away.

I see by the telegrams that Washburn is ahead of your Father. As I said the other day, I do not believe the reports—but I wish the facts were so strong the other way that there could be no doubt.

All of our programmes made a year or so ago are working out well, and we expect your Father to keep his end up. Here we will now have to make a canvass—if your Father gets the nomination his canvass will have been made.

I need not tell you that I do not like this city. It is so out-of-the-way that these people hardly know that the war is over. Nothing new has happened. Everything is as it was last spring when you were here.

I send you much love, my beautiful wife, as I do to our dear babies.

Adelbert

LOWELL, *September* 7, 1873

DEAR DEL: Father came home last evening. Your Father was here at eleven, but left for New York via Boston at quarter past two o'clock. Mother and I did and said all we could to induce him to make us a visit, but could not prevail. I think he felt lost without some man around, although it would seem to me the boy ought to have been sufficient amusement. He says they have done a good year's work at Northfield, having made over forty thousand barrels of flour, and if he could have saved the five thousand dollars lost by selling flour at the wrong time it would have been a better year for them than any they have ever had. I asked him his opinion of Fort Atkinson, but he gave me no satisfaction. He said "I have always thought it a great pity the mill was built. If we had had the money invested in it we should each have been worth fifty thousand dollars more, or if it had been put in the St. Paul or even the Northfield bank, it would have paid a good fifteen percent interest. I do not know what he will do when Ham leaves him, as he will soon. He intends to start a mill of his own as soon as he can get the money." From this we can draw the conclusion that Ham considers milling good business, if your Father does not. He would hardly desire to undertake an enterprise which proved a failure under his direction.

Your Mother's health is good. Your Father says never better. I do not understand what Frank could have been thinking of when he described her as being in such poor health. They are very anxious you should go out there this Fall. I told your Father you had spoken of so doing in one of your letters. He seems pretty pleased at your success, and with the children, especially the girl, whom he thinks exactly like her grandmother Ames, as she was when thirteen years old, the first time he saw her. The boy, he says, resembles you very much. This, of course, must please you.

Father will have a very close fight. There is great excitement and the result at present quite uncertain.—You will have telegraphic news of the Convention before this letter reaches you. I showed him the "Clarion Extra."[1] He seemed thunder-struck, and said, "Why this is a formula I addressed to every Governor in the Union, desiring statistics for a speech. Don't the fools suppose I should be more likely to gain information through Ames if there were any scheme such as they talk about afoot, rather than from Powers? I am sorry now that I wrote at all, but I could not dream that it would make mischief." I told him that I did not think it had done any harm, only you had been compelled to state your intentions in regard to the debt.

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[1] See letter of August 26, 1873 from Senator Ames to his wife.

I enclose the girl's picture. What do you think of her Del? Butler was playing yesterday with Prince, trying to make the dog bite his own tail—finding it hard to accomplish, he overcame the difficulty by biting it himself. Do you call this being full of resource?

This is a long separation. I trust by far the longest we shall ever have. Do you begin to feel that you are unmarried? I have the children—but you have nothing but my letters, and I hope a little feeling of loneliness to remind you of your true condition. How is it that I have such perfect faith in you, Love, when I would not trust any other man living? Is it because you are really better, or am I blinded and made foolishly confident by my own affection, and consequently think there can be no change in yours? Your Wife, BLANCHE

Mississippi River
Steamer BART ABLE *between* PORT HUDSON & BATON ROUGE
September 10, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I am on my way to New Orleans, having left Natchez last evening. We will reach our destination about nine o'clock this evening, it is expected.

Monday was a day devoted to the business of a politician, which is to talk of the business of others and speculate as to its probable effect on yourself or your party. I find that Natchez is the worst political hole I ever fell into. There you have politics, pure and unadulterated by any foreign substances like patriotism or party interests. You know how anxiously I worked for unity last spring. Well, the same need, or a greater one, now exists for me to use my healing art—patronage—to effect a cure. But I detected this fact—the disaffected ones make it their business to keep open the sore that it may be healed. It is their capital, their stock in trade. They have been very sharp, but not sharp enough or shrewd enough to hoodwink me. I read them and see their tricks, when they imagine they are working away down under the surface, out of my sight. I dare say you will agree with me that your husband is not such a simpleton as to be fooled by the average politician.

The Lynch side of the house is substantially right. It is the other side which has attempted to play on my fears of the consequences of a split. They wanted me to pledge Noonan. I would appoint him as superintendent of the penetentiary—one of the tid-bits at the disposal of the Gov. They plead and besought me to do so, but I was firm and kindly declined. I did not tell them that I saw their "game." They may try to run a second ticket. I do not believe it will amount to anything. But let them, if they want to. I prefer they should to being constantly worked upon, and my pockets rifled, to prevent it,—when they can unite the party any day they please. They were too sharp. The goose with the golden eggs has taken fright and flight. I did not say I would not appoint Noonan, so now I have them, for they know if they "bolt" I will do nothing for them. They will work and wait, hoping for the best. It is much better for me to hold the reins.

I got up early yesterday morning, expecting the boat at an early hour. At ten o'clock Pat came for me. I went to the wharf and there remained till evening. All day long I was expecting a boat and looking up river to see the smoke of one above the trees, but I looked in vain. I had a book and pamphlet to read, but I had no opportunity for either, for I had callers—such verbose, dull talkers as none but a good natured man like myself would put up with. The first one made a set speech of an hour's length. The second held me three hours. I cheated him out of an hour of that time by giving it to my dinner, though it is true he kept pounding away at the drum of my ear. And all the time I was watching for smoke above the trees. I appreciated the position of the ladies in the tower, who watched for the dust to be raised by the feet of the horses which bore their deliverers. Two callers consuming four hours, you can readily see not many were needed to occupy the other five hours. All were not bores. By the way, how helpless a man is in the hands of a bore. Now that I think of it, what a dreary, weary time the young ladies must have when visited by these senseless chaps who don't know when to go home. Were I a great talker I would more than half suspect that I used to annoy you with my long calls when we went "a-courtin"—but you know we are not of that "senseless" class. But if I did not annoy you—and you haven't the face to say I did—others doubtless did. So we can commiserate with each other—. Married, you are out of danger (?)—and as for myself I will not be caught waiting eight or ten hours for a boat at a point I cannot escape from.

Today is the day, I understand, on which the convention in Mass. is to be held. I am anxious about it. Even according to your Father's count as given by the dispatches, the contest is very close. We will know tomorrow.

I send you love, my sweet wife. It is a long time since I saw your bonnie face and heard your sweet voice. My locket contains a tress of your beautiful sun-lit hair and a poor photograph of you—but they are not you, whom I long to see. Kiss the babies for ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 9, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are all rather disheartened about Father's prospects. The last returns show Washburne delegates ahead. Father is not hopeful, and when he gives up it is a bad case. Tomorrow settles the matter. The suspense will not be of long duration.

It is delightful here now. The days are cool and breezy, the garden full of fruit and the beds full of flowers. I have never seen any that surpassed them for beauty. The gardener has been very successful. I wish you could enjoy them with me, but you are getting pleasure from other sources.

I have not received a paper yet containing your speech accepting the nomination. I have one which gives a portion of Alcorn's effusion. What is the matter with the man. I never read a lamer effort. It is as disjointed and weak as a drunken man's would be. Do you think he has been reported correctly?

You may be interested to hear that Mr. Boutwell, instead of aiding Father in any way, has been persistently silent, so much so that an old farmer rode with him quite a long distance in the cars and tried every means to get an expression of opinion favorable or otherwise. He failed utterly. Mr. Boutwell failed to instruct his own town of Groton and neighboring Ayer so that they sent delegates opposed. What do you think of such a cold-blooded snake as this? He was first made Governor through Uncle Fisher's and Father's assistance, next had aid to be Sec. of Treasury, and lastly, within a year, made Senator. This is the return. I desire to be delivered from all such characters. There is too much selfishness in the composition.

The children continue perfectly well. The boy has very little color. His cheeks are seldom red.—The girl promises to have much more. I do not understand why he should be pale, as he seems in perfect health.

Your explanation in regard to calling your wife beautiful is perfectly satisfactory. I have always considered you very fine looking, and it has been a great attraction to me, for I dote on anything beautiful. Such, however, I have thought has not been the case with you. You would have found it as hard to say why you wished to marry me as your brother John did. Whatever others may have thought of my looks—I have never considered that it was (my so-called) beauty which drew you to me. What then? you ask. I don't know. Love,

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 10, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is half past nine in the evening. As yet we have no direct news from the Convention. Although the postmaster told Horace when he went for the mail that Gen'l. Butler was nominated, we can hardly believe such news. It would be so grand for Father to have a chance to retaliate upon some of these people.

I received your letter from Vicksburg this morning—in which you speak of my taking part in the campaign, but say that you cannot be with me. Such being the case I decide to remain where I am. If you tell me you are homesick and in need of your wife and babies—you offer an inducement which it is impossible for me to resist, but I do not feel called upon to go on account of any howl your opponents may raise, more especially as I agree with you that such a step will not gain or lose you a single vote. It is better on several accounts that I should remain here—the principal one being that should I go to Mississippi now I must be separated from you during the month of December, for I should not like to take that long journey to Washington for that length of time, and at such a season of the year. When we do meet after such a long parting, I do not want to lose you again for a long, long time.

Mrs. H., when I called upon her, was inclined to pity me on account of your absence, saying that she did not see how I could "endure it." That same evening Mr. H. came up to see Father about some political matters, and he was quite intoxicated. Father says he thinks it a common thing with him. I congratulate myself upon my good fortune, and think that a six months' separation would be easy to endure compared to such a misery as this, and such an inheritance for my children.

Butler's memory was tried this afternoon, and stood the test in what I consider a most remarkable manner. Mother, the two children, and myself were in the drawing-room, together. I had the baby, and Butler was playing about the room. All at once Mother began the old tune she used to sing in Washington, when she tossed him upon her foot.—She has not sung it since last winter. The moment Butler heard it, he stopped playing, sidled up to her and said "foot, Gan." She put it out, and he seated himself as contented as Cuff. He evidently remembered the tune, and what that tune meant. A smart boy. When Teedle watches him while eating his dinner, he frequently says "tomorrow, Teedle, tomorrow," meaning that Teedle can have some more tomorrow.—When asked "Who built the Ark?" the answer comes clear and distinct "Noah, Lord." This he has learned from the servants. His Grandfather displeased him about something. He stepped up to him, struck him, and shaking his fist threateningly said "break jaw bone."—I'll break your jaw bone.

Love, BLANCHE

Felicity St., NEW ORLEANS, LA., *September* 11, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Our boat arrived here at midnight and I passed the night aboard of her. This morning, early, I got ready to come here to get my breakfast, and to pass the day. Before leaving the boat I bought a paper, and learned to my great disappointment that your Father was beaten in yesterday's contest before the convention. I regret it on his account, but my strongest feeling of disappointment seems to be because of the triumph of his enemies over him. Had the contest been an ordinary one—or were it the first time, it would not have been as it is; but the bitter personalities, the unbridled abuse and withal the national character of the contest—for the whole nation has been watching it—make it all the more satisfactory to his enemies. I mean to say it is not the loss of the Governorship I regret, as I do the success of his enemies under the circumstances. I have no doubt it was the "back pay" which beat him. Well, things may work for good to him yet. I hope he takes his defeat with his usual sang-froid. He will win before the end comes, you can rest assured. So, now he will need his house in Washington this winter. How uncertain are our plans and schemes. Well, as philosophers we have but one wish, that you express in your letter, a wish for health. That ours, we will endure and enjoy everything else.

Last Saturday we had cool weather after a week of excessively hot weather, and since then it has been very comfortable. The nights have been so cool as to require an extra supply of blankets—or rather *a* blanket—for before that no blanket was needed. Everybody says these cool nights are liable to provoke sickness. They tend to fevers and the yellow fever is predicted. I see by this morning's telegrams from

Shreveport, Texas, that the yellow fever is an epidemic there, and is proving very fatal. The fever does not appear to be expected here. So far as I am concerned, I shall leave for Jackson tonight and shall avoid the sickly localities with great care.

You speak of Edith being a match for Butler in the fighting line! Why, you have heretofore been painting her to me as the "Laughing Girl," and as such I am in the habit of thinking of her. But now you present her as a pugilist. I do not think the characters consistent in a little girl—and in a big girl only when she can always knock her opponents down—for then she would laugh, as she could have the right to.

You may remember you stated in a letter some time since that Butler had a disposition just like my own. You are very complimentary and appreciative. Whenever you speak of his troubles you show that one word of reason and two of kindness allays all pain—drives away every cloud, brings sunshine to his face and happiness to his heart. Is not that the case? I have the proof in your letters. And Butler's disposition and my own are the same. Thank you. You have the correct idea of tractability of your husband and his susceptibility to kindness. I do not think he likes a scowl, but I more than half suspect that love will so soften him that you can mould him into almost anything—that's good.

You speak of Butler's head developing rapidly. If such is the case I would not press him by taxing his mind in any way. It will be well not to try to make him "smart" or precocious. I think he has naturally a very active brain, which we should leave to itself as far as possible. Perhaps I have misunderstood you and there need be no fear of the kind I express.

In about two months from now expect me to start north via Minnesota, for Mass. It is nearly three months since I saw you. Five months and more! A very long time is it not?

Love to the children. You are wise in appealing to Butler's reason, kindly and lovingly, when he is in trouble rather than to the switch or cross words as some parents often do.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 12, 1873

DEAR DEL: Mother and I went to Boston yesterday, and I did not have a chance to write the daily letter.

I enclose the papers to you which will give you the details of the Convention. Father had to fight against such odds, and evidently had a minority of votes, that he deemed it best to give up the fight. I think he dreaded the great expense which carrying out the fight independently would involve. If he had a majority in the Convention—the other side were determined to bolt, and would have taken with them, of course, all the party organization which would leave Father to fight unaided, just in the position he would be if he bolted himself. Then, again, I do not think he felt sure of the people, not knowing how much they have been affected by the "salary grab" howl. Although he says that if Boutwell had declared for him, and aided in those towns which he can control—he could have carried the nomination. Well, the fight is over, and the opposition does not seem very well contented with the result.

Father has spent about fifteen thousand dollars, ten of his own, and five subscribed by his friends. You see, he had to send men into every town to stir up his friends—every town being under the direction of some State official, and in the interest of Washburne. Caucuses were called without due notice, and a thousand and one tricks played. He will have to work hard to make money enough to try the fight again next year, if he is so disposed.

The children are in fine condition. The girl is as fat and good-natured as a baby need to be. Of course, she is not as interesting as Butler, because he is older and full of tricks, but she is stronger and brighter than he was at the same age, although she has only two teeth, while he had four or five. Mother likes her much better since she has put on short clothes, and pays her far more attention. You will be amazed to see her, and will think she is Butler. Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here this morning at three o'clock. I find the situation very satisfactory. Powers takes no part in the canvass. Alcorn will run expecting Democratic support. He can do no harm. We prefer he should run. It is the easiest way for us to get rid of him. He will make a great noise, but it will be the last of him. I look, as do our friends, with perfect complacency on the battle as it opens. It is now two weeks since his first proclamation and nobody has joined him. This much to assure you that we have no fears of such a foe.

I found two letters from you today. It seems to me some of my letters must have been lost or gone astray. See if you can detect any missing ones, and let me know.

I wrote you the other day of having my photograph taken.

I got them today. I do not think the artist very superior. I enclose you two and send Butler one in a letter addressed to him in your care. I hope he will recognize it—or me in it. You will see I am a little thin. But you must remember it was taken after ten days of labor with sleepless nights during which I was supposed to control and direct the action of a convention of two hundred and thirty men.

It is late, and I am sleepy, having traveled most of last night. I send you much love and love for our babies.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 13, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have not had a letter for two days, but can easily account for it on the ground that you have gone to Natchez and the mails are likely to be very irregular.

Father came home quite late last night. He went out for a sail in the "America," which was the judges' boat in a regatta off Boston Harbor. I think the yacht will be sold, if they get a very good offer for her. I do not mean this season—but in the course of a year or so. Both Father and Col. French will grow very sick of the expense of keeping ten men at the rate of forty dollars a month and their board. They cannot get pleasure enough out of it to make it worth while. Father has not been sailing more than five or six times this summer, and Col. French about the same. Mrs. French complains of it as a great expense, and Mother of course looks at it with doubtful eyes, although she does not say much.

Father is quite satisfied with the turn affairs political have taken. Many people think he stands better than he would if he had the nomination. The night of the Convention I think he felt disheartened, but everything now has quite a favorable aspect. The correspondent of the Boston *Herald* was so much excited and so enthusiastic about the ability Father displayed in wrenching victory out of defeat—that the editors were obliged to alter and rewrite his report before they could publish it. This seems to have been the feeling of many—and he no doubt made a great change in the opinion of many of the delegates. When you read the speech, you will agree that it is very able; you have read it by this time, though, I suppose, as it was sent to you yesterday. He did not know what the resolutions were until they were read in the convention. Then he spoke upon them without a moment for preparation. The whole Convention, Washburne men and all, were very enthusiastic.

Father relied too much upon promises of people to carry their own towns. For instance, Buffington said he would attend to Fall River and towns in his district. That there was no doubt about them. On the contrary, there was not a single Butler ticket printed in Fall River, and it cast seventeen votes in the Convention for Washburne.

The children are well, and happy.

I hear that yellow fever is in Louisiana. Be careful, Dearie, not to get in its way. You must not stay in Natchez long, and do not travel much on the river.

Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 13, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I have already written you today, but fearing you might feel anxious about the yellow fever as reported at Shreveport, Texas, and imagining it will soon be here, I write a second time to give you some facts which will, I think, set your mind at rest. The yellow fever to get here must pass through Vicksburg, but that city is, through the health officers, more healthy than it has been for years. It appears from reports from Shreveport that the town has been all summer in a most uncleanly condition. Some time since a number of laborers were taken there from Florida, and soon after their arrival two died of yellow fever. About the same time, an accident happened to a cattle boat and quite a number of the cattle were drowned. Their bodies were drawn out of the water, upon the bank, and skinned. The hides were taken to Shreveport, a distance of about two miles, and sold, while the carcasses were left on the river bank till they rotted! No wonder death stalks there day and night. It is said that but few cases are genuine yellow fever, but, though deadly, are of another type of fever, and caused doubtless by the local causes I state. Knowing the facts we are not disposed to be so solicitous as we were at first. Whether it comes or not, I shall look out for myself. I am to speak at Aberdeen a week from today. That city is in the northeast corner of the state, and my appointments will keep me in the northeast and north part of the state till Oct. 8th—about a month hence. In the meantime we can look about us.

I have been busy all day writing up on my correspondence and for once have got it "up."

I send you, my Beautiful, love, and love and kisses to our babies. ADELBERT

Jackson, Miss., *September* 14, 1873

Dear Blanche: Well, my beautiful wife, I have received yours of the 9th inst. in which you say my explanation for calling you "beautiful" was satisfactory. That much of your letter was "satisfactory" to me—but immediately following your statement you proceed to try to pick a quarrel with me by saying "you (meaning me) would have found it as hard to say why you wished to marry me as your brother John did." Well, my Lady, did I not tell you why? I was under the impression I did. As for John, why, tastes differ. Surely if *you* have forgotten my reasons for wishing to marry you *I* ought not to be expected to remember them. As a matter of record, and to aid us at some future day when this question may come up for discussion, I will now give what I think a substantial reason or two why I *should* have wished to marry you. Whether they are the ones advanced over three years ago or not, I will leave you to decide. They may not be *sufficient* to suit *you*, but they are *true* and *sufficient* for *me*. While the world acknowledges your great beauty, as does your husband, your other qualities far outshone it. Your looks in any other would have been sufficient to make her a belle, but no one in speaking of you dwelt on your beauty but went to those qualities of head and heart which gave you your greatest renown. Was it sense?—You had it in the highest degree— Was it kindness of heart?—Was it tenderness, consideration, regard for those around you?—Was it the home virtues, or the elegance and refinement we like to see displayed in society?—You had all in the superlative degree. So I thought then, and more, whatever the reasons I advanced. Whether I think so now or not, I will not say after such an effort on your part to get up a quarrel with me. There is another reason I will state, that probably had some influence with me. Those I have given were aside from your beauty—this I am to give will leave you to judge whether it had ought to do with it or not—I loved you. Since you have become so quarrelsome I do not feel called upon to express an opinion on this point now.

By the way, now it occurs to me that you would not have wished to marry me (you see, I assume you did) if I had not had the capacity to see other beauties in you than those in your face—if I had not shown appreciation of your goodness of heart and superiority of mind. It is a fancy of mine that my judgement is excellent. To it I am disposed to attribute all my success. My judgement is never better than when considering persons—my success has never been equal to that of my selection of a wife. Now you will say here is "judgement" and "love" a little confused, apparently. No, I do not believe it possible for me to love a frivolous woman. Even in my boyhood, my loves were the most superior girls of the schools—such is my opinion now and the facts will show it I have no doubt. Vice repels, virtue attracts. Vice cannot be loved. The many virtues attracted me—to this I may have misappropriately applied the term judgement. The Catholic would adore the Virgin Mary. Do you not believe that her worshippers would love a mortal like her, all goodness, all beauty, all holiness, if they dared aspire? I do, for it is of such that true love is born. For such reasons the Christian loves the Saviour. At a time when I had begun to grow fastidious, my nature found that in yours which called forth what woman had never done before; what will never be done again, my whole life's love. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 15, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: There was no letter from you today. One will come tomorrow, I hope.

I spent the forenoon in advising as to what would be advisable to do to carry counties we have classified as "doubtful." Our real fight will be for the legislature, and I have little doubt of complete success.

This afternoon we went to a circus and menagerie. The clown and the monkeys amused as they did years ago, but were not quite so absorbing perhaps. The circus was good, but I fear I shall never see one so wonderful as the first few my youthful eyes rested on.

Next day after tomorrow the Democracy will hold their convention. They are divided as to whether they will put any ticket in the field, or leave it open for Alcorn to run, hoping he will be able to split our party. He can do no harm, and I hope the Democracy will not put any ticket in the field. He can be more easily beaten than any man in the state. He has called his friends together on the 18th inst. the day following that on which the Democratic convention is to be held. The situation is such that nothing he can do will benefit him. He is dead, politically. Even many of the Democrats prefer me to him, and he will not take from us a dozen Republicans. Powers did not bolt the convention. He and his friends are with us—not zealously but still with us.

I see by today's telegrams that yellow fever is at Memphis.

It is getting near, but I think we need have no fear. I have told you I shall be in the eastern part of the state in four days—and there they never have had yellow fever. Rest assured I shall avoid the localities where it prevails—or even exists. I am glad you and the babies are so far away from such fatal diseases which so quickly become epidemics. I send you love. Kiss the babies for me. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 15, 1873

DEAR DEL: I wrote you last on Saturday—this is Monday. We did not go to church yesterday it was so very rainy in the morning. Just before tea Butler and I had a fine cozy time together. The day was so cold and damp we had a fire in the nursery, and drawing up before the warm blaze he climbed upon my knee, and requested me to "ting," which I did, giving him "Three Blind Mice," "Ding Dong Bell," "Three Little Kittens," and "Bow, Wow, Wow." He tries to repeat everything and at times is very amusing. When I begin "Three Blind Mice" he chimes in with "cut tails off carve kniuf," which is cut off their tails with a carving knife. "Hickory, dickery dock, Mouse, clock" is his refrain. "High diddle diddle the cat is in the fiddle" "Cow, moon, dog," etc. He always picks out the chief words and strings them along together without regard to the intermediate ones—and he has learned them so well that he never makes mistakes. The moment I begin he knows what's coming, and his little face is all alive with eagerness for me to reach that part which he remembers. His gums are swollen, and it is easy to feel four back teeth coming, one on each side. I had supposed that he had all of his teeth, for his mouth seems well filled—but lately he has kept his hands in his mouth and fingers on his gums continually. Examination shows that there are more teeth to come. He is very restless at night, and looks rather thin, though otherwise apparently in perfect health. He recognizes your picture when it is shown to him, and says "fa-yah, fa-yah." From these little sketches you can easily understand that he is a remarkably bright boy.

Edith is well, and shows signs of possessing a most violent temper. She had a pear to play with today, and having inserted her two little underteeth in it she found it had an agreeable taste. Of course we could not allow her to have it when she could bite off little bits, and when we took it away she raised the house with her cries and refused to be pacified—even grapes failed to satisfy her.

So much for your children—for yourself, Sweetheart, run from the yellow fever, give it wide berth, and remember that the happiness of three beings depends upon you, and you must not run the least risk. Love, from Your Wife,

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 16, 1873

DEAR DEL: Two letters came from you today, the last being written in New Orleans. I was happy to read that you intended to leave at once for Jackson. I am afraid of the yellow fever.

How glad I am that you are in such good spirits. It seems to indicate good health. Are you gaining in flesh? I trust so, not only for your own sake, but for mine.—I do not care to have it appear that you are all worn out trying to take care of such a bouncing wife and baby. The boy is not very stout.

Yesterday Mother gave a lunch. A Captain GorJones and his wife.—He belongs to the English Navy, and is attached to the British Legation. His business in Lowell is to inspect the Cartridge Works. Captains Luce and Pearson came up from Boston with them. Dr. Ayer, Capt. Fox, Mrs. Farrington and Gen'l. Palfrey were asked to meet them. The lunch was a very nice one. Mrs. Jones, or GorJones, I don't really know her name, is a middle-aged English woman, very fat, rather coarse, although very pretty once, I should say, for her features are still good, but nearly obscured by fat. She is large enough to make two of the Captain.

I have not been in good spirits for the last two days, owing to a bad cold caught, I think, rubbing Butler the other night when he was so restless. I could not keep the clothes upon him three minutes at a time, and the poor little fellow could not sleep. The two last nights he has slept very well. Love, Dearie. I think of you constantly and count the days before we shall meet, until they seem like years. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 17, 1873

DEAR DEL: We read most fearful accounts of the yellow fever, and my only reliance is upon your promise to run—and keep far from its track. Do not take the slightest risk. All Mississippi is not worth it. Your campaign will be likely to prove a dull one if the fever becomes general. People will hardly care to attend political meetings where the strange man who jostles the elbow may have the seeds of fever about him. Your position on the platform would be preferable under such circumstances.—But seriously, Love, you must be more than careful.

I have been almost sick for the last two days, but feel better this evening. These heavy colds are very queer. I used to get the croup when a child, but was not troubled with colds after I grew up until I was married. Now it seems to me I am hoarse as a wren during most of the cold weather, and our daughter Edith has inherited a croak which I hope and trust she may outgrow. If not she will rival her brother in masculinity of voice. I do not know that my long word is in the dictionary, but it expresses my meaning.

Father started this morning for Dayton. He will be absent something more than a week. One of his constituents wrote him a letter desiring to purchase of him $500,000 worth of Union Bank Bonds, as it was understood he owned largely and desired to sell. Father replied that he had never had any such bonds, and more than that had never heard of any. I believe he has sent the letter to you.

The children are well. Butler talks plainer every day. You will be able to carry on quite a conversation with him when you return. He recognizes your picture wherever and whenever he sees it.

I hope you will not have grown so thin as to interfere with your bonnie looks. You must not become careworn and preoccupied. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 16, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I had no letter from you today. You doubtless waited for the action of the Worcester Convention that you might let me know the results. I got them by the telegrams last week. When your letter comes tomorrow morning I expect to hear your regrets and disappointment at your Father's failure. I too am sorry—and disappointed that he did not succeed.

The Democratic convention of this state meets tomorrow at Meridian. It is believed they will not nominate any ticket but leave the field open to Alcorn. Our friends are divided as to what action on their part would be most advantageous to us. Some would like them to make straight out Democratic nominations. On the other hand I would like to see them return to their homes without nominating, and have Alcorn come in against me as the candidate for Gov. It would be a very easy contest for us. It is now over two weeks since he bolted, and he has failed thus far to make a ripple on the surface. He is dead with our party. Yet, we can beat the Democracy without trouble. The real fight is over the legislature. The battle has not begun to rage yet, but all is moving forward favorably.

I have been writing out my speech today, and preparing for next Saturday. I will make substantially the same speech everywhere. This week will develop the enemy's plans and we will then know how to train our batteries.

The yellow fever is still in Memphis, I see, but there has been no case in this state. I hardly think it will become general here—surely we hope not. I am in most excellent health. The weather here is very pleasant—the only trouble is they say the warm days and cold nights are bad for the yellow fever. Were it not for this epidemic I would like much to have you here. I am very quiet now. I have few callers and consequently much time to think, and I find I have long day-dreams of my loved ones so far away. I get lonesome and homesick for you. On the first of April last I left Washington for this city, and have been on the wing ever since. I have seen my boy but for one week of all this time—and there is still more than two months ahead. We must *manage* better in the future, for this is not *living*. We, you and I, belong to each other and should be together. Love, ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 13, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: This morning I received yours of the 7th inst. containing a photograph of Edith. It is, of course, poorly taken, there being nothing very distinct about any of the features. I am glad to get it. I have on my table, just touching this sheet of paper, my pocket album with every place filled —two of Butler's and one of Edith's. I am inclined to believe I shall by and by get one of yours to take the place of one of Butler's. Do you not think I will get it after some more begging letters? Couldn't you give it as a piece of charity, to an individual who wants it very much? I shall plead away in this strain till you will feel ashamed to refuse me any longer. Can you resist further?

I am amused at Father's criticisms of the children. He says that Butler looks like me and Edith like my Mother! We all agree they are very handsome children—Butler is all Ames, and Edith is also all Ames—now, where, I ask, does your side of the house come in? Didn't Father have the tact to accredit you with any resemblance to our remarkable children? I must give him a talking to.

Butler's resources are extraordinary. He must take out a patent for getting a dog's tail bitten—bite it himself— Wonder if it will pay as well as the "navigation of shallow waters"!

I have written to Ham for an account of the Mill's year's work and have his reply that he will send it to me soon. Beyond my request I do not know that I can do anything, unless it be to send Father or John there. I am glad Father seems to be pretty well contented with the year's work at Northfield. It shows that it has been a very good year's work. Had it not been he would not have acknowledged so much. I hope he will declare dividends. I enclose you a couple of reports from Northfield.

Love for my beautiful wife and babies. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 17, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter of the 10th inst. came this morning. I see you half expected success for your Father, but the rumor only made the reverse the more unpalatable. Well, we hope for more successful days by and by.

Surely, my Love, you are far better off than Mrs. H. with her husband at home every day, with now and then a day of drunkenness. Having faith in each other these days of absence, when duty calls, though undesirable, and if possible to be avoided, have no sorrow or bitterness of heart in them as would a vice or weakness such as masters H. I think you are rather a fortunate woman and wife. You have, permit me to say in all humility, a very superior husband, such as rarely falls to the lot of womankind. He is good and true and loyal, with but one weakness and that is—well, his weakness (did you say strength?) is his exceeding great love of his wife. Now, dear lady, if you should want to hear *your* husband praised, write *me* abusing somebody else's husband.

Usually, reading your letters I immediately re-read the parts describing your daily life and the account of the children's acts. Such parts always prove of more interest to me than all the others, whatever you may write about. His (Butler's) remembrance of the song your Mother sang months ago when she swung him on her foot is remarkable. I can only say that he can remember a tune much better than his Father can. His brain is evidently very active and I advise that you not only avoid stimulating it, but forbid the servants doing so. As he is likely to be precocious they will find amusement in making him more so—always to his detriment. Your Mother's song meant to him a swing on her foot—what a pretty illustration of the association of ideas. I would like to see the youth. You have said nothing of late of Edith—what of her?

I have done little today but write. I have not even been up town. I send love to you and to our babies.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 18, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your son received his letter today. I told him to open it, which he did, and exclaimed when he saw the photograph "Fa-yah, Fa-yah." So you see, he knows you in whatever form you present yourself. I cannot say I think the artist has flattered my Love. How thin you are, and how much attention I shall have to pay to your appetite to get back the roundness to your cheeks, and what long quiet nights of rest you will require to give a restful look to your weary eyes. Poor Del, the warm weather and anxiety have told upon you. I hope you will find enough gratification in having succeeded to recompense you for the many annoyances you must have been subject to.

Aunt Nina was over today. Her lameness is better, and in spite of the opinion of three learned physicians to the contrary, I think she will get entirely well. She will probably go to New Orleans this winter for a time, and no doubt will expect an invitation from the Governor of Mississippi.

Poor Ben. He has written lately that he finds the algebra hard. It is a new work, unlike that you taught him from last winter, and he thinks more difficult. He says he has "fessed" or something of that sort, and evidently feels a little downcast. Mother and Father have written him, and he will be inspired for a renewed contest. Want of application is the difficulty, I have no doubt. We have inquired as to the habits of his classmates.

I am glad to know that you have so little fear of Alcorn's endeavors. Some people here seem to fear his actions may carry weight.

I receive the *Pilot* now regularly. I do not think I have missed any of your letters, Del. Sometimes they are delayed for two or three days, then I have quite a number together.

Love from the babies and your wife, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 18, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Today I mail you a correspondence between a Captain Murphy of New York and myself. I do so in part that you may know how some folks regard me—and that you may know all I know. Of course I had to buy the flags if I accepted the honor. Do you think I paid very dearly for my whistle? But how could I resist the siren tongue? Is it not worth a hundred dollars to be talked to *so*. The Captain was so exceedingly complimentary that I half suspected he was amusing himself at my expense; yet I took it earnestly, as you see by my reply. We surely are *growing* when men begin to name vessels for us—even though we buy a "maiden suit of flags" as all similarly honored persons would be likely to do.

Yesterday the Democracy disbanded—or pretended to disband—at Meridian, where they held their state convention. The majority did this. The minority met and organized with committees ready for any emergency.—They are the Bourbons and will not support Alcorn. Many of them will vote for me first. Alcorn has been holding his convention, or more properly, a caucus, today. He has not a representative Republican in it. Two or three committees consumed the whole fifteen or twenty followers he has with him. They have been trying all day to make up a ticket, but have failed thus far. It is now ten o'clock in the evening, and everybody is up town. I do not know what has been the results of the evening's labors. I only know that Alcorn was to make a speech. It will be one of his crazy, insane, drunken speeches, I have no doubt. All our friends are of the opinion that the outlook could not be better. Our party is a unit, and I see no cause to doubt a famous victory on the 4th of Nov. for us and our side.

My nomination cost me two hundred and fifty dollars—how different from your Father's. I need not have spent a cent, but I yielded to demands I did not believe in.

Love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 19, 1873

DEAR DEL: I am rich, for I have had four letters from you today, and one of them a genuine love letter, which has given me so much pleasure that I could consent willingly to your being absent for a week if you would write another like it. I do not mean that I should be content to have you away a week longer now, our separation has been too long already—but sometime next spring after you have been with me steadily for three or four weeks I could spare you for a few days, if recompensed with such a letter. Of course, I take all your flattering speeches cum grano salis, but they are delightful never-the-less, and when we meet I will pay off part of my indebtedness.

After all, Sweetheart, judging from myself, I should say you had summed up all the reasons in the words "because I loved you." This comprises everything, beauty, nobility, and all the attributes which make one mortal attractive to another. Love causes faults to appear virtues, and blemishes beauties, from all of which you may conclude you have no reason to think yourself perfection in the eyes of the world because I say *I* love you, and find you so. I cancel the saucy speech with a kiss, Dearie.

It is very evident you do not love your daughter Edith. You do not seem to understand that she is the best, the sweetest, and prettiest baby in the world. Ah, well, you hardly know her yet, all that will come with time.

I send you the only photographs I have which are fit to be seen. If you desire it I can have some taken, but there is only one good artist in this vicinity, and he lives in Haverhill. You speak rather disparagingly of Edith's tintype. I thought it a pretty good picture of her. You must acknowledge that she looks prompt and capable, far more so than Butler in the last picture he had taken. He is well and in fine spirits. Both children cry when I leave the room. So you can see that I have my hands full now—what will it be when my Love comes home?

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *September* 19, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I will leave here in a half hour or so for Aberdeen which is in the northeast part of the state.

Alcorn had his friends put him at the head of a very weak ticket, one we believe we can beat without any trouble. He has challenged me to a joint discussion, and we will have it hot and heavy. The discussions will not come off, probably, till after my present appointments are filled.

I send love to you and the children. ADELBERT

ABERDEEN, MISS., *September* 21, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you hurriedly Friday afternoon, shortly before leaving Jackson for this place. I left there at seven and arrived here at nine yesterday morning. At eleven our speaking began. My turn came at twelve and I spoke for an hour and a half. I made, I think, a very good speech. Of course I shall improve on it every day. The party here is a unit, and I will have no trouble to carry the state. The Alcorn ticket came into the world as dead as the pup you wrote about. Some of the Democratic papers are opposed to Alcorn, while others are faintly and weakly supporting him. He gets no support from our side, which was expected by the Democracy. Everything looks exceedingly well.

My health is excellent. Night before last I was riding on the cars, and suffered from the cold. Yesterday it was quite cool—so much so that I wore my overcoat, and in the evening our host had a fire for his own special benefit, which I unhesitatingly took advantage of. We have had no frost here. I speak of frost, for it is said a frost will kill the yellow fever. Tonight we go down to Macon, the second county below this, and after that we will make our way to the north end of the state—to Corinth and Holly Springs, by which time we hope for Mr. Jack Frost to put in his appearance. Yesterday's telegrams show that the fever at Memphis is not very bad, and is evidently under control. It is said that city has become depopulated by the flight of its inhabitants—which makes it all the better, as the amount of material is diminished. I will look out for the disease and carefully avoid coming in contact with it.

I suppose you are sitting over a fire the most of the time these late days of September. I should like to be with you—well, I do expect to be with you in about two months—when this cruel war is over.

By the way, what word do you have from Ben? What sections is he in? I have no doubt he has been promoted to the first sections. If he has not gone up, he will when they get to the "binomial theorem"—or else I shall regard all my labors as in vain.

I send love—to you, my beautiful wife and our lovely babies.

Adelbert

Lowell, *September* 21, 1873

Dear Del: Nothing of interest has happened today. We have all been busy over fall garments. Butler is to have a black velvet overcoat, of velvet which cost sixteen or seventeen dollars a yard and the garment requires two yards and a half. Great extravagance, is it not? But black, glossy velvet will be so becoming to him, Del, how could my woman's as well as my Mother's heart resist such a consideration? Yet this has been a most perplexing matter to me. I wanted to have the coat for the boy—and my good sense always stood guard, saying "What foolishness, he will ruin it in a short time, and it is a great deal to pay fifty dollars for such an article." So I bided my time, and watched the chances. Last Friday Mother came into the billiard room and said "Blanche I think I had better cut over this velvet sacque, I do not like the shape and I need something to wear in the house for extra warmth this winter." "Yes", I replied, "It would be better to use up some of the things in the house—it is full of foolish garments." So she brought her pattern and the sacque. We spread them out on the billiard table and found the sacque a little too small to cut the pattern she desired without some piecing. Suddenly an idea struck me. "Mother, I want a velvet coat for the boy—now it would be better for you to get new velvet for your garment and let him have this, rather than to get new for him and have you trying to make this suit.—It is probably quite large enough for anything I may wish to make him." Mother seemed taken aback for an instant. "Is it possible you think of a velvet coat for him?" "Yes, why not? Don't you think it will become him?" "Why—yes—but for such a snipe as that—certainly it would be much better for me to have the new material. Go and get your pattern, if we can cut it, we had better begin at once." Thus Butler has a new coat, which he has taken right away from his grandmother, without the least hesitation. Mother will get a cloth one. She has concluded velvet to be hardly suitable for mourning, and only thought of using it because she had it. Are you interested, Dearie, in such small matters as this?

Be very careful, Sweetheart. Your photograph is constantly before my eyes, with its thin cheeks and hollow eyes, and I feel very anxious. The nights are chilly now, and you must not forget your overcoat.

Love from your Wife, BLANCHE

MACON, MISS., *September* 22, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Our speaking here began about eleven this morning, and now at half past four one of our speakers' voices is heard coming out of the courtroom, where the meeting was assembled, to this clerk's room where I am now writing. I spoke for an hour and a half or two hours, and improved on my Saturday effort. We find no disaffection in any direction. The Republicans here are a unit. They have been very enthusiastic. I speak mainly to the whites, and while explaining to them what I have done, and asking criticism, am able to make a very strong case for the genuine Republicans, and especially for the colored people. I see I am running into politics. Well, I am thinking it much of the time, and just at this moment hear someone speaking and the drums in the street stirring the crowds.

A sudden call took us to dinner, and it is now 3:25 in the morning. I am at the desk of the hotel at this early hour waiting for the omnibus to take us to the depot. Yesterday after the speaking we all went and dined with a colored man by the name of Gray. We had a most excellent dinner—a better one than I have seen in the state for months. When I get to some good table I expect to get fat again.

Last evening I learned from some of my callers that our speeches made a revolution in the sentiments of the white people—among the Democracy, so far as I am concerned individually. If I succeed in doing so well in other counties, I shall greatly diminish my opposition. I am soon to start for Columbus. We will get there about eight and will speak at eleven probably. You see I am on the move.

I send love to my dear wife and babies. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September 22*, 1873

DEAR DEL: Two letters came this afternoon from you.—I am sorry to see that one dated the 16th seems a little out of sorts, and you are, or were, rather, homesick. By this time I know you are in better spirits, for the speech-making has begun and your time will be so occupied that you will have little leisure to regret your wife and babies. You will reflect and conclude that even were we in Mississippi you are to be such a wanderer for the next month and a half you could see but little of us, and will be satisfied that you have had such a healthful pleasant place as Mass. in which to stow your valuables.

Butler, as you say, is very active, and inclined to be precocious. He can talk better than Chandler's boy, who was more than three years of age; and he understands everything and imitates everything that is done before him. Father was very much amused the other day. Mother happened to sneeze violently twice. Butler instantly did the same, and it was an excellent imitation.

If he would sleep more soundly at night, I would feel more at ease. He frequently wakes up in the middle of the night, tosses about from side to side, and remains awake for a long time. I rub his legs, and body, thinking that they may be overtaxed and ache. Sometimes he enjoys the motion of my hand, but often he does not wish me to touch him and will not have any clothing over him, not even the sheet. I am very careful about his diet, and am at a loss how to account for his uneasiness. I remember Ben used to be very restless and wake up with growing pains, as they are called. Mother would rub his legs by the hour before he could get to sleep. This may be the trouble with Butler. I should prefer to have the difficulty in his heels rather than the head. He is in excellent health and growing stouter. The dimple in his pretty chin shows finely.

Miss Edith Ames is growing very fast. You can understand that she is large when I tell you that Butler's dresses of last winter fit her perfectly, except in the sleeves, which are a little too long for her. If the shoulders were cut any narrower she could not wear the dresses. Her hands and feet are very small, and she wears the little blue slippers Florence gave Butler, which he could not squeeze on after he was old enough to wear shoes. Edith crawls backwards—can sit up a little, and fall over without bumping her head—laughs and crows when anyone speaks to her—is intensely interested in everything that Butler and Teedle are doing.—Takes hard thumps from Butler, who rarely allows an opportunity to escape him.—Sometimes it is from good nature, however, when he wishes to give her something she does not know how to take, or to brush the little bald head with a stiff bristled brush, or to take away something she may be playing with, which he thinks he wants himself—and if he is not allowed to do so he usually makes an effort to kick her head. We have to watch him very closely—whether good-natured or cross, either mood is dangerous.

I have written all this because you say it is what you most wish to hear. Be very careful of yourself, Love.

Blanche

Starkville, Miss., *September* 24, 1873

Dear Blanche: This town is some twelve miles west of the railroad. I left Columbus at five o'clock this morning—rode by rail to Artesia, a distance of some fifteen miles, and then by stage to this point. Our meeting at Columbus yesterday was a great success. It was only marred by an effort of some of Alcorn's friends to get up a quarrel with Major Gibbs, who was rather severe on that individual. It was a very outrageous affair. It showed they were much hurt by the fire we pound into their leader.

I did not write you yesterday, being very busy. We were awakened at three o'clock, as I believe I did state in my

Monday's letter, and reached C. at about nine. Capt. French, who was on a short visit to Washington, joined us. This morning we all separated—French going on his way—Gibbs going over to Panola Co. to aid Howe, and I with one of our speakers, a Capt. Dennis, an ex-Confederate, coming here. We speak here tomorrow—I expect Wells along. Tomorrow after it is over I shall go to West Point for Friday's appointment.

If you receive the *Pilot* as you should, you will see that Gov. Powers and Attorney General Morris are trying to put off the election till next fall, a year hence. Both Powers and Morris were candidates for re-nomination before our convention, and both were beaten—Powers' friends agreed to stand by the action of the convention, and Morris himself made a speech to the same purport to it. But now it just occurs to them that this fall is not the time, nor the year, for the election! This idea is not a new one. They knew as much law, and many facts bearing on the case, before the convention, as they did the other day when they put forth their opinions. Even the Democracy held its convention.

This is the point— The first effort of the state to get back into the Union was in '68, and that that election should elect congressmen for the three months of the unexpired term of the Congress ending March 4, '69 and the full term following, a provision to that effect was put into the state constitution. Now it is held that all the state officers were elected to "fragmentary terms and to full terms," etc., and that the term of the present state officers will not expire till next fall! The state was not admitted in '69, after the election of '68, but in '70, after the election of '69. Alcorn is at the bottom of it all I have no doubt. Well, we can hold the election and let the Supreme Court of the State decide—or, we may be forced by circumstances to let it go till next year. So far as I am concerned individually, it makes no difference to me. I am content to remain another year in the Senate. Next year I can be renominated without an effort, judging by the indignation expressed at this trick to cheat us and keep themselves another year in office, on the part of the Gov. and Atty. Gen'l. I do not care—I have the right of it—the people are with me heart and soul, and I will leave to the future most cheerfully my chances for success. In the meantime I will go on making the canvass. We will have ample time to decide whether to have an election or abandon the idea for a twelve-month. But coming right down to a consideration of the whole case, I would not feel a particle of regret should I be called upon to remain still another year in the Senate. The next session is a long one, and we will be together from December till July, probably.

I am feeling rather lonesome at our long separation, and look forward to our meeting with much pleasure. I always picture you as well and strong, with our two hearty, beautiful children about you. It is so long since I saw them, and they grow so fast I fear they will have quite outgrown my remembrance. I love them and you, my beautiful wife, and long to be with you. In a couple of months I have no doubt I will be—Good night.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *September* 24, 1873

DEAR DEL: I believe I made a mistake yesterday in the date of my letter. This is not unusual, however. It is difficult for me to remember the day of the week, much less the month. The days are so much alike, except Sundays, that there is nothing for memory to hold upon.

You are all over the state, the northern part by this time, and every day a speech to make.—What glorious practice! I notice by the *Pilot* that you are engaged to speak fourteen times. Perhaps this number does not include all you intend to do before the election. I was rather surprised that you accepted Alcorn's challenge to speak with him, but I am not sure but it will be quite as well to exercise in that way.—Unless both parties are very sure they can control their tempers, I should suppose such discussions would be apt to grow personal, and very bitter. Certainly Mr. Alcorn's speech at Jackson does not indicate a well-disciplined mind or temper. My love has both, but I don't know what effect great provocation might have upon him. I have great confidence, however, that he will succeed in all he undertakes.

The reports you sent me from Northfield are encouraging. Your Father must feel that they have done a good year's work.

We are all well, as usual. Butler is constantly daring "Gran" greatly to her amusement. He is a great "Mother's boy" and is inclined to make a row if I move from his side. I have to resort to all manner of innocent expedients to get rid of him. He is much more willing to go away from me to do something which is agreeable than to have me leave him. This is natural, I suppose.

I am glad that you remember to ask "What about Edith?"

She is a glorious baby—and that is quite enough, even if she is not old enough for pretty tricks, and she does not suck her thumb half as much as Butler does his hands. I think the poor little chap suffers a good deal from those back teeth.

I gave the boy your picture this morning and asked him who it was. "Butler Ames' Father" was the answer, and to Butler Ames' Father I send kisses. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 24, 1873

DEAR DEL: If you had been here this afternoon your eyes would have been gladdened by a very pretty sight. Butler, Edith, and Teedle started out for their afternoon walk, Edith in the carriage adorned with all her pretty trappings—Butler and Teedle side by side. The boy gay in black velvet, blue ribbons, and white gown. Teedle equally fine in the blue and cherry blanket. I am sure you would have felt that your family did you credit. Everybody of course had to turn around and take a look. Mother has to laugh when they start out, and accuse me of love of show.—Still she takes great delight in their fine appearance.

Father has not yet returned. We are a little interested to know whether he had any money in the hands of Clews & Co. whom we hear failed yesterday, or I should say, suspended, but I suppose it amounts to the same thing. The papers report flour as falling, owing to the state of the money market. I do not see why bread stuffs should be affected. The same papers suggest that there will be an advance very soon. By this you will see that I am interested in the "staff of life." I have not heard an opinion expressed on the subject, and may be talking at random, but it seems to me that it is not right for the United States Treasury to interfere in this matter. Why should the banks in failing have any more assistance than manufacturers, which might be in the same condition? If it should prove a poor year for the farmers, and the crops should fail, who can help them in their trouble? These banks were ready to run the risks for the sake of the profits of the business, and now they should expect to bear the loss without assistance. You will not feel interested in this subject, though, Del, for the whole thing will be settled long before my letter reaches you. Moreover, you will not care to hear newspaper news from your wife. Butler kisses his hand, and joins me in love to his "fa-yah." As for Edith, she lives to eat, and her memory, and affections are only slightly developed. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 26, 1873

DEAR DEL: We have been to Boston, returning at four o'clock. The children drove down to the depot to meet me, then took a long ride down the Tewksbury Road. The weather is delightful. The furnace is going because the rooms would be a little damp and cold without fire, but it is warm enough to keep the windows open all day, and to leave them partly open at night. The children need the fresh air while sleeping. If the room becomes a little warm and close they are very restless and Butler kicks off every particle of clothing.

I am very undecided as to what I had better do about Butler's nightgowns. I intended to make them closed at the bottom, so that he could not uncover himself entirely—but when I think how unpleasant it would be for me to have my limbs encased in such a way that I could not put them in any position which might seem agreeable to me, or move my feet when hot and dry around the bed into some cool, fresh place, I have not the heart to dress the boy so, and am inclined to think it better for him to run the chances of catching cold. The colder the room the more inclined he is to sleep quietly, and allow the covers to remain over him. When his little legs ache, and are hot, no doubt the sheet even is a burden. All things considered, unless you advise differently, I will not make the closed nightgowns, although I have the pattern and all things ready to do so.

Is not your speech pretty long, Love? Two hours is a great while to *talk*, and still greater for people to listen. I am prejudiced against long speeches, and think the more condensed and concise the better. Still yours may be all this, yet long. I suppose that political speeches furnish the good people of Mississippi their sole excitement and amusement. The longer the entertainment, the better.

The children have not distinguished themselves within the last day or two by anything particularly brilliant.

The days are slipping by, and in less than two months you will be with me—and your babies. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 28, 1873

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday evening, and I am sitting in the billiard hall—partly undressed, trying to get cooled off after one of the very warmest days of the season. Ninety-four in the shade, without a breath of air to temper it. Butler has heavy circles under his eyes, caused by continued perspiration, and the baby is as rosy as a full blown pink. I should use the past rather than the present tense, for the children have been in bed some hours and are now quite cool and comfortable.

Father came home this morning. He says that the failure of the banks has not done him any harm yet, but he feels anxious about the future. If in his business matters he wishes for a sum of money, a thousand dollars for instance, to pay workmen, or anything of that sort, and draws upon any bank for it—he will receive a hundred dollars in bank notes, perhaps the other nine in a check on the bank, and this it would be impossible to get cashed except at a very large discount. For this reason he thinks all business interests must suffer to some extent. The cause of trouble he lays to the scarcity of money to carry on the great business of the country. Six millions has been drawn from the Bank of England to be expended in this country for the immense wheat crop now in the West waiting for shipment. This wheat can, of course, be bought very low, because the cold weather is approaching and unless moved soon it will be blocked for the winter, and there is no money in the country to pay for its shipment. So England and France can play the "wreckers" part and gain by our misfortunes. I trust it will not affect you, Del, and yet I fear it must, for where will you get money to buy wheat? Will the farmers take bank checks? Is this good year's work to be swallowed up at once?

You would have been pleased this evening to have seen Butler playing with his Grandfather. He came into the entry where we were all sitting after tea, and began operations by climbing up into the rocking-chair and while rocking back and forth repeated two or three songs after me from Mother Goose. He tries very hard to talk, and repeats nearly everything he hears. Of course, he grew weary of this amusement after a little, and went to the sofa where his Grandfather was lying down, climbed up on him, and after examining his shirt studs for a few moments, gave him two or three good slaps in the face. Father defended himself as best he could, and slid the boy down towards the floor, when much to his surprise he received a good bite on the leg, right through the pants. Then they had a fine romp. Butler bit for a while, then flung Paul's hat with well-directed aim at Father's head—now and then giving variety to the performance by kicks, slaps and bites. When it was suggested that it was near bed-time, he would sober down a little and say "hush nah, I dare ye" to whoever made the suggestion. All of the row was perfectly good-natured, and he went off to bed as contented as a lamb. Your boy will be quite a playfellow for you by November. By that time you will be able to understand all that he says.

Ah, Sweetheart, how glad I shall be when you come back to me, or when I can go to you! BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 29, 1873

DEAR DEL: I did not write you that I thought you most fortunate in having to spend so little in the campaign. Father says that the other side expended at least a hundred thousand in order to defeat him. Of course you will not mention his expenses. I suppose it to be a secret. I get my information from Mother.

We hear through some of the Lowell people who have just returned from Europe that Mrs. Minnie Reade has more than a reputation for singing in Florence—it amounts to renown, and her voice is pronounced second to none. The only question about her success will be whether she will have sufficient self-possession to do herself justice. She writes to Aunt Nina that she has had a very hard time, and has turned "into an iceberg." When she first went to Italy it was a question what name she should assume when she made her debut. It seemed to be a hard matter to decide. Now, however, Phil is prompt with the suggestion that she had better "honor the name of Read*e*." Isn't it rich?

The children are well. Butler is better than he has been—that is, he sleeps well, which is a sign of good health. I send love, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *September* 30, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your letter of the 24th reached me today. In it you speak of the trick Gov. Powers and the Atty. Gen'l. intend to play in order to secure themselves the offices for another year, and to try once more to defeat you. For the present I have but little choice in the matter. Washington or Mississippi, it is all the same to me, as long as I can be with you. But the lookout for the future is more uncertain. It is impossible for you to know what another year may bring forth, or what new devices the enemy may arrange for your slaughter. If I were you, I should prefer to be elected, and then leave the settlement to the Supreme Court of the State, even if I knew the decision would be adverse. It would be proof positive that you have had the endorsement of the State, which is one of the things you have fought for, as well as political preferment.

Still it is impossible for you to have an election, I suppose, in the face of Gov. Powers' proclamation, which is published in the Boston papers of today, or rather the fact that he has issued a proclamation. I send you the item. So you will have to make the best of the situation, which is not such a bad one after all.

We hear from Ben that he is in trouble about his "math" and does not rank as high as he desires. He even goes so far as to suggest that there is a chance he may be found next January. His rank has been twelve and a fraction out of fifteen. If you know what that means, you have the advantage of your wife.

Your son is well, and so is Miss Ames. You say you would enjoy hearing their voices even if they were crying. You must expect to have plenty of that. Two children do not tend to quietude. I only trust you will not get out of patience with them. While we are all well there is nothing to make us very down-hearted. Keep this in mind if things are disagreeable for you in Mississippi and remember always that love and health will cause what is bad to seem good. Love,

BLANCHE

TUPELO, MISS., *September* 30, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday morning we left Okolona and arrived here at 10 a.m. At eleven I took the floor in a colored Baptist church, and spoke for two hours and fifteen minutes. It was my best effort. There was present the largest audience, both of whites and blacks, ever assembled at this place. It has been a very bitter and lawless place, but I had no difficulty in getting hold of my hearers and chaining them for over two hours. They have been bitter Democrats, and naturally care little for Alcorn, and yet have been very hostile to carpet-baggers, but when I finished they all, nearly (judging from what I hear), have concluded that they will vote for me if they vote at all—that they will not vote for Alcorn under any circumstances. Had I the time to canvass these white counties thoroughly, I believe I could make a perfect revolution.

I am early this Tuesday morning writing at the house of a Mrs. Davis, where Col. Wells and Judge Hill are also stopping. Mrs. D's daughter is the postmistress here. She at one time taught a colored school. The people were so hostile to her that they resorted to every means to get rid of her, even to trying to Ku Klux her. They came to her house once, but she met them with a pistol, and they ran away. Since then they have left her alone. She seems to be a quiet, pleasant person. In fact, nothing has been charged against her except that she is a radical and has a very considerable influence over the Negroes in the county. She shows, I should judge, that she is made of such material as John Brown was made of. There is an expression about the eye and mouth which indicates a spirit of, if not a heroine, a martyr.

At ten this morning we leave for Booneville, about an hour's ride. There will be quite a crowd along. This part of the state has been regarded as a very lawless place, but we have been most courteously treated. I anticipate no trouble, and should it come we will be well prepared for it.

My health is excellent, and I am in good spirits, as you see. I send you love, as I always do—even though I may not be writing you. Kiss the babies for ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 1, 1873

DEAR DEL: Why did you not write me of the difficulty Major Gibbs had in Columbus, and in which it seems from the *Pilot* you were concerned sufficiently to aid in taking care of Mr. Lewis? Do you think this is the way to treat your wife? Do you desire to be so dealt with? Shall I keep secret anything disagreeable or dangerous that happens to me, because I think it may trouble or frighten you? If this is the proper course of action between man and wife, I wish to know it, so that I can regulate my letters accordingly. Now, Love, I have scolded enough, and I am ready to give you a kiss and make up. Promise not to do so again, so that I can forgive you, and be most careful, Del, of anything that tends towards a row. Remember Gen'l. McCook. No one can tell what a low-minded blood-thirsty villain will do.

Father is greatly interested in the election question, and now thinks that he comprehends the whole situation, having read the *Pilot* of Sept. 26th, and the decision of Yerger, Mason, and others, given to Alcorn some time since. He thinks it utterly absurd for Powers to have issued a proclamation forbidding an election simply to keep himself in office a year longer—when he has not a particle of law to support him in his action. Of course, you and your friends are not going to leave a stone unturned to have the election if possible.—It is best to take care of the present, and the future can take care of itself. I want you, if possible, to succeed in all you undertake, and you have undertaken to be elected Governor *this fall.*

Your boy looked so fine this afternoon walking along beside of his sister's carriage that Mother called me to the window to look out at him remarking, "How his Father would gloat over him if he could see him now." His present hobby is the gas, and it keeps all busy to watch his movements and keep him from putting it out, which he frequently does, and would do every five minutes if he was allowed to. He made two long black marks on his sister's bald head with a burned out match this evening, and seems to think that "ittle titter" must put up with very rough usage. I know he would join me with love and kisses for his "fahyah" if he knew I was writing to you.

Be very careful about the yellow fever, Dearie, and give Mississippi roughs wide berth. BLANCHE

BOONEVILLE, MISS., *October* 1, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: We reached this village yesterday, shortly before twelve, and at twelve I began my speech to a crowded house. I did very well—but not as well as the day before—yet it was a very good speech. We are twenty miles from Corinth, and we expected to get there yesterday on a freight train, but were too late and so were compelled to stay here till today at between eleven and twelve. We found a very good hotel, and have been having a very good rest.

This is a white county, and the colored people did not have a fair chance to hear us yesterday, the room not being large enough for all, they were the ones to be crowded out. So last evening the colored people met in their church over the hills, a half mile away, to hear some of our speakers. There were present some thirty or forty colored men and women. It was a pleasant, yet a sad sight. This having been the scene of the Ku Klux outrages, the colored people have been deprived of almost every right, and their joy was apparent when they could meet away by themselves to hear the gospel preached by such speakers as are along with me. I imagine early Christians met and worshipped in the same manner—there was a sentinel to guard our building. It was sad because it showed how much they had been oppressed, and how eager they were for light. The church we were in was not half built. It was covered in, but there were no windows, and the stars shone through the cracks. They were so poor they could not complete the building. Yet they sat and cheered and laughed in turn, probably enjoying the meeting more than meetings are enjoyed even when the audience sit on velvet cushions.

Yesterday we had fires, and I am now sitting by a large one.

Though it was quite cold this morning, I doubt if we had a frost, but a fire, and a large one, is very agreeable.

Everything political looks well.

I have not seen the papers for a day or two, and do not know how the yellow fever is in Memphis and elsewhere. I shall look out for it.

I send to you, and to our babies, love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 2, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your letter of the 28th I have just received, and am once more anxious about the yellow fever. My fears were beginning to die out, but your letter has revived them.—Sweetheart, you must be *very very* careful, and run no risks.

I have been all alone today. Mother and Father went to Manchester this morning. Gov. and Mrs. Smythe invited them to see their new house. The invitation has been given so often, and Father was so anxious to have Mother's company, she finally consented to go. Father, I suppose, made a speech there this afternoon, to some kind of a fair, or agricultural show.

You do not speak of the "Proclamation" of Gov. Powers. I do not know that you have had time—for I have forgotten the date of that attempt, but believe it was issued last Tuesday. This is Thursday and your last letter was written Sunday. I am too impatient.

Butler grows more and more amusing. I have taught him to put his pencil behind his ear when he has finished *writing* or *drawing*, rather than in his mouth as he is inclined to do, for I am fearful that he may fall and hurt himself badly. He keeps me quite busy at times putting it over his ear.—He cannot quite balance it himself. Today, after I had pushed it carefully in place, his hair is not long enough to steady it any, his attention was called to something else, and when he wished to resume his writing he could not find the pencil, and said "Mum, pencil gong, can't fine." "Have you lost your pencil my man? Look around, perhaps it is over your ear." He put up his hand and touched it. The expression of his face was something laughable.—The mixture of astonishment, pleasure, and apparent amusement at his own stupidity would have been grand in a picture. He feels called upon whenever he leaves the room for any purpose to assure me that he will "come back soon, Mum." He seems to think that I shall be likely to miss his company.

Edith is so greedy that I am really quite alarmed about her. When she has a piece of bread in her hands, she cries out the instant she sees Butler approaching, evidently fearful that he will rob her. It is almost impossible to feed her fast enough—she swallows instantly and cries for more.

I send you love, Sweetheart, and advise that you had better not grow any thinner than is absolutely necessary or I may be able to use my "brawny arms and square jaw" to great advantage. Consider yourself threatened. BLANCHE

MIDDLETON, TENN., *October 2*, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: We left Corinth this morning at eight o'clock by freight train, and arrived here at ten o'clock, where we connect with a road leading down to Ripley, which is the place of our appointment for a speech tomorrow. This place is in Tenn. on the Memphis R.R. and the little, narrow gauge road runs down into Miss. to R., which is the county seat of Tippah Co. I do not know as you follow me about, but had you a modern map, you could do so easily. I spoke for a little more than two hours yesterday at Corinth, and made a good speech. Corinth never furnishes very large audiences, but there was one of the largest crowds of white people that has been assembled for years. I was the only one who spoke in the afternoon. In the evening our candidate for Lieut Gov., Mr. Davis, and Judge Hill addressed the people. You see we have the material to occupy the attention of an audience for ten or twelve hours. We had six speakers yesterday, and only three could speak. We "got in" altogether about five hours and a half. As for myself, I find I improve as I practice.

You must not be concerned about my health. The photograph I sent was not a fair reflection of my face. That was taken just after our convention, when I had been without a good night's sleep for ten days—when I had been run almost to death by my friends, who had found pleasure in calling on me, I hope, and who gave me pleasure by so doing. But then it was exhausting, this doing so much work in so short a space of time.

I have written a letter to your Father and sent him some newspaper slips, which I enclose. I would have directed the envelope to him, but I am in Tenn. and do not know anything about the postmaster, and so take the safe side, and send it to you. Please give them to him, and ask him to act as soon as convenient, addressing me at Jackson.

So Butler has a velvet cloak! You *are* smart! How easily you plundered your Mother! Of course I am taught by that that you always succeed in obtaining whatever you want.

Why, she who would take the last velvet cloak from her *Mother* would not hesitate to plunder her poor husband—not only take his coat—but take him in leading strings, and all the time make him think he was having his own way, just as thought your innocent Mother in that burst of generosity which left her minus her velvet. Well, I do not feel called upon to quarrel now in your Mother's behalf, when Butler gets a jacket and we are saved fifty dollars. We will wait a more auspicious moment.

What a bouncing girl Edith must be. I am anxious to see you all. To you all I send love,
ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 3, 1873

DEAR DEL: After I had finished my letter to you last night, and was thinking of preparing for bed I heard the carriage drive up, and found that Father and Mother had returned from Manchester, and brought home with them Gov. Warmouth, Col. Wharton, and Major Swords. They met these gentlemen on the cars, and Father asked them to spend the night in Lowell and go through the mills in the morning. Gov. Warmouth is quite good-looking. I remember that I used to know him years ago—when he was attentive to Miss Harlan. His companion, Col. Wharton, although a fine story teller, is not such a one as I should choose, if I were a man, for a boon companion. He is hard looking. Major Swords is fresh complexioned, very quiet, and evidently is having new experiences and sensations daily. They went to Boston in the twelve o'clock train. The Governor said they were all going into Mississippi to vote for you. I replied that there could be no doubt of your success with such able allies.

The weather here is still warm enough for the children to spend the greater part of the day in the open air. Some gentlemen, the other day, as they passed our little party, said "What a noble looking boy, one of the Butler stock, no doubt." If in Mississippi the phrase would be "one of the Ames stock." The latter would be right. He is so much like you, Dearie, too much so in some things. Especially at night, when he grits his little teeth. He is always good to his "titter" or "tis" until I enter the room. Then the jealous spirit comes up and he slaps, bites and tries to maltreat her generally. I think, however, that he is growing rather fond of her.

The *Pilot* says but little about the election, and I conclude that this little flurry will pass away without effecting much damage. You do not write that Powers' action will do harm or trouble you.

The babies no doubt would join me in love and kisses to their Father if they knew enough to appreciate their good fortune in having such a one. As it is I send you enough for all. Mother sends best regards to Gen'l. Ames. Good night,

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 4, 1873

DEAR DEL: This is your day of triumph I hope. Father has gone to Gloucester to vote. Mother speaks of it as a very senseless proceeding. It is proposed that we start for Washington in about three weeks. The horses will probably go two weeks from today. I am happy in the thought of moving. The time will fly more quickly, and I shall feel that you are home.

I have been making a bust of Butler. It looks like him, and I intend to have it cast in plaster. Father came in to look at it last night—and said "You are an universal genius." He meant Jack of All Trades—but chose to put it politely. It was my intention to have copied the head and shoulders of my picture for Mr. Chadwick—but the time was so short and the undertaking so great I have concluded to give it up for the present.

Butler is growing more affectionate towards his sister. He kisses her every morning when she is brought to me to nurse. At first he objected strongly to having her in bed at all, but is now quite reconciled. He is very fond of his mother and I am obliged to be judicious in my attention to him, or he would not be content for a moment with anyone else. Strange to say he does not care very much for Laura.—He likes Mary even better, and never cries for Laura to take him. Miss Edith has five teeth and can creep a little. Her fat hinders her motions somewhat,—and I do not think she will walk as young as Butler.

I do not say anything about the coming winter, and plan for it—because everything depends upon you and your movements. I *await my orders.* Love, Del, from BLANCHE

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., *October* 5, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: This is Sunday again, and I am at this place on my way South on my tour. I addressed an immense crowd here yesterday. It was the largest I have yet seen.

A week ago Alcorn spoke here to a small audience—he had about sixty colored people to hear him, while yesterday they were numbered by thousands—two at least. I made one of my best efforts yesterday, holding the audience for over two hours. I find I am producing wonderful effect, and on none more marked than the poor white people. Even the most bitter are compelled to acknowledge that I am honest, which goes a great way. I am astonished every day at the results of my appeals. Day before yesterday I spoke at Ripley to a smaller crowd, because the town was a smaller one, but I produced the same or a similar effect. I last wrote you from Middleton, Tenn., Thursday evening just as we were to leave for Ripley. The train started earlier than I expected, and my letter had to be closed very suddenly. It was a two hours' run on a narrow gauged road. Our friends met us there, and treated us very kindly, though it had formerly been a Ku Klux county.

Not knowing that we could get over here to meet our Saturday appointment by rail, we sent for a carriage. It came, but the ride over an exceedingly bad and hilly road was not a desirable one, and we were fortunate enough to avoid it. The railroad authorities were kind enough to send us back to Middleton by a special train, so we could meet the Memphis train for Grand Junction. We arrived at G.J. at ten in the evening—got a cold supper—slept till three o'clock in the morning, when we took the train and reached this town at about four in the morning.

We went to Col. Wells' and had a good nap till about nine o'clock. We found Mrs. W. very well. They have a fine house, extravagantly furnished. One of the best furnished houses I have ever seen outside of cities.

You would have been amused to have seen the "turn out." It seemed as if every colored man in the county had presented himself. There were two four-horse carriages decorated with flags, and having my name in large letters pasted on every conspicuous place. Even the rough, country wagons had on their sides my name—and the colored people had it tied or fastened on their hats—hundreds of them. They lost no regard for my name by listening to my speech. I would have preferred to speak in the courthouse, but the crowd was so immense that but a small part could get in, and we spoke from the courthouse steps.

We had a large dinner party at Col. Wells'. General Emory and his staff officers were present. The General has been here this summer because of his fear of sickness or epidemics in New Orleans, where his headquarters have been—and really are. In the evening we had a game of euchre. I intended to write you yesterday, but it was twelve o'clock by the time I got to my bedroom.

You may be frightened by reports from Memphis, but we do not consider there is any danger in these country towns. Furthermore, it is now the time for a frost. It should have been here before, and when a killing frost does come, it kills the yellow fever. Those who may be sick of that disease are likely to die, but the frost is fatal to the disease—there will be no new cases. Now, every night everybody is expecting this frost. When it does come then the yellow fever ends for this season. There is none in New Orleans I believe— There were a few cases in Vicksburg, but I believe it has died out—if it was there at all. Thus, you see the chances are we will have a healthy fall in Miss.

I see by the *Pilot* that appointments between Alcorn and myself have been made. I will meet him once, and if I decide it will be of no advantage will not continue in a purely personal contest, as it will doubtless prove. I see we are to go up the river. I prefer to speak to the white people, as I believe I can do more good among them. If we do keep the appointments I will make but a half dozen speeches after my present appointments are filled.

I found here when I came, three letters from you. Of course I devoured them forthwith. I have no such happy moments as those given to the perusal and re-perusal of your letters, and painting in my mind's eye the daily occurences around you.

I took breakfast at Col. W.'s and now am at Judge Stearns' where I am writing. We dine here, and at 2:30 will leave for Oxford to be there ready for tomorrow. Prof. Walton of the University is with us.

I send you and the babies much love. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 7, 1873

DEAR DEL: I received your letter enclosing one to Father today. He has gone to Barnstable to make a speech, but will return tomorrow and I will give him your epistle. I am glad you feel so little disturbed by Powers' proclamation. Father has already read the *Pilots* which you have sent me, and says there is not a particle of law for them to base their action on. However, he will no doubt write you himself.

The day I went to Boston, Butler ran away, and had gone past Mr. Farrington's when a lady stopped him, and finally Laura appeared raising the neighborhood with her cries and howls. No doubt she was frightened almost out of her senses when she found the boy gone. It seems she wished to wash a little, or do something for herself, and being fearful that the boy will grow too fond of Mary, she always prefers to leave him with one of the other girls. So she asked Lizzie to take charge of him for a few moments. Lizzie and "the boy" went into the front entry, and Lizzie sat down on the stairs while Butler played around her. Presently she fell asleep and Butler, finding her dull company, put the red and white tidy around his neck, and went in search of his "Mum, Mum," as he said, when asked where he was going. When Lizzie awoke she ran to find Laura to see if Butler was with her. Of course, when she found he was not there was a great commotion, for they did not know in which direction to look, or how long he had been gone. It was most fortunate that he took it into his head to "go down tweet, find Mum, Mum," for if he had thought of the stable and Horace had not been there he might have thought to bed down the horses, which would have been a most dangerous undertaking.

The first we heard of this escapade was from Mr. Farrington, who called up in the evening and remarked, "You came near losing your boy this morning." You can understand that there was a grand scolding hurled at Laura, but she had been nearly overcome by fright at noon and is sufficiently punished—more than that, Lizzie was the offending one, Laura's chief fault being that she had left Butler with Lizzie instead of Mary, as I have ordered her to do. Butler had the tidy around his neck when found. He is very careful of his things.

What do you think of your boy, Del? He has begun his wanderings young. When Father is away he sits up to the table beside of me, and handles his fork like a man. When he is unruly I tell Laura to take him away, but he usually says "No, Mum, good boy," and I let him remain. I am trying to teach him to be your "right hand man" when you return.

The time of separation grows shorter and shorter, though there are so many days left I do not dare to count them. Good night, Dearie.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 8, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are all well, as usual. "The boy" is inclined to get into all kinds of mischief. For instance, he found a match in the fireplace, one which had been thrown away as not having any end to burn. By dint of diligent rubbing Butler lighted it, and immediately set fire to the cotton wraps Teedle has in her box. They blazed at once, and Teedle sprang from her bed like a rocket. Of course Butler was delighted with the success of his experiment in fire building. Now he must be watched for this, as well as running away. He is a great carpenter, and goes around sawing all the chairs with the hair comb. He is learning his trade from his Uncle Paul, who is fixing his iceboat. Paul and Butler go out and work together Saturdays.

How amused you will be to see him at table, all his faculties absorbed in fishing for dinner with a fork, which he holds with as much daintiness as a lady, his plump little fingers extended and pressed firmly upon the handle. Now and then he varies his labors by salting his dinner, which he does by putting the fork in his salt—then gently taps it with the forefinger of the left hand. He never makes the least disturbance about having anything when it is denied him. I am amazed that a child so persistent about some things should be so docile about this.

Ben writes, "Tell Gen'l. Ames I 'ragged out' on the formation of roots, the rest were told to take their seats and asked if they had studied the lesson at all.—Monday's lesson is on 'the lights.' " So you see how much benefit Ben derived from the instruction you so kindly gave him.

Love from the babies and your *Wife* BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 9, 1873

DEAR DEL: This has been a very quiet day, and I have nothing new to record except that Father returned in time for supper, and Butler bit his sister until the print of his teeth was left upon her little scalp. For punishment I had Laura take him out of the room. As I have told you before, he has a very jealous disposition. I do not know from whom he inherits it.

I gave your letter to Father, and hope he will attend to it this evening, although I have fears, for he has had several callers to occupy his time—one of them being Pierce, the defaulting cashier of the Merchants Bank of Lowell, who is a client of his, and is at the present time in great trouble. You did not state what use, if any, you wished to make of Father's statement of his views. Perhaps you only desire to get a lawyer's opinion.

A copy of The Laws of Mississippi came yesterday. I notice that it is postmarked Holly Springs, and bears the name of

G. W. Wells, so I suppose you desire me to look after it and remail it to Col. Wells when Father has finished with it.

A month more, and I shall begin to feel that you are near me. Good night, Dearie.
BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 10, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: When the train arrived at Grenada on the evening of Wednesday last—day before yesterday—I boarded the postal car and found your letter of the 2nd inst., and yesterday morning I found in the P.O. here two letters of previous date. This morning I also had one—so I am up to date with your letters.

Tomorrow morning at three I am to go up the road to Carrolton. I will have to ride in a wagon fifteen miles to C., it being that distance from the R.R. I will make a speech there during the day, and afterwards will ride back to the R.R. town and make a second speech. Thus you see I propose two speeches and thirty miles of carriage riding in one day, not to speak of the railroad travel from three to eight a.m. I will return here Sunday noon.

As you have already seen, Gov. Powers has issued a proclamation, calling the legislature together to change the law which requires an election this fall. Because of his action we had the executive committee called together yesterday and with one exception, that of Atty. Gen'l. Morris, who is a member, all agreed to urge on the election. I am convinced that Powers, Alcorn and Morris had all their plans cut and dried six months ago, to meet this very emergency. Had they beaten me before the nominating convention they would have done nothing—but even then fearing I would beat them they planned this revolutionary scheme. The lower house of the legislature may be in favor of changing the law, but I think the senate will not. Of course I assume all the Democratic members will be opposed to an election. Yet, I am led to believe some of them will act as they believe the law to be, rather than in a partisan manner. As I told you some time since—so far as I am concerned there is little cause for choice. I would like to have a fair election, for I would be overwhelmingly elected. But as it is even now I have been endorsed by a nominating convention, and repeatedly by the county meetings.—So I am *endorsed* already, if not elected. And one of my chief causes for running for Gov. was to secure an endorsement. Not so much for the office or the honors.

But these opponents are very weak and shortsighted. I am being built up every day by this reckless, lawless opposition to me and our ticket. I find too, that I have taken the lead in our party and hold it far ahead of any other person in the state. I do not know that I am wise in putting this egotistical remark on paper, for while it may not shock you, it might some prying person who might steal the letter before it reaches its destination. We all are laboring earnestly for an election, and will bide the issues which may come without a murmur—we will do our best and rest content. Yet, I believe all will work out well.

It was very foolish in me to have kept silent on the disturbance at Columbus. I might have known the papers would have a report of it. In fact they did the next day. And I know I thought of the dispatches going north, so I did not write, though I knew you would hear of it. How stupid in me. Your scolding came duly at hand. I received it 'umbly and will, in the future, give you no cause to repeat it.

We will have but three weeks more of this canvass at most, and thereafter will repose from our labors. The thought is a pleasant one—even when not connected with a return to the bosom of my family—my loving, beautiful wife and our bright boy and girl, our son and daughter. I keep carefully all your letters, and I predict the children will enjoy reading them, at least such parts as refer to their young lives, in the years to come. In a little more than a month I expect to be watching them to detect the many indications of greatness and goodness of which they are possessed.

My health is excellent. Our state is very healthy—there are no epidemics anywhere, and it is now so late that the frosts will soon destroy the yellow fever in Memphis and remove all cause of fear even.

Good night. I will not be able to write you tomorrow. Love,
ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 10, 1873

DEAR DEL: We went down to Boston at half past nine, gave some orders about the floor for the dining room, then proceeded to the dentist. Here I had quite a disappointment, for I am anxious to get rid of this disagreeable affair. Dr. Tucker had been called out of town quite unexpectedly and desired me to postpone my engagement until next Monday. As we had no shopping to do, Mother proposed a visit to Paul. So we took the horse-cars for Cambridge, and reached the College in about three-quarters of an hour. Paul had been expecting us for a day or two, and we found his door unlocked, although he was at recitations. His room is exceedingly pleasant, warm and sunny, handsomely furnished, and the pictures I gave him really present quite an appearance. I felt quite pleased that they looked so well. Paul returned to Lowell with us. His lessons are so arranged this year that he can leave Friday noon and not return until Monday morning.

Father is going to Washington tomorrow, and has two or three important law suits to try before the Supreme Court, so that he is at this time very busy. So much so that I feared he could not give attention to your matter, but he has taken the book and papers with him, and is going to consult with Gen'l. Cushing, who is now in Boston, but will go on with Father to Washington tomorrow night. Between them both I am in hopes you will get an opinion, although I suppose an opinion will not do any good, if the Supreme Court does not stand by the law. It is too bad, Sweetheart, that you should have this stumbling block put in your path to success. For I am sure you would have had a great victory.

Your letters show that you are pleased with speech-making, and that you are beginning to think you can make pretty good ones. Do you remember your fits of depression in Washington? Now I am sure you feel confident that they were entirely induced by atmospheric changes, though at the time you thought your wife a little heartless because she "told you so."

Love, Dearie. Your last letters dated at Holly Springs show me that you are in good health. Don't get so enamoured with that kind of life that your wife and children cannot make you content when quiet times come.

BLANCHE

BOSTON, *October* 11, 1873

Mrs. BLANCHE B. AMES, *Lowell.*

MY DEAR BLANCHE: I have seen Gen. Cushing. He does not go to Washington with me; but I have given him the opinion of the Attorney General and the code, and he promises tomorrow at Newburyport to devote himself to the preparation of as good an argument on our side of the Mississippi case as he can, and forward it to Gen. Ames, which same, if he does, will be better than anything I can do. Please write Ames that he may expect to receive it.

I am off for Washington tonight. Take love for yourself, and give same to Mother, with hopes of happiness and comfort to both while I am gone.

FATHER

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here at one o'clock today, after a very laborious day's campaigning. I told you in my last what I was going to do—now I will tell you what I have done. At three o'clock yesterday (Saturday) morning I took the train and at seven I was at Winona, eighty or ninety miles away. At nine we started in a buggy for Carrolton, a town fourteen miles from the railroad. I then made a speech of two hours and ten minutes. I then had dinner, rode back to Winona, and in the evening in a joint discussion with Mr. Musgrove—Alcorn's candidate for Lieut. Gov.—I spoke two hours and twenty minutes. I consider I whipped him completely. Even the Democracy put forth shouts of approval whenever I saw fit to move them. My first joint discussion was a victory for me. Even his would-be friends acknowledged it. This discussion held till half past eleven. At eight this morning I was at the depot for the down train, which brought me to town. A good—at least a hard day's work—was it not?

Tomorrow I am to go to Vicksburg to participate in a joint discussion with Alcorn. You say in your letter of the 6th inst. that you do not see me advertised for future speaking. By looking a little closer you will see me advertised for a joint discussion with Alcorn till the 27th inst.

It is late, and I must get up early tomorrow morning to take the train for V. So will say good night and send you, Beautiful, love, and love to our dear babies. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 12, 1873

DEAR DEL: This is Sunday evening. The children have gone to bed.—Mother, Paul, and Col. Kinsman are in the library chatting, and I have the billiard room all to myself for a talk with you.

Your letters come quite irregularly now. I suppose it is because you are moving about so much. Do not fail to write as often as possible, for constant letters are all that make the separation endurable. Every now and then the feeling comes up—I must be, I ought to have been, with Del through this long summer. He will learn to be just as happy, and to do without me. Then I reflect that even were I in Mississippi I could not be with you. The children could not follow where you have been, and I try to console myself with the thought that being the noble, honorable gentleman you are, you do not need your wife as a prop, or stay, and you only miss her sympathy and company, and are almost too busy to think about these.

So, after all there are many things for me to be most thankful for, and not the least of these that I believe *my* husband to be above all doubt or suspicion. God grant that I may always feel so.

How amusing it will be to see "the boy" with you. He is a careful observer, and most excellent mimic.—The slightest motion is caught and reproduced with the greatest exactness. He was watching Lizzie yesterday while she was sewing the sail for Paul's iceboat. Presently he took a seat beside her, took up the edge of his coat, holding it as she did the sail, and pretended to sew—putting in the needle and drawing out the thread to arm's length, with the same quick motion and jerk that Lizzie used. So I expect he will grow to be exactly like his Father. If he does I shall be perfectly satisfied, unless love has blinded me to all faults of character and person.

I long to be with you this evening, even more than usual. I send you kisses, and wish they could be veritable ones. Perhaps as it is Sunday you have more time to think of us, and that with thousands of miles between us I am influenced by that thought. Who can tell?

I have been reading another account of the disturbance in Columbus—and do not think it was kind of you to leave me to gather my knowledge of the matter from doubtful newspaper articles. Tell me all things, Sweetheart. Between husband and wife nothing should be withheld. It is a bad habit to fall into keeping to one's self everything that may trouble or annoy. —There is no trouble or annoyance so great as that which I should feel if I knew I was not confided in, or purposely deceived.

I trust, Del, that all is going well with you. The *Pilot* has not come for the two last days. Tomorrow's mail will probably bring a large supply, and some letters from you.

Good night, and good-bye, until tomorrow.

Your loving Wife, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 13, 1873

DEAR DEL: I went down to Boston at half past nine. Col. Kinsman went with me. It was arranged that he should try to get a very large yellow diamond which is for sale at Remick's, the great diamond dealer—which Kinsman thought must be a mate for Mother's large stone, as there was only the difference of a carat in the weight. So I went at once to the dentist's. In about an hour he came to say that he could not get the diamond, as the dealer was unwilling to let it go out of the store. I had Mother's with me, and agreed to go to the store and compare the two after I had finished with Dr. Tucker. He called for me about one, and we spent more than an hour looking at all manner of precious stones. The time passed so rapidly that when I looked at my watch I found we were too late for the 2:30 train. So I took my leisure in examining the diamonds. Mother's looks larger, for it is not quite so deep as the other, and presents more surface. The color and brilliancy are exactly the same. Diamonds have fallen more than twenty-five percent in price, owing to the financial trouble, and this large stone is offered for twelve hundred in currency. Mother's was four thousand. Quite a difference, is it not? Mother says she cannot bear to think of that man with a diamond like hers for that price. I should not be surprised if she purchased.

I saw there a black pearl, about twice as large as that in my engagement ring. It was perfectly black, with a soft luster like velvet.—I want it for a ring, encircled with small white pearls. Are you not frightened, Sweetheart? Don't you feel yourself a bankrupt already? I think I hear you say, what can Blanche be thinking of? Well, Del, I suppose it is a foolish fancy—but it is a fancy. I know by this time you have decided to let me have my own way, without any argument—so I will tell you what I propose. The pearl costs ten dollars, the white pearls to surround it will be fifteen dollars—the setting eighteen, making the whole about forty-three. These black pearls are found in Siberia, and are not more valuable than topaz, amethyst, or any of the softer stones. I never saw one before, and fancy that it would make a most beautiful ring. What do you say to it, Dearie? I ask you because I want you interested in all the things which I do, or think about.

The children are well, as usual. Kinsman was greatly amused at the boy when he left the breakfast table. Laura was taking him out of the room when he turned and said in quite a commanding tone "Laura, tooth-pick." Of course he was taken to the side-board for that article and went away satisfied. Miss Edith is eating potatoes and cream. She was so tired of cracker and milk I was obliged to make a change.

Love, from BLANCHE

VICKSBURG, MISS., *October* 14, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I won a great victory yesterday over Alcorn. I spoke three hours and forty minutes! I captured my audience soon after I began, and held them for that length of time. A majority were compelled to stand up. Their interest did not flag—a sea of upturned faces was before me, which I could and did make assume the sad or gay at my bidding. At the end of my speech resolutions were unanimously adopted endorsing me and repudiating Alcorn. Not only will the colored people support me, but the white people will vote for me—at least will not vote for Alcorn, if they can not vote for me. It was a famous victory.

I expect to go up the river as far as Greenville and return in a week to Jackson. The joint discussion between Alcorn and myself has a hitch in it, and will probably be broken off. I write you this word, catching a few moments from my many visitors.

Love,

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 14, 1873

DEAR DEL: Another day has passed, shortening the time of separation, but giving little that is worthy of record.

Mother went down to Boston in the morning, and left me to superintend the road making. It is now finished from the gardener's house to the barn, and looks very nice.

I am as busy as a bee all of the time. I do not understand how it is that the weeks slip by with so little accomplished, when I am occupied from morning till night. Perhaps I undertake too much. Yet all the things are trivial. Ah, well! the world would go round and all things work just as well if I were not in it. So I need not fret myself.

The children improve daily. Butler is not quite so plump as I wish him to be. Perhaps he takes too much exercise. Edith will be quite presentable by the time you see her.

I hope to have a letter from you today. There was none yesterday, nor the day before. I am hungry for words from you.

Love from

Your Wife, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 14, 1873

DEAR DEL: Your letters come to me quite regularly now, and I am happy in the thought that the frost has been in the state. Of course there is no danger now from the yellow fever.

The days are delightful here. The air cool, bracing, fragrant, and the landscape glorious with the vivid autumn tints.

We have bad news from Ben. He writes "that which I feared has come to pass, and I have been transferred from the second to the sixth section—a jump of four sections. It will be a long time before I can get back again, if I ever do." He has not fessed once, although his "recitations have not been perfect by a long chalk." The examples trouble him, and he has hardly time enough to do them before going to recite. Gen'l. Michie tells him that if he continues to study as he has been doing, he will not have the least trouble in going up—and that there is no danger of his being found. I do not understand how it is that he was put down so low, when Gen'l. M. wrote Father that his marks averaged more than good. Mother is very desirous to know if you were ever put down. She thinks she gathers consolation from the fact. I hope your *pride*, Sweetheart, will not prevent your giving her the facts of the case. If Ben can only follow in your illustrious footsteps, all will be well.

You will think your boy has grown very tall when you hear that I saw him yesterday picking hickory nuts from the branches of the tree while he was standing on the ground. He took them to the wall and cracked them, but his ideas are still a little confused as to which is shell and which meat.

The girl grows prettier every day. She is backward about her teeth and crawling. She has taken to meat and potatoes, and refuses milk and bread. Your children will be grown up before you know it.

Love, BLANCHE

LOWELL, *October* 17, 1873

DEAR DEL: I have not had a letter since night before last—and the *Pilot* has failed to put in an appearance (Is that slang?) for several days past. I am anxious to see something about your speech at Vicksburg, and hope the paper will give an account of Alcorn's effort as well as yours.

What is the matter at Fort Atkinson, Del? I have not heard a word from there since the fall work began. In fact, your letter saying that the books were to be balanced is the last I have heard. Has the whole thing gone wrong, or are you in as much ignorance concerning it as I am? If so, I suggest you write to your Father or John.

Aunt Nina is better. Her illness was probably produced by drinking two cups and a half of the strongest coffee that could be made. That is, the quantity she drank, diluted, would have been very strong for eight or nine people. Mr. John Read was visiting her, and knowing his taste for this strong beverage she put on an extra quantity, softened it with cream and drank too much. I think she will soon be well, unless the doctor and all are mistaken as to the cause of her illness.

I took the boy down to call on Mrs. Greenhalge. She is looking very weak and pale. Butler was a perfect little torment. He insisted upon dusting all the furniture, taking hold of everything he could lay his hands upon. I did not make a long call, but walked with the young man down to the square, where there were five or six little girls about his size. One of them, Bessie Hill, was born the same week. He is at least half a head taller, but she can out-talk him. She speaks very clearly, and her Mother says she can repeat Mother Goose from beginning to the end.—So we need not feel that Butler's brain is overtaxed in that direction. I have no doubt he is much the brightest child. He certainly looks more intellectual, though she is a very pretty girl.

When we returned we found a package directed to Butler Ames, which Florence had left for him. He took off the covers and found a box containing a beautiful fork and spoon (silver) engraved with his full name. Florence had seen him use the pickle fork, which is easier for him to handle because the tines are sharp and stick into the meat better. No doubt she thought him in want of a fork. However, it was very thoughtful and kind of her to get such a present for him, and we are all very much pleased with it.

Edith can say "dad, dad." I suppose she wishes to send love and kisses to her Father, in which she is joined by her Mother and brother.
BLANCHE

GREENVILLE, MISS., *October* 18, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: My last letter was written last Tuesday, it is now Saturday, and the first opportunity I have had to write you and get the letter off.

My brief letter from Vicksburg showed you my own opinion of my success in the debate with Alcorn. Since then I have heard from many sources that all the world is of the same opinion. We had a long correspondence about the discussion, which resulted in nothing. So at five o'clock Tuesday I started up the river to Mayersville in the only steamer to be had, a small stern-wheel craft. We labored hard to get to our place of appointment in time. We tried at Tuleula to get a team to take us to M. as a team could go twice as fast as the boat, but we failed in our attempt. At Ellislie, six miles from M. we did succeed in hiring a springless cart—a horse and mule, and with them took up our line of march. We were late for day speaking, and so held forth in the evening to a smaller assemblage. While we did not make a very good speech, it carried conviction, I believe.

That night we spent at Judge Jefford's—an old friend of mine at one time, but for some time a political opponent. The next day at about ten o'clock, we (by we I mean Capt. Raymond of the *Pilot* and myself) started for a little town on the river by the name of Leota, some sixteen miles away. We understood we might do some good there—we were promised a little crowd of voters, but the promise was not kept, and we only had an opportunity to converse with those who lived in the village. We found at L. a two-seated, one-horse buggy which the Democrats of Greenville had furnished a colored man to go to Leota, to influence voters in the interests of the opposition. He was to return it to G., a distance of thirty-five or forty miles, and kindly took us in. After a ride of between fifty and sixty miles, we reached this place at ten o'clock at night, hungry and tired. We came to the house where I now am, Judge Clark's, had a good supper and a refreshing night's rest.

Yesterday morning I learned that Alcorn was here, having come by boat. He was not at Mayersville—he had broken his agreement at Vicksburg and insulted Major Gibbs who was to discuss with me, so that I could not consent to a joint discussion without myself insulting Gibbs, who is on our state ticket. So I told him I would speak first and let him speak afterwards, treating him as he did me at Vicksburg—for there he spoke almost four hours in the afternoon and forced me to reply in the evening. So yesterday I offered him the same terms he gave me at V. He started a meeting of his own, supported in it by a brass band, which belonged to the Democrats. His meeting was in one part of the town, and mine in another. I did not have a brass band. We both were to begin at the same time. Although his band attracted at first, he had not been on the stand five minutes before all the colored people left him—this by the way is a colored county—and came to me, and Alcorn had to adjourn his meeting and come to where I was. I spoke for four hours and a half! I did not intend to speak so long, though it was my purpose to take the Lion's share of the time; but I was interrupted by questions at first, which lengthened out my speech. My answers were such that they were glad to let me alone, for I turned the audience against them in every instance. But my speech was too long. It was not so good as that of Vicksburg—I rather spoke against time so Alcorn should have no chance which weakened it. In the future I will limit myself to a reasonable, rational period. Alcorn did not get an opportunity to speak. He expected to speak today but it is rainy, and there is no crowd in from the country, and the town does not possess the capacity to give him a colored audience, which kind of an audience he desires particularly to speak to.

The legislature will meet on Monday next—day after tomorrow, in obedience to Gov. Powers' call. I think I should be there, and as our joint appointments have failed, I shall go.

Ever since my speaking yesterday I have been waiting for a boat. We heard a whistle about midnight last night—I had just gone to bed. I hastily dressed and trudged down to the river bank to find the boat was coming up stream instead of going down, as was expected. We remained at the hotel which was nearby till breakfast time, when Judge Clark sent his buggy down for us. We had an excellent breakfast. They are so rare we always speak of them. Mrs. C. is a Nova Scotian, and of course gave us what the hotels cannot—good, cleanly, well-cooked food.

Thus you see I have a long history to write after these three days' silence. What a varied experience I am having! As you say, it is experience and with it an admirable opportunity to practice oratory on the stump. I am improving very rapidly. Even now, leading lawyers and men well informed as to political speaking admit and assert that I am the best speaker by far in our party, and that I am more than a match for Alcorn—in this campaign, to say the least. My speech in Macon almost a month ago has been pronounced the ablest speech made in the campaign. Yet, my Vicksburg speech was far superior to that. This I tell you that you may know what is said—not in an exulting spirit, for though a few weeks since regarded as incapable of making a speech, I am now assigned to the first place as a speaker, yet I feel I am capable of far more than anything I have yet done. I am disposed to know first what development I can make before saying much to anybody but my wife and myself—even holding back something from both.

It is raining and is quite cold. There is a fire in the room though the host keeps the doors to the outer air open. I think this rain will be succeeded by a heavy frost. People speak of killing frosts after rain, and say such a time will be best for the frost to kill the fever in Memphis. I do not know the condition of things there, for we have been on the river away from the telegraph for three days. I imagine the sickness will grow worse and worse until a frost does come. There is no fever here, nor in this part of the state. I do not think there will be any in any part of the state this fall. The season is getting late. So you need have no fears. Even should there be, I will, as I have promised *run*.

Two weeks from next Tuesday the election will take place—if no tricks prevent. I do not believe the legislature will act at all as Powers expects. Whatever happens, these two weeks rapidly pass by, and we will know our fate. I shall be glad when they shall have ranged themselves with other weeks that have past. This labor and constant motion I am in is not so very delightful—it has been pleasant as now, in some respects, but it is beginning to grow wearisome. Then again, when that time shall have passed I will be two weeks nearer my much-loved wife and babies—and that is something. Do you know that since last spring I have only seen our boy for about one week! My *whole* family may forget me unless I hasten to them.

Are you not beginning to think this letter will be as long as my speech yesterday? I would be sorry to think you had a letter from me so long that you drew a sigh of relief as you drew near its close. So I say quits. I send you much love, my beautiful Wife. Let me tell you as a secret that I often turn to your picture you sent me. You are ever in my thoughts, when I can shake off politics, and often you are mixed up in them. I send also kisses and love to our beautiful babies.

Love from ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 18, 1873

DEAR DEL: Sunday has come and gone again. We did not go to church this morning, but drove over to Dracut for Aunt Lottie and the boys, bringing them back to dinner. Butler was pleased to see them and led the way to show them his pile of blocks—which the carpenter has made for him, in laying the floors. He watched every movement of the children, and it would not take more than two or three days for him to learn all their ways. That is—at dinner he was not content to have Laura give him his soup as usual—but needs must have a spoon and feed himself. I must say that he handled it well and carefully.

All the aunts and cousins assembled here in the afternoon, and were particularly delighted with the appearance of Miss

Edith in her new bonnets. Her large, dark eyes, rosy cheeks, white, soft complexion and clustering ringlets—surrounded by white lace, pink or blue ribbons, were displayed to great advantage. I must have her picture taken again, and send it to you.

Your letter of last Tuesday came yesterday. I conclude you were too busy to write Monday. I am delighted that you feel that you won a "famous victory." Do not get so enamoured of your life that "*home*" will seem tame and unsatisfactory to you. You know there may be danger of it, and it would be a great misfortune for you, but a far greater one for your wife.

I asked the boy this morning to tell me where his Father had gone? "To Ipipippi come back soon." How soon Butler? "Month." Love from BLANCHE

Steamer BELLE LEE, *Mississippi River, October* 19, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I am on board a boat in motion and the nervous penmanship you must now read is solely due to the jarring motion produced all over the boat by the blows of the wheels in the water. It is now midday—the sun shines from a clear heaven, but a cold wind from the north is upon us, and though it is bright and cheerful without, we are glad to sit by the fire or wrap ourselves up in our overcoat. The boat is making a landing. We left Greensville last evening at nine, and will not reach Vicksburg till some time tomorrow.

Alcorn's speech at G. yesterday was a failure. It was a rainy day in the first place, and consequently but few people came in from the country, and in the second place those who were in town—especially Republicans and colored people—did not care to hear him. All in all he made a sad failure.

As I can do nothing till I get to Jackson, and have nothing in particular on my mind, I am having a good resting spell. Last night was the second good night's rest I have had for a week or more. Having nothing to force me to think of something else, my thoughts go back to you. My pleasantest hours are those in which I think and dream of you and our babies. I suspect I am much out of place as the leader of a great party in a state, for my whole heart and life is not in the work, but rather with those I love, so far away. The smile of my wife, or the laugh of my boy has much more that is gratifying in it to me than the loud applause of the audience to which I make my political harangues.

I am in my stateroom with my overcoat on and am glad to know that the cold wind which makes it necessary comes from the north where my Love is, and that she too feels its piercing shafts—for the cold means November, and November means the end of our separation. Is this strange love talk? But then love talks unlike anything else, being full of strange freaks and fancies.

Love for my beautiful wife and babies. ADELBERT

Steamer BELLE LEE, *Mississippi River*
October 20, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday I wrote you—today I do the same, though we are still on the river and nothing of interest has transpired. We will not reach Vicksburg till one or two o'clock—perhaps later, though I hope in time to take the four o'clock train for Jackson.

Yesterday being Sunday, there were many people down at the landings. At some of the most important ones I had a grand ovation. Of course, the participants were colored people. Some of the leading men came on board to shake hands with me, and one and all gave hearty cheers for "Ames" as the boat moved off. There was a great deal of enthusiasm. There is no doubt as to the votes of the colored people.

This is the day the legislature is called together. There are a number of its members on board our boat. I suppose nothing will be done today and we will be there this evening to watch events. I am resting well—getting ready for the next two, and last two, weeks of the campaign. I could not have had a better place for it than on this boat. We have most excellent food, good beds, quiet, and also the consciousness that I can do nothing to advance the campaign while here waiting our arrival at Vicksburg.

Last night was very cold. There was a heavy frost, and I hope a killing frost at Memphis. We have been out of the world since Tuesday last, and know of none of the events which have transpired since then.

I will send you with the mail which takes this, three or four letters, one of which will contain only letters and reports from Northfield and Fort Atkinson. They had accumulated in these busy days, and this has been my first opportunity to send them to you.

This is another bright, pleasant day. It is calm, but chilly, showing the north wind of yesterday was sufficient to chill this whole country, even to the Gulf of Mexico. You are, of course, rejoicing in a pleasant fall—finding these days the most pleasant ones for out-of-door exercise and the house with its warmth always inviting. I wish I were with you.

Ben is getting a rather low mark for Mathematics. 2.5 is not sufficient for good standing in that study. I wish we had taken the trouble to obtain the textbook in Algebra used at the Academy. However, there is no danger of his being found deficient.

You have here a wandering, disconnected letter. It shows this, if nothing else—that I am thinking of you and find pleasure in chatting with you. Love, ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 21, 1873

DEAR DEL: We are very quiet. There is little news. Father will not return from Washington until next Saturday or Sunday. He writes that even if he can get the money to continue his house he cannot get it finished before April or May. I suppose he feels very doubtful about the money.

I saw Carney the other day.—He says financial matters are worse even than they were. He has just returned from New York and even while the papers reported a better condition of affairs, he knew of cases where two hundred percent was paid to obtain money. That "the Merrimac Co's. notes, considered as good as U.S. Treasury bonds, were taken at a discount of eighteen percent. This will be the hardest kind of a winter—and nearly all, if not all, of the banks will go under." "How is it with you Mr. Carney?" Mother asked. "I expect to weather it, Mrs. Butler, because I have an unusual amount of money ahead." He had to pay a large premium to get funds for the National Asylum at Dayton, as they were unable to get anything at all there. Mr. Farrington said last night that he had closed down at the works, and would run still less by and by. From all these things you can judge how matters will be this winter. I do not know how it will affect you, Del, or the firm of Jesse Ames and Sons, or the Bank at Northfield. I cannot see how you are going to get money at New York for your flour, and if you cannot—it will be impossible to pay the farmers for wheat. Whoever undertakes to do business on the credit system, whether farmers or millers, must surely be ruined. I fear you will have to stop your mills except for gristing purposes. What does your Father think?

The children are well. Butler is growing to be a turbulent, noisy boy. Miss Edith is a match for him—so you must be prepared to have your peace and comfort somewhat disturbed.

The moment "the boy" enters the house he hunts all round to "find Mum," and is usually very successful. When he is unruly at the table I say to him, "Butler if you do not keep quiet and behave like a man Laura shall take you right away." Sometimes he takes warning—sometimes he persists, and Laura lifts him out of his chair, but before she can move a step he says in a coaxing tone "No, Lauri, good boy, good boy," and he will be a good boy. By this you will know that I do not allow any nonsense at the table. For a small boy he behaves remarkably well.

I am anxious to hear from the Legislature. Of course you will know this week if the election is to take place this year or not.

Good night, Sweetheart. In less than a month you will be on your way to your family, and there will be no more separations for a long time to come. *I hope.* Love, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 22, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you on board the steamer "Belle Lee" day before yesterday. We reached Vicksburg at midday. I found that my speech had a wonderful effect, and many an old Democrat was prepared to vote for me. The legislature met Monday. The house is in favor of no election. The senate has not expressed an opinion, but I believe it will favor an election—if so, it can prevent any legislation, and the election will go on. This I desire much, for if the election does take place I will be elected by an overwhelming majority. The test in the senate will doubtless take place today. All, or nearly all, the Democrats are opposed to the election, for they know it means a victory to us. Then there are some sorehead Republicans who failed re-nomination, who think they can regain everything by next fall— Others they say who are influenced by money and promises. So the thing wags. I think, however, the election will take place. I am disappointed not to get an opinion from your Father, I asked for. I believe it would be turned to good account. All is well that ends well. And we will believe that everything is for the best, whatever its end.

I enclose a slip from a Democratic paper containing a criticism on my speech at Winona. The first half I retain as I wish to "cover" the points he made as to my facts and arguments. The part I send you is the criticism on my effort as an orator—or "speaker" as he says. You see nothing more complimentary could be said. My speech was about two hours and a half long. You must understand this criticism is from a political opponent —a man who hates the carpet-bagger.

I have just had word sent me that the test vote will not be taken in the senate till tomorrow. I hope tomorrow's mail will bring the opinion of your Father we so much desire.

In my last letter I told you that Ben's mark of 2.5 was rather low. I am not surprised to hear he was transferred down, but must confess that from the second to the sixth section was a long distance to drop. He must recover his position and get a good standing in other studies than Algebra. He may stand rather low in that, yet come out at the end of the four years with a high position. I believe he will find the studies after January much easier for him. Not having studied Algebra much, and with a mind more adapted to other things, I am not surprised he fails for the present in that study, but I feel certain he will make up for this set-back month by month. Application must be his "open sesame." I can tell you, for your Mother's information, of my course there without any shock to my "pride." I was in the first section the day I began, and never left it during the five years I was there. I will avail myself of the first opportunity to write Ben an encouraging letter. He has the best of metal in him and this, his first sorrow, will do no harm, but probably work to good.

I came here from Vicksburg on Monday evening. I have been so busy since that I have had no opportunity to write you till now—at mid-day when all the world is up to the state house during the session of the legislature.

Monday night's mail took so many letters to you from me that you will hardly notice one day's passage without any. However, that was not the reason for my silence. It was that my room has been packed with friends and callers, and I cannot go to my meals without being waylaid.

You speak of the difference between Mr. H. and myself, and the fear you would have were I like him. But, my Dear, I am *not* like him. Instead of being a slave to strong drink or liable to be misled by the company I may be in, I am the master rather than the slave. The company I find myself in, in this state, recognize me as a leader. In matters of profanity even, they are disposed to respect my presence and either abstain or apologize to me personally—of course in the proper friendly tone, making the distinction in my favor as against their friends with whom they are more intimate. I am friendly and cordial to all, but just so far off that no familiarity is ever attempted. My leadership of the party, the qualities which have made me such—my unexpected success as a speaker—one and all compel deference and respect. The jokes and escapades of my friends are kept from me so far as the participants can keep them from me. This I speak of—in fact all I say—is to show you that my presence tends to check the very excess or excesses Mr. H. may be guilty of. I command the respect of a state—he—the doubts of a city. So you see I am *not* like him.

I should say in explanation of the first sentence on the other page, that while I am perhaps a master in some places I am but a slave in my own household. I need not say this, for you know it. I am the slave to my wife and my babies because of the love I bear them. Such servitude is more joyful than to command an empire of serfs. Love, ADELBERT

Newspaper Clipping
Enclosed with Gen. Ames' letter of Oct. 22, 1873.

His arraignment of Alcorn and Musgrove was vigorous, caustic, and terrible; we never heard a man more thoroughly castigated than was Gen. Alcorn. Of course his vulnerability made this an easy task, but it was treated in the most adroit and effective manner.

Gen. Ames has been misrepresented by the Press; he is anything but "addlepated" or foolish. His speech was extremely deliberate, his enunciation remarkably clear and distinct, his grammatical construction faultless, his manner calm and dispassionate, his rhetoric chaste, his sarcasm abundant, polished and cutting; there was no sign of haste or confusion, every sentence had the complete finish, the correctness and polish of an epigram.

We have heard no Republican speaker who has so favorably impressed as a *speaker*. His speech was certainly, in a literary point, superior to Gen. Alcorn's speech made here some time back.

Gen. Ames paid a very graceful eulogy to the Confederate Soldiers and this, as it has probably formed a part of all his previous stump speeches, was the only part that bore the marks of preparation.

Our opinion is that Ames has been foolishly underrated, and that on the hustings he is worthy of the steel of Alcorn or any other orator that the Alcorn wing can bring against him.

Lowell, *October* 22, 1873

Dear Del: I have not had a word from you for the last two days, and am feeling a "little depressed." This separation is lasting too long, and I feel as if the last six months may have changed you into a different man from the one I kissed good bye last May, no, June. It is so long ago it might as well have been May, April, March, or any past time. If the Legislature now in session decides to postpone the election you will be "home" sooner, will you not?

The days pass on about the same. It will be All hallow-eve, your birth night, by the time this reaches you. May the kind spirits who took you under their protection and care continue their watchfulness until ripe old age closes a life that has been useful, noble, honorable. Then I trust, Sweetheart, that two grey heads will be laid side by side for all eternity. I send as many kisses, Love, as you number years. Perhaps by this time you think more of votes than caresses—if so, I will not trouble you with them.

The children are well.—Butler is very fond of hearing the story of Cock Robin, especially the shooting part. He walks around the house, pointing a long stick and "tooting" everybody and everything. Edith is growing pretty, and intelligent, so much so I think you will feel quite an interest in her.

For myself, I am a little gloomy—perhaps the weather is going to change. But gloomy or gay, there is always love for you Del—from Blanche

Lowell, *October* 24, 1873

Dear Del: Another day has come and gone, still no letter for me. If I only felt sure of your health, I should be better content and try to console myself by thinking that you were too much occupied to write. But fearing that you may not be well, I cannot comfort myself. This morning I dreamed that you had returned to New York and I met you at the depot, with the children. You were not glad to see me, and it was some time before you took the trouble to speak to me. So you see, I miss your letters, Dearie, and waking or sleeping I am thinking of causes for your silence. Do you receive my letters regularly?

Butler is well. I thought that he was clothed for the winter, but yesterday towards evening I found he was walking strangely, and inspection showed that his flannel drawers were larger than the outside white ones, and were so compressed between his little legs that he was very much chafed. The boy is quite a hero. He did not complain though I am sure he must have been in pain. There was some peculiar twist to the drawers yesterday, which caused the trouble. If the outside drawers were larger it could not happen. So he must have another dozen without delay, and give these to Edith. You remember I told you I should bring her up just as if she were a boy. She is as strong and self-asserting as one, and as capable of making her way in the world. When she gets finally on her feet I think she will be able to whip Butler whenever he undertakes to ill-treat her.

I expect Father will be home tonight. Paul came up yesterday and is going out to shoot squirrels today. Butler will have a chance to see him "toot" a little this morning before starting. When the youngster is asked his name—he answers "Butler Ames boy." I do not know why the "boy" is added, unless he fears he may be taken for a girl.

Love from the babies and your Wife, BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 25, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: We have been in deep waters for the past two days. I did not write you yesterday and the day before because of my incessant labors and partly because I was waiting for some final action on the part of the legislature.

Nothing conclusive has occurred as yet, but we think we see the clear sky through the clouds. The house reps. favor *no* election, while the senate has been so evenly balanced that our friends there concluded at one time to run away to New Orleans to break a quorum, that the law which requires an election this fall should not be repealed; but it was decided to make one more effort to stem the current. That effort was made this morning, and resulted in an adjournment till next Tuesday. It was a great victory for us. Our danger has been since yesterday, and will be next week, that the Democracy and one or two renegade Republicans are trying to expel Republican members, or what is the same thing, declare the seats of certain Republican senators vacant because they have during the past three or four years held county offices while holding as senators —the law being that no one should hold two offices at the same time. The senate has decided time and again that these, or at least some of these, senators could hold two offices as they have, and it is only now, when it gives the Democracy a chance to get hold of the state government that the question of expulsion is started. Some of our members are absent, and thereby the Democracy have the advantage. You can see the case is desperate, when all agreed for a time that it would be necessary to break a quorum to save the state. I think now we can prevent the passage of the bill to repeal the law which requires an election. We are hopeful.

Tomorrow—Sunday night—I shall go to Panola County where Maj. Howe lives, to begin my canvass again, and during the week will make nine speeches.

My room is overrun from early morn before I rise (I have had a matinee nearly every morning while dressing) till after midnight. You must excuse the irregularity of my letters, for this is a busy time— Ten days more and the pressure will have passed. Love to my beautiful wife and our dear babies.

ADELBERT

United States Internal Revenue, Deputy Collector's Office
OKOLONA, MISS., *October* 28, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday as I had to get an early breakfast and come here—a railroad ride of two hours—by about nine. I spoke at one to a large and enthusiastic audience, both of whites and blacks. My speech was about two hours long, and rather a good one—at least it produced the desired effect. I captured not a few of the white folks. I improve at every step.

This is Sunday—and though I have not been to church it has been a day of rest. We—Col. Wells, Capt. Raymond of the *Pilot*, and myself—took dinner at a Mr. Hall's. Mr. H. is a Northern man—he has his family with him. A Mr. and Mrs. Stone were there. They are carpet-baggers. You may remember that a gentleman and his lady called to see me at Lowell last fall and made a stay of but an hour or two. They were Mr. and Mrs. S. We had a very good dinner and afterwards some fine singing from Mrs. S. It is towards sunset, and I am here at the office of one of our friends, writing these lines.

I see by the papers that they have had three cases of yellow fever at Vicksburg. When I saw the telegram I was a little concerned, but since then it is reported that there is doubt as to the character of the disease. It is not now believed that the yellow fever will prove very severe at Memphis. There is plenty of time yet for it to spread—it is only by a severe frost that it can be stopped. Still we are hopeful that it will not become general.

The weather is growing cooler gradually, and traveling about as I do is rendered thereby less disagreeable than it would be in the hotter months. Hotel fare is bad, and I am by no means growing fat. How we will feast when we get the chance. My health is excellent, nevertheless.

I am always glad to hear of your continued good health and the progress of our babies. I do not remember that I have *abused* Edith. In your last you say she has a violent temper! How could you say so— Had I done so how you would have scolded. I suspect I appreciate her more than you do. I send to you all love,
Adelbert

Lowell, *October* 27, 1873

Dear Del: I have had a great supply of news all at once. First your letter of last Tuesday—then Father came this evening, and told me that the senate had adjourned until Tuesday week, which is election day. So I suppose the body is in favor of an election this fall. I trust ere this that you have received Gen'l. Cushing's and Father's opinion, although it may have been sent too late to be of any use to you. Father is very sorry that there was so much delay, but it was unavoidable. In the first place there was nothing in the book or newspaper slips which you sent to indicate when the last election was held—or I should say the first—in '69, was it not? They looked everywhere they could think of for this bit of information, and at last found it in the *Tribune Almanac.* The next trouble was that the section which is quoted by the Attorney General was not in the Constitution of Mississippi as printed in the book you sent. Gen'l. Cushing did not dare to send an opinion until he had seen this section. They sent to the State Department—examined the books at the Library—all to no purpose. At last Father thought of MacPherson's *Digest*, or some such thing, and in it they not only found the missing section, but the cause of its disappearance.—The President having pronounced against this very section, together with several others, in his proclamation, and therefore they were omitted. Father says that they have sent you a fine argument, but they had great difficulty in getting at the facts. Do not laugh at my attempt to tell you about it, Del. No doubt I have made some funny mistakes, but Father you well know talks in a rambling fashion sometimes, and Butler was making such a noise I was almost too distracted to listen. I am very sorry that you have had to wait for the argument so long.

It was very well, Sweetheart, that you were discreet enough to except your family when you said you were "master of all crowds" in which you happened to be. Yet the fact is, I am always a little suspicious of those people who claim to be full of humility, etc. and think there is full as much preaching as practice.

You are mistaken about Ben's marks. He has never had below ten out of fifteen. I must have made a blunder when I wrote you about it.

Father has bought the old woman's house for seventeen thousand five hundred. The office and stable is built, but the houses are only built up level with the street. He will go on with the work this winter, although he thinks it will be a terrible winter, the blackest there has been for many a long year. He has made a good deal in his law cases lately, and feels pretty safe, I think, having but very little invested in doubtful securities. It is to be hoped you and your Father can feel the same.

I feel that I am being left far behind in the race of life. I must not allow the distance to be so great that you can lose sight of me. I wish I could make speeches, and have my opponents speak in such praise of me. Love and good night.

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 26, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: It is Sunday night and almost twelve o'clock. At three I will take the train for Panola County and arrive there at eleven tomorrow. I will speak about two hours, and at four in the afternoon will take the train to return here, arriving at midnight. Thus you see I shall be busy tomorrow. At the end of my day's work I am to see our friends and consult with them as to the programme when the Senate meets on Tuesday.

Had it not been for Gov. Powers' revolutionary action, we would have had no trouble in beating Alcorn from forty to fifty thousand. As it is, there is much doubt and confusion in the minds of the people as to whether there is to be an election, and of course even on the day of the election it may exist. It now suspends the canvass and occasions a hesitancy and halting it may be difficult to remedy in the one or two days which will be left by the time the legislature acts.

The hope of Powers and the Democracy is to declare seats vacant, as I wrote you last night, and our danger is, aside from the bribery our enemies indulge in, that the presiding officer will refuse to receive the votes of the members whose expulsion is sought. Of course this could not be done lawfully, or by a compliance with the rules by which legislative bodies are governed but you must understand the opposition are acting as revolutionists. To win is all they desire, as the Ku Klux wished a year or two ago. Now they will hardly stop at anything. The presiding officer of the senate has been bought, it is said, and being bought he will obey the will of his master. I will not attempt to tell you now of the efforts of our enemies to get our senators away, or kill their votes. It is a most disreputable and disgraceful proceeding. Money and whiskey are used plentifully—and last night one of our senators was taken to New Orleans by an enemy to be plunged into a debauch if possible. Some of our friends work, or try to work, against them with the same weapons, but I fear (or shall I say hope?) not with the same success.

Should we have the election, you must understand that Powers will not give up his place without a contest. So you see I have a struggle yet before me, after winning this step. The future is hidden. It can contain defeat or success. I hope and believe the latter. Even defeat will not dishonor.

I send you love—also to our babies. I will take a nap for a little while before the train comes. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 28, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday morning at three I took the cars for Panola which is the second county from Memphis on the line we took on our way from Memphis to New Orleans. As I had company till after midnight I did not go to bed at all. I arrived at Panola at 11 a.m. and spoke to some fourteen hundred people two hours and after a hasty dinner got to the station at four just in time to catch the train. We arrived here at three this morning.

I had an appointment to go to Brandon today, but our friends thought I had better be here on hand for any emergency which might arise, as this is the day to which the Senate had adjourned. That body was to meet at three p.m. It is now a quarter to four. Everybody is at the State House except myself, and I take advantage of the absence of visitors to write you these lines.

Our enemies, Powers has allied his forces with the Democracy, have been resorting to every means to get our friends away. Friday evening Senator Barrow—a colored man—went home, and although we have sought constantly since to get him back we have failed. Yesterday he could not be found. Saturday night they decoyed Senator Gilmer to New Orleans to get him on a spree. We sent a man after him. He came back all right, of his own accord, yesterday. Last night, or this morning before day, Senator Mygott was spirited away, and although we have been searching the town over we have not found him. Money, threats, flattery, promises, coercion, everything is being used by the enemy. We still have a majority, and only fear the rulings of our presiding officer. The battle is going on at the State House now.

I need not say our side is doing "its best." We have all the law and the right on our side. We fight bribery and violence—Just before writing the last word a messenger came to me to inform me that the president of the senate had ordered the roll to be called, but had stricken out of the list the names of certain senators—those who have held county offices. This done would give the senate to the Democracy. Gov. Powers sent in a message to the senate to the effect that if there was any disturbance in the senate he would call on the mayor of the city, a Democrat, to keep the peace, which would be the expulsion of our friends. The law has been examined—and the decisions of the courts show our friends to be purely in the right. The whole movement of Powers and the Democracy is revolutionary. Alcorn is with them. You see the means to which our enemies will resort to beat us. All is a concession of our victory.

I have given a number of pages of politics—enough I dare say to show you I am not, nor am I likely to become, enamored of politics and public life in this state and abandon or even dream of deserting the "home" to which you referred in your letter. On the contrary, I long more and more, day by day, to be there and rest. I think of you and dream of you and our babies, and "*home*" with a longing, hungry heart. I am glad that there is to be but one more week of this turmoil—for a week from today the election will take place—and then I will have to wait but a few days before I can turn my face towards "*home*."

I send you, my Beautiful, much love,—the same to our sweet babies. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 29, 1873

DEAR DEL: No letter today, but two newspapers, the one of later date giving the reports of the committee on elections. I am very, very sorry that you could not have had the argument. It might have been of some use. However, "all's well that ends well" and I have no doubt we can say this in regard to Mississippi matters.

Father is most anxious that Mother will decide to go back into the old house, Cor. 15th and I. He can have it for six months at twelve hundred dollars. Wormley asks eighteen dollars a day for a parlor, bedroom, and bathroom, and board for two. Mother has about decided to go back to the old barracks, but dreads the labor and the cold. She says she should not have the least hesitation if we were to be in Washington, because it would take a fortune to keep such a large family comfortably at a hotel, this winter. You see, she regards the expense en masse, and is inclined to consider our purse strings quite as much as Father's. We are likely to go into the same nest for a short or long time, as the election decides. Surely our alternatives are rather pleasant, Del.—So much so there is but little choice, that of course is in favor of Mississippi, because you ought to succeed in all that you undertake.

Only a month more, and you will be *at home* again. I shall soon begin to pack up. What about the silver, Del—shall I leave it here?

Butler has a large wooden stool, used as a step to the bathtub in Mother's dressing room. This, inverted, looks like a boat, and he amuses himself in it by the hour. Edith is a great fighter, and can scream for her rights in a manner to astonish a stranger. How old you will feel, Sweetheart, when you see your bouncing children.

While Father was in Washington, Butler used his chair at the table. After Father returned, and Butler having come in to supper found his seat occupied, he at once stepped up, took hold of it, and while trying to get it away said, "Granfayer, mine chair, mine chair." I explained to him that he could only have that chair when his Grandfather was away. He seemed satisfied, and took his old seat without a murmur.

Love and kisses, Del. They do not amount to much on paper, but you at least know that you could have them if you were here, instead of hate and blows. BLANCHE

CANTON, MISS., *October* 29, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday the president of the senate attempted to revolutionize that body by giving the clerk a corrected list of the senators' names, but the clerk refused to use it. He held to the old roll. Two or three hours were given to filibustering, which finally resulted in an adjournment till today at 10 o'clock. We had the majority by two or three. The demonstrations on the part of the Democracy and Powers' friends were such that one of the Democrats became disgusted and moved an adjournment, which was carried as I stated above. Our friends beat in every encounter. We have the law, the precedents and the right on our side. The opposition had filled the senate chamber with roughs and cut-throats for the purpose of intimidation, if not murder. I told you in yesterday's letter that Powers had sent in a message, etc—the message was the resignations (so the message said) of the senators they are trying to expel by declaring their seats vacant. Their resignations were *constructive* based in one or two instances on the fact that these senators had taken certain county offices—and the others were—if resignations at all—forgeries —at least so say the senators whom the Gov. is trying to resign out of the senate. Thus is the power of the state prostrated.

I had another sit-up last night. As the train was due at three this morning I did not go to bed—but the train did not arrive till after daylight—however I got a few hours of good sleep. It was very cold last night. There was ice formed in the puddles by the roadside. We arrived here at seven this morning.

I have just received a telegram calling me back to Jackson. It is now about eleven o'clock. I can go on the one o'clock train. I will not have time to make a speech—even may not have the opportunity to be introduced to the crowd for it may not be assembled by one.

Do you wonder I wish these days were past and I was resting in my "*home*"? Love for you my dear wife, and our sweet babies.
ADELBERT

LOWELL, *October* 30, 1873

DEAR DEL: A letter came for me today, written last Sunday, in which you say that you have "been in deep waters," or I should say your cause. Thinking that, as you were to be absent, speechmaking, the argument would be likely to remain in Jackson awaiting your return, I telegraphed you that it had been sent, hoping the telegram might follow, even if a letter did not. It is the greatest pity in the world that you could not have had it before, though after all it might not have been of the slightest use.

Even should there be "no election" this fall, I do not think you have anything to regret in your course this summer. Certainly you have had a great triumph in one way, and you are only defrauded of your place by the most knavish tricks and utter disregard of right or law. Do not feel despondent, Dearie. I am not at all sure but it would be the worst thing in the world for you to be elected Governor this fall. If you are not, I am confident such is the case.

The children are well, and are pronounced the most healthful children in the city. It is the thought of their perfect condition which reconciles me to this very long separation. One cannot have everything, I suppose. Love from the babies and

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 30, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I was very stupid not to tell you in my letter of the 14th inst. that I was going up river to Greenville where there were no regular mails, and that you should not expect any word from me for a number of days immediately following the receipt of that letter. Had I done so you would have been saved not a little anxiety, as I see by your late letters. My mistake was in taking for granted this, that you like all the world—at least the interested part in this state—knew my appointments after that at Vicksburg were up the river where the mails were very irregular. The way I traveled there made it still more difficult for me to write, even to catch the occasional boat. But you will have received my letters informing you of my well-being long before this reaches you. I am sorry I was not more thoughtful.

Let me tell you of my yesterday's labors. I wrote you a letter from Canton yesterday afternoon. I had time there to make a half hour's speech and catch the train which came down at one o'clock. I took possession of my audience before my half hour had expired. It was a large and enthusiastic assemblage, and I was sorry I could not speak to it for two hours. I returned here at two p.m. to find that one of our senators, Mr. Gilmer, had been spirited away. He had previously refused to sell himself for one thousand dollars, and it is believed he did sell himself for five thousand. He remained out of sight till late in the afternoon when he went into the senate to vote against us. He made the third senator they had bought or captured from us. Yesterday they voted Senator Morgan (a friend) out of his seat. He was the fourth we lost. Our only safety in the senate is now that we expect two or three Democratic senators to vote for an election though they voted for Morgan's expulsion.

Yesterday we had telegraphic word that Mygott, the senator spirited down to New Orleans, was on his way here in care of two of our friends sent there to get him. A squad of men on both sides took the down train to meet him—our side to guard, theirs to capture. Our side was successful—and at about half past three (I had just then gone to bed) he was brought to see me at his own request. At a quarter to four my room was quiet and I settled myself to begin my night's rest and Senator Mygott was safely ensconced in the middle of a bed between two of our friends.

This morning he was taken to the senate in a carriage to vote *right* I hope. Our side seeks only to guard our senators from the attempts at bribery and corruption on the part of our enemies.—We appeal to their principles—they to their lower passions.

It is now one o'clock. The senate has been in session some three hours. I know not what has been or is being done. I hope for a victory for us today.

I send love. ADELBERT

P.S. The contest in the senate today resulted in a partial victory for us. It adjourned without considering the bill for *no election*. If we can do the same tomorrow it will be a complete victory, for then there will not be time to pass the bill before Tuesday next. DEL

LOWELL, *October* 31, 1873

DEAR DEL: Another letter from you, written last Sunday, came today. I can see by its tone that your hopes are not strong, and yet as the papers have not reported any decision of the Legislature I do not feel that the cause is yet lost.

Certainly Powers and his supporters are not in the least troubled with conscientious scruples. Nothing restrains them. This being the case, how do you—or how did you, by the time this reaches you the whole thing will be in the past—expect that Father's argument could be of the least use? They were determined to win, if the most arbitrary use of power could prevail. What use then to argue against it? Enough of politics. You must be as sick as death of the whole subject.

Father has gone to Washington again. The Gov't. has been sued for fifteen thousand dollars taken by him from a man named Button of Natchez during the war.

There is a northeast storm today. The children have been confined to the nursery. Butler rode out with me yesterday. I bought him another Mother Goose. The old one was disposed of some time ago. He is greatly interested with the songs and stories. A boy with a rake excited his envy and admiration to such a degree that he hunted up a stick and pounded him well because he would not put down the rake when ordered. The pictures are endowed with life and size by his little, perhaps I should say great, imagination, and he cannot understand why they will not act like rational beings. He can repeat several of the melodies very nicely, quite as well as Chandler's boy last winter. By the way, Chandler has lost about $30,000 in Northern Pacific R.R. bonds or shares. I am sorry for him, and all other losers.

Tomorrow Florence, Mother and I are going to Boston to do a little shopping. In the morning, I shall have to go to the dentist, and in the afternoon we attend the opera.

Good night, Love. Do not allow yourself to be depressed, but remember that you have many things to make you happy.

BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *October* 31, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: Your telegram was received yesterday afternoon—the opinion it referred to was received by the morning's mail, a few hours previously. I had it in the hands of the printer in short order, and understand it will appear in today's *Pilot.* I would have replied to you yesterday by telegraph, but as nothing decisive had been accomplished in the senate, concluded to wait to see what this day brought forth. This is *the* day. If we can pass it without the first reading of the "no election" bill, we will be safe, for in such case there will not be time before Tuesday next to read the bill the necessary three times, each time on different days. So today is all important to us—rather victory today is a final and complete victory. On the other hand, a defeat today would not necessarily be fatal. The bill will have to be read twice afterwards. So you see we hang suspended between hope and fear.

Last night was a laborious one to us. Yesterday's success to us aroused every energy of our enemies. For the want of something better to do, they planned to capture Senator Mygott who is with us, and who is so of his own free will, though his son-in-law is seeking to get him away, and though Gov. Powers' payment of $120,000 state subsidy to a R.R. is made to depend on the capture of Senator Mygott's vote. They were unable to find him. Again, a crowd of roughs were following our senators wherever they could find them, headed by the mayor of the city, with the intention, we believe, of getting up a row and then arresting them, to hold them for a number of hours without a hearing, that the senate should pass the bill.

We also feared, and our fears were based on what our enemies dropped, that they would abduct some of our senators—take them out into the country and hold them for a day—which would be easier for them to do than to Ku Klux them, as would have been done, no doubt, two years ago.

Of course I am a sort of generalissimo at this time, and found all very ready to carry out any suggestions I might make. All agreed we should have the houses guarded in which our senators lived. So small squads of well-armed men were on hand ready for an emergency at every point. One of our men, Senator Caldwell, who lives ten miles from here on the R.R., went to his home not knowing or not fearing the efforts of our enemies. After we had made up our minds to guard our friends, we sent out to him a squad of armed men. Senator Campbell was arrested by one of the mob at the cars about midnight, but he was without authority, and soon released him. This morning we find all our friends here, and ready for the day's work.

October 31, 1873

This is my birthday. It has been a lucky day too. The long struggle in the senate, which began on the 20th inst., has ended today with a victory for us. There will be an election. For it we have been fighting. I am willing to leave my fate to the will of the people at the ballot boxes on Tuesday next. Tonight at twelve I will go down the road to Summit, where I will make a speech in the afternoon—thence twenty-five miles across country to make a second speech in the evening. Monday I will speak in Woodville, the county seat of the southwest county of the state. Tuesday I will be at Natchez. Do not expect to get a letter for a week after you get this, for every day I will be going further and further from R.R. communications, and Natchez is three days from here.

All seems well. I send my Beautiful, love,—and also to our babies. May this be the last time we are separated on my birthday—and may we always be together on your birthday.

ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 2, 1873

DEAR DEL: When I looked at the evening paper, on my return from Boston, the first article to meet my eye was the telegraphic news from Mississippi, saying that the Senate would not pass the bill—and your election was assured with a majority of thirty-five thousand. Of course I was delighted that you had won, and your telegram which I found upon reaching home confirmed the news, and showed that you remembered your wife in your success, for which I owe you some kisses, Sweetheart. It has been a hard battle, but you have gained the day, and with it more credit than you would have had in a little contest. Powers has risked everything and lost. By the time this reaches you, you will be preparing to go North. You must not forget to tell me where to direct my letters.

I took some laughing gas at the dentist's yesterday. The sensation was extremely unpleasant. Imagine your head fast asleep as the foot will sometimes be, only with a fuller, more intense feeling, and you will understand. The last thing I saw was the waving of the trees in the Common, the touch of the cool sponge which recalled me to my senses was delicious. As the tears chased each other down my face, while I was yet too dazed to speak, I heard Mother say there does not seem to be any laughing about this, and I certainly never felt less like it. Certainly it is wonderful that all the faculties can be suspended and resumed so quickly. It is a great blessing in many cases no doubt, but I should never go through such a thing for amusement, as I have heard that people sometimes do. It was about an hour before I was ready to go out shopping. We had but little to do, however, and at one o'clock took lunch and went to the opera at two. The performance was fine, and was over in time for us to take the five o'clock train for Lowell.

Paul and Butler opened the front door for me, and the little fellow was glad to see me home again. He is very fond of "Mum, Mum" but I expect you will wean him away before long. Sister Edith smiled and doubled herself into several knots of welcome, then cried because I had Butler, and did not take her. I consoled her with a little supper, after which Butler and I went out with the rest for tea.

Father has just returned from Washington, and has engaged the house.[1] I wonder how you will enjoy it this winter, when you have a wife and children all to yourself. Do you think you can be much happier than you have been, Del? I indulge in no expectations, but shall be much better able to say which I like best, *boarding* or housekeeping, when I have had this winter's experience.

I am happy that these long months have passed, and that soon we can be together again. I shall try to arrange to meet you in Washington, and thus save you a day of travel, and myself another day of absence. We shall be ready to start very soon now. Of course I have no definite plan, because my movements must depend upon yours, and I do not yet know what you propose. Kisses from the babies and your loving Wife,

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[1] Corner 15th and I Streets.

BLANCHE

LOWELL, *November* 3, 1873

DEAR DEL: Tomorrow will be Election Day, and directly after I suppose you will start North, so that this, as well as my last three or four letters, will have to follow after. I have no doubts now in regard to the election. As to Powers holding his seat in spite of the election, such a thing seems perfectly absurd. I spoke to Father about it, asking what could be done in case the Senate repealed the election law. He said it "would be one of the first things attended to in Congress—that such a revolutionary act was without precedent. If the State Legislature could postpone an election for one year, they could do it for any number, thus changing the entire nature of the state government. It would be the duty of Congress to declare the state in revolution, and appoint a Military Governor until it could be re-reconstructed." In this case Gov. Powers would be entirely defeated in his ambitious projects. Now the General Government will be much more likely to take it in hand if the election takes place and is disputed. This is my opinion, not Father's, he has not said anything about the last supposition. So, Dearie, you *must not give it more consideration than it deserves.* I think I can see you smile. Ah-well! If I were a member of the Legislature, and no wiser, my opinion would amount to something, because it would be an earnest of my vote. Ergo, women should hold office and vote. Then their husbands could not afford to smile, and would have to display a proper spirit and keep in good subjection.

How pleased you will be with your boy. He is getting to be very good company. I do not speak much of Edith because I fear you will be disappointed in her, she seems so young when compared with Butler.

If you are in Northfield when this reaches you, give my love to your Father and Mother, and do not *forget* to boast of the children. Love from the babies and BLANCHE

NATCHEZ, MISS., *November* 5, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: The election came off yesterday. As yet I have not heard from any county but this. Here the vote was light, which was due partly to the weather and partly to the fact that this has been a one-sided contest—the Democracy has taken little interest in it, and as a consequence our side has not been spurred on to action. My vote here is greater as against Alcorn than that of Republican candidates heretofore as against their opponents. I expect throughout the state a large majority.

Yesterday I rode forty miles through mud and rain to get here. I left Woodville at ten o'clock, in a heavy shower, with a reluctant driver and with all the probabilities against me of making the journey. I was in an open buggy, protected by an umbrella, a blanket wrapped around me and a piece of oil cloth on my knees, to keep them dry. One of our two horses was very large, the other a pony. Ten miles from W. we came to a very dangerous creek or bayou, which everybody said we could not pass on account of its swollen waters, due to the heavy rains. We tried to cross it—and succeeded, though with not a little danger attending the undertaking. Our large horse and the hind wheels of the buggy touched bottom, but our pony and the fore wheels were afloat. I held my valise aloft with one hand, and with the other clung to the buggy. The great danger of the stream was due to the quicksands. Should the horses cease to go, the sand would wash out from under them and down stream all would have gone. But our old horse went and took our buggy and us safely across, for which we were duly thankful. Across the stream we had to replace the pony, as he was broken down, by another horse. For ten hours and a half, through mud and rain, we rode, and reached this city at half past eight.

I was anxious to vote here, but as the polls closed at six, it was impossible—but I did get into the county in time to vote at one of the county districts, and thus saved my vote. So much for yesterday. I hasten to close this so it will catch the steamer due here in an hour or two.

I shall probably leave for Northfield in a week or less— So you need not write me here after you receive this.

Love, my beautiful Wife. ADELBERT

LOWELL, *November* 5, 1873

DEAR DEL: I write, although I have no idea that you will be in Jackson when this letter reaches there. We are preparing for Washington and expect to be there the last week in this month. I trust we may be comfortably located by the time you join us, so that you may have ample space and opportunity to enjoy the children. I fear that Butler would not show to great advantage travelling, or cooped up in one room at a hotel.

The good spirits did take care of you—although it was a hard struggle, the evil were so powerful.—It was only by keeping things along until the *31st of Oct.* that they could gain strength sufficient to give you victory. The evil spirits have no power upon that day. All of this tends to show that you are a lucky man—but I have such an appreciation of my Love that I think his fortune would have been the same, if he had been born on any day of the month or year.

The newspapers give very meagre accounts of the election in Mississippi. I suppose there has not been time yet to get returns. They report the vote cast as unusually small—which rather surprises me, as I thought you had expected a large one.

Paul took Teedle down to Cambridge last Monday to show her to his friends. Butler wanted me to carry him downstairs yesterday, and said "Mum—Mum, take, take—Teedle bite legs." Now, Del, what do you think of a boy who advances such false reasons?—He knew that the dog was away—for in an instant he continued "Teedle gone Boston with Paul." Then again, he frequently says that a pin sticks him, when such is not the case. You had better hurry "home" and attend to your son.

Love from the children and *Your Wife*, BLANCHE

VICKSBURG, MISS., *November* 7, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I wrote you Wednesday at Natchez. Yesterday at two o'clock I left N. pr. Steamer "Belle Lee," and arrived here a half hour ago, at half past seven this morning. I am at the Prentiss House, waiting till four o'clock comes, that I may take the train for Jackson. I wrote you so hurriedly day before yesterday I did not have time to give you a sketch of my movements after I left Jackson on Saturday morning last.

At one Saturday morning I took the cars and went to Summit, a town in one of the southern tier of counties, a ride of three or four hours. I spoke there from eleven to one, in the day, and at three left in a buggy for Liberty, a town twenty-four miles away. That same evening I made a two hours' speech at Liberty. All things considered, this was a good day's work. Sunday following we rode to Woodville, a distance of thirty-three miles. Monday I made a good speech, and my last speech of the campaign at W. Before those who followed me had finished, it began to rain and has been raining almost constantly till this morning. Tuesday, as I wrote you, I rode forty miles through rain and mud, from Woodville to Natchez.

I could get no very reliable returns from the election there and so came up here on one of the first boats.

The vote throughout the state has been light on account of the weather and also because our side—the Republican—was not urged on to action by a vigorous opposition. We had, so far as party was concerned, no competition. The contest was mainly personal. The vote has fallen off more on the side of the opposition than on ours.

I am very well satisfied with the results only I wish my majority had been greater, which would have been the case had not men who had professed friendship in a few counties sold themselves to the enemy during the last week of the session of the legislature.

It is all for the better, however, for we are engaged in a process of purification of the party, and it is well to know what sort of men we have about us. Far be it from me to murmur at a time like this. I will know when I get to Jackson this evening about how the state stands. My information thus far has been found in Democratic papers. They even concede the state to me by 15,000 majority. I believe it will go nearer 30,000. We will see.

It is now the 7th of the month—Friday. By Sunday or Monday next I will have started on my way northward. I shall go to Northfield and attend to business there, consuming as little time as possible, and then hasten away to Lowell. I will be making good time if I reach Lowell by the 20th of this month, which will be two weeks hence. I rejoice that these months of separation have been reduced to but two weeks. I am weary of this kind of life. I do not think the honors, if any are gathered, compensate for such a great sacrifice. This once it was a necessity perhaps, but like circumstances will not occur again. An endorsement was necessary—it will answer for all time.

I have been enjoying most excellent health during the whole season. When we consider that epidemics and diseases less fatal have been surrounding us all of this time, our continued good health should be a matter of congratulation.

In a recent letter you informed me that your Father would not be able to complete his home this fall. I am a little curious to know where and how he is to live this winter. It will make but little difference to us, as we will be in W. but for one month. I think your Mother would prefer to keep house. I cannot imagine her living in the city of Washington for the next six months with absolutely nothing to do, as would be the case did she board. Keeping house keeps her occupied—it is business to her. I know her as a housekeeper only, and so question whether she could be content out of business. Then again, I suppose as you are to desert your Mother, she will have Florence with her to accompany her during the gaieties of the Washington season. All of which is pure speculation, of course.

I am impatient to get your letters awaiting me at Jackson—more so than to get the election returns. I shall telegraph the postmaster to send my mail to the hotel, that I shall not be compelled to wait for it till tomorrow morning.

I wonder how Ben is getting along, and if he has regained any of the ground lost by that fearful fall of his.

Adelbert

Jackson

P.S. I found five letters from you and rejoiced thereat.

I find upon my arrival here that I will have perhaps 30,000 majority, and about twenty-eight majority in the House and nine in the Senate. The vote was small, but proportionately my majority over Alcorn is unequalled.

Love to my beautiful wife and our dear babies.

Adelbert

Lowell, *November* 7, 1873

Dear Del: I look at the papers regularly, and eagerly, to see the election news from Mississippi. The only account we have had from them was that the Republican majority was greatly reduced and Alcorn had carried Vicksburg. Therefore Capt. French's telegram was all the more joyfully received. Mr. and Mrs. Farrington were here, and Col. Fisk. Father called us into the library from the hall, and when he had seated us to his satisfaction, read the news. Of course there was great congratulation, and Mrs. F. seemed to think that she should prefer the title of Governor to either Gen'l. or Senator, though she thought it pretty hard that I could take my choice, while she had not one to boast of. Father is greatly pleased at your success.

Butler left the table to call his grandfather out to supper. In his haste to get back, his foot slipped and he gave his head a hard bump. Father consoled him by saying "never mind, my boy, your Father is Governor of Mississippi."

As for your wife, Sweetheart, she says that without regard to self—she is happy in your triumph and wishes she could have been in Natchez to have given you a congratulatory kiss. When are we to expect you "home", Del? This is the great point—now—and I want to be all ready when you do come. To be settled in some place. To have the children good-natured and looking well, and to spare you the trouble of travelling with them at present. They were weighed yesterday. Butler weighs thirty-four and the girl twenty-three and a half, which is as much as Butler weighed when eighteen months old. From which I judge that she is to be a giantess.

We shall probably leave here week after next unless some word from you changes the decision. I shall stop at the hotel for a few days, until the house gets settled and warmed for the children.

We are having the first long, heavy storm of the season. The fall has been delightful, and the children have been out every day.

Love, Del.—Whenever I look at the pears, of which we have a great number, I think how you would enjoy them and how they would help to fill out your thin cheeks. Never mind, good living and kisses will make them plump and rosy.

BLANCHE

The Western Union Telegraph Company.

JACKSON, MISS., *November* 8, 1873

My majority about thirty thousand, legislature about forty republican majority. Shall leave for Northfield in a day or two.

A. AMES

LOWELL, *November* 10, 1873

DEAR DEL: I received your telegram yesterday, and conclude that it will be best for me to direct this letter to Northfield. We shall start for Washington about the 21st or 22nd. At least, such is the present plan, and I do not know of anything to change it unless you are to be in Washington sooner than that, in which case I should desire either to go to you or to have you come to me, and the former would be better, as I shall have to make the journey anyway—while it would increase your travels a thousand miles for nothing. I am anxious to know your plans.

The children are well. Edith has six teeth. She can crawl across the room and try to take things away from Butler. He slaps her now and then, so that she is a little afraid of him, but still she is very persistent and keeps him changing his location in a very amusing manner. She is growing pretty, but her appetite is so great that her good looks are partly obscured by fat. This is a matter that time will change, and there is no need to be uneasy about it. Butler is tall and slight. You must not expect to find him as large as John's boy. Do not forget the difference in their ages, and remember that Butler is but a baby yet. You see, I do not want you to be in the least disappointed.

Father has gone to New York again. He is very busy this fall. Fortunately his cases are being settled, and he is receiving ready money at a time when it is very much needed.

The Middlesex is running on three-quarter time, rather contrary to Father's wish I think, although the other mills are doing the same. Mr. Fay decided the question without calling a meeting of the directors. Perhaps he has decided wisely. Father thinks the Middlesex will declare a dividend. He would like to have the manufactories in which he is interested go on when all the others are stopping.—Simply as a matter of pride.

I trust all goes well at Fort A. and Northfield. Give my best to your Father, Mother, John and the children. For yourself, love. BLANCHE

LOWELL, *November* 11, 1873

DEAR DEL: I allowed yesterday to slip by without a letter to you. But you are with your people now, and will not miss it so much as you might have done in Mississippi.

Edith has been quite unhappy for two or three days with her teeth. Six are through and the others are following fast, so that she is quite feverish and frets and moans day and night. She is changed from the frolicsome, laughing baby of a week ago. Butler had a visitor in the afternoon.—Miss Leslie Grant. She is ten months his senior, therefore more an object of admiration than Miss Ethel Hastings. He kissed her two or three times of his own accord, and seemed to enjoy the operation. They spent the greater part of the time ironing and hanging out the clothes. Butler was very polite, and there was no quarrelling. The refreshments were milk, cake, pears, grapes, and candy. I don't know when Butler has seemed so perfectly contented. He did not notice when I left the room even.—Usually he not only notices, but screams so loud he can be heard all over the house.

Mary asked him the other day why he cried so. "Mum goes away and leaves me" was the answer. I conclude that it will be well to get him little companions just enough older to amuse him.

I am trying to finish "the boy's" head so as to have it cast before we leave. It is nearly completed, but I could make it far more perfect if I had the winter before me in which to retouch it, from time to time. It is good enough, however.

Give my love to your Mother, and tell her I shall expect her to spend the cold weather with me in Jackson. You remember there was some talk of New Orleans last winter. How much more comfortable and happy they would be with us.—At least I hope so.

Will you write to Partridge & Wells to send three barrels of "Fancy" to Washington? This is Mother's request. She is not willing to go back to the old flour, now that she has used this.

Ben has gone up a class in "Math," which of course pleases him very much. Paul is using his spare time experimenting for the Cartridge Co. All are busy.

Love, BLANCHE

NORTHFIELD, *November* 12, 1873

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived here last evening by a new route —new to me at least. I have heretofore passed through Chicago, but this time I went to St. Louis and came by a railroad route directly north through Missouri and central Iowa, and arrived here some eighteen hours earlier than I would have done had I come by Chicago.

I found everybody very well. Mother has not been so well for years as she is now. Father claims he is the physician who has cured her, and I must confess I believe he should have the credit. He has been in the habit of late of chafing her limbs with his hands, and the results are such as I have stated.

Father is very well—so is John T. He has had an attack of dyspepsia lately. Clara is at Fairibault, teaching school. Mattie and Fannie are now there at school—at Bishop Whipple's Young Ladies' School. Frank Wyman and family have gone to Minneapolis. Our folks say their child is a very smart one. Nellie is well. I have seen none of our relations except our home folks, but shall make my calls this afternoon or tomorrow.

Just at this moment I am in Mother's room, where are Father, Mother, John and Dudley, all of us engaged on the books to ascertain how the accounts stand. We are hurrying up that I may be ready to start for the east, which I may do tomorrow evening to stop a day at Fort Atkinson. John will go on with me as far as New York.

I find it rather cold here, but I bundle myself up in one of my heavy overcoats and face the snow and wind with impunity.

It is very pleasant to get here with Father, Mother and John, and leave behind the perplexities of the last six months' contest.

Once this was all I called home, but now I find my home is elsewhere, though my affection is in no wise diminished since those days of my youth. Now my wife and babies are my life.—So we are constituted, and it is better that we are.

I am writing in the midst of a running conversation—and Father and I are laughing at Mother and John who are having an argument.

I shall leave Milwaukee either Saturday or Monday evening next.

I send love, to my dear wife, whom I shall meet in a few days.[1] ADELBERT

Mrs. Ames is in Mississippi Governor's Mansion. Mrs. Butler is with General Butler in Washington.

JACKSON, *January* 13, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: You will see by the heading of this letter that I concluded it would be better to stop in Jackson rather than extend my journey nearly four hundred miles. Aunt Maria and Uncle Parker were very kind and urgent—and it is quite possible we may go down next month some time.

The children are very well and do not seem to have suffered any ill effects from the long journey. They have shown themselves good travellers, and gave but little trouble. Mary manages well and will be perfectly competent to take care of them both.

Uncle Parker wrote you, I believe, that we had an accident, or rather a most lucky escape. Owing to a broken rail all the cars except the one we were in ran off the track. The baggage car was thrown up on the tender where it hung suspended. Strange to say no one was injured and our baggage was in good condition except the locks of the trunks, which were broken. The leather straps, however, were sufficient to hold. Some of the cars were thrown down to the water's edge—we were running along the bank of a river—from all of which you can judge we have cause to consider ourselves very fortunate.

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[1] There are no letters after the preceding letter until January 13th, 1874 when Mrs. Ames wrote to her mother from Jackson, Mississippi.

Political affairs, although unsettled, of course look promising, and I think there will be no trouble about Gen'l. Ames taking his seat, in spite of Mr. Powers. I have hope we shall get settled next week, but I have little to complain of. We are sufficiently comfortable, and can get plenty for the children to eat.

The weather is warm, and spring-like. Mrs. Raymond called yesterday and told me that the coldest season was over. She brought a bunch of violets and hyacinths, gathered in the garden. It is very damp, but not the kind of dampness which brings on croup—so I shall get rid of one cause of anxiety, at least.

Aunt Maria improved from the time she left Washington, and was in better condition than the rest of us. Apparently less fatigued and in better spirits—though Aunt Nina began to revive.

Love for you and Father. Tell the girls I wish they would write to me. They cannot do a more charitable act. Which reminds me that Hattie will be expecting the draft you promised to send her.

Good night, with kisses, Mother. BLANCHE

Inaugural Address of Gov. Adelbert Ames
to the Mississippi Legislature,
Thursday, January 22, 1874

FELLOW CITIZENS: It is with no little distrust of my own qualifications that I enter upon the duties of the high and responsible office to which the people, in their generous confidence, have elected me. But by the earnest co-operation of my fellow-citizens, which I venture to express the hope will be extended to me, I shall feel justified in anticipating that we may do some, at least, of the many acts which are evidently so necessary for the interests and prosperity of the State.

This is an interesting period in the history of the State, unusual and exceptional; and it would be useless to shut our eyes to its realities, and in imagination only, substitute what we would have for what is.

The strange and sudden revolutions during the few recent years resulting in war, and through war, known and felt by every citizen of the country, have nowhere been followed by more marked consequences than in this State. Here a proud and spirited people in a contest of arms, for which they were being prepared for years, though it may be unconsciously, went forth with high hopes to meet disasters, death and defeat. All they struggled and suffered for was lost, and in the end, through the irresistible power of a Government which seemed as inexorable as fate, they were forced to witness the elevation as political peers of the persons they had bought and sold as slaves in the public mart.

We need not marvel then at the bitterness which has attended our political controversies, especially where appeals have been made to passions and prejudices, which are ever too active at such times, and that some should give precedence to political creeds over business interests, religion and even ties of blood; or that the recently enfranchised should array themselves together for self-defense and the better security of their inalienable rights as citizens.

True statesmanship would dictate that the changes based in the organic law of the country should be cordially acquiesced in. It must be apparent to every thinking mind that the continuation of the struggle can but result in evil. Time turns not on his own course. The colored people will never be less citizens than they are today, and would it not be wiser to recognize their manhood and citizenship with all the rights and privileges which logically and legally pertain thereto? It is true that as a class they are uneducated and poor; but this is their misfortune rather than their fault, and a spirit of fairness would so treat it. They have ever proved a faithful people. Instead of being turbulent and disorderly on their liberation they have shown themselves to be as quiet, orderly and law-abiding as the same number of any class of people in other states. It was predicted that, free, they would not work, yet the statistics show that by their labors crops no less extensive than in former days have been produced. Believing that their safety depended on their ballots, they have never attempted to secure an advantage over their opponents by fraud or violence at the polls. Greatly influencing if not controlling legislation, they have never forgotten, in securing their own rights, to guard with jealous care the rights of others. There is no just cause for asserting that their action tends to a war of races. I speak the sentiment of the Republican Party when I say it would deplore any and all controversies based upon race or color. It has no motive for such controversies. The colored people have been and are to-day Republicans because of the firmly rooted conviction that it is necessary to be so to avert impending destruction. They have always acted on the defensive. A war of races is as improbable as it would be wicked. In all things save politics the two races are as closely united as are people of the same surroundings elsewhere. In business relations and the intercourse of daily life there is mutual confidence and friendship. There should be no cause for division, much less for war, if the same freedom of thought and action claimed by the one race for itself be accorded to the other. The colored people ask nothing in charity—they demand but their rights. Political sentiments are expressed by the ballot but once a year, and then in no offensive manner, but were it done more frequently it should pass without question or cavil, as does the expression of religious conviction by the same people. I shall deem myself fortunate if I can be, in any manner, instrumental in removing all causes of distrust, real or imaginary, which may exist between the different classes of our citizens, and I hope the day is not distant when questions of this character shall forever disappear from our politics. This cannot be, however, until each race shall be secured in every right, civil and political. Let all unite in the good work of helping forward our fellow-citizens to the attainment of their highest development to their individual advantage and happiness, and the unquestioned interests of the State.

Unfortunately the extent of illiteracy in the State is far too great. Of its causes it is not necessary now to speak. However, the evil is with us, and is to be met as best we may. It is obvious that our condition would be materially improved if the few were uneducated rather than the many. It will be a happy day for the State when no child can grow up without the means of receiving the elements of a good education, and to that end our most persistent efforts should be directed. Compulsory education has, elsewhere, been successfully resorted to. Though such laws are resisted at first, by those who least appreciate the good to flow from them, yet in course of time public opinion takes the place of law and forces acquiescence. There is no doubt but that the compulsory educational laws, which have worked so well in other states, might be with us introduced to advantage. Ours, in the main, is an agricultural community and there would be little difficulty in having all children between the ages of five and fifteen attend the schools for at least three months of the year without seriously interfering with their labors. I recommend a careful inquiry as to the expense as well as to other considerations which may attend a compulsory system of free common school education, having in view early legislative action.

The public debt of our State is small as compared with that of other states of the Union. But few states owe less. Many cities, even, have debts many times larger. Ours, however, has been increasing year by year. There can be no better time than the present to take measures to prevent the accumulation of a debt on which even the payment of the interest would prove burdensome. Our party has pledged itself to "retrenchment in expenditures and to rigid economy," and so far as it may be in my power its wish as well as that of the entire people, shall be executed to the very letter. Our indebtedness should not be permitted to increase, and that it may not, every department should be vigilant in its efforts to retrench and economize. By so doing I doubt not the unavoidable expenditures will be kept within the amount raised by taxation for the support of the government. The policy of paying as we go is the only safe one, and can be objected to by none.

Now, we have to meet the expenses of annual sessions of the legislature. Biennial sessions would prove more profitable, not only because of the less expense thereof, but also because of less legislation, which would likely attend such a change; for the time of legislative bodies generally is consumed in considering measures in the interests of the few, which, if adopted are at the expense of the many.

Now, we have elections every year. Could our Constitution be so amended as to give us an election once every two years, the saving thereby to the tax-payers would be very great, as would be the advantages to be derived from dispensing with the yearly political canvasses, with their loss of time to the laborer and the attending dissensions and animosities.

Our party has also asserted in its platform that "honesty, capacity and fidelity, shall be the test of political preferment," to which I most heartily agree. As courage is the first requisite of a soldier, so should be honesty in a public official; as cowardice on the part of the soldier meets with the most degrading punishment, so should dishonesty in an official be visited with removal from office; and if it may not be imprisonment, the contempt and scorn of the too-confiding constituency by whom he was elevated to a position through which they were plundered.

The high price of cotton these recent years has caused the planters to devote their attention almost exclusively to its production, to the partial or entire neglect of other crops. With broad acres of the richest lands in the world, with the best of climates and unlimited herbage for cattle, we are buying in other states and transporting to ours, at great expense, immense quantities of breadstuffs, meat, and the products of the dairy, for all of which our single crop must pay. But what is if possible a still greater evil, and perhaps a natural consequence of a single product, is the credit system, upon which all planting interests are conducted. Not only is the planter embarrassed by a mortgage on his crop almost a year before it is ready for market, but he is also burdened with high rates of interest on advancements, and charged exorbitant prices for supplies by the merchant, who thus protects himself against possible losses. This manner of planting is fraught with much evil, experience teaching that an unpropitious season necessarily causes financial ruin. That our planters may be independent and success follow their labors, their present system of agriculture should be abandoned, and the system whereby they raise what they consume should be adopted.

Large plantation planting, which has come to us as one of the consequences of slavery, where the few own the land and the many cultivate it, and which bears no slight resemblance to the method of tilling the soil in monarchial countries where it is done by a dependent peasantry, is hostile to the spirit of a free people. A state bears of necessity a marked similitude to the individuals who compose it. To be free and independent its citizens must be so. But men are not free and independent who are liable to expulsion from their homes and to be deprived of the opportunities to provide bread for their families by a landlord, be he kind and considerate, or the reverse. If the men who till the soil owned it, the present system of agriculture would be modified, and they would find themselves in the enviable position held by the farmers in those sections of the country which have not known slavery. More especially is this necessary where the laborers were but recently slaves, and where a system of peasantry or tenantry might so readily and naturally result.

With a population of nearly a million we have none, comparatively speaking, engaged in manufactures. With unlimited supplies of raw material at our doors, we send abroad for our farming implements, our household furniture, and the thousand and one articles used in daily life. The cotton we raised is returned to us as manufactured goods for which we pay, in addition to the cost of manufacture, the transportation to and fro, and the charges of the many agents through whose hands it passes. Mississippi might become an important manufacturing state if the people willed it. Capital and skill are necessary and will come if properly encouraged. But that is no encouragement which invites them here and imposes unnatural restrictions. While all are ready to make changes imagined to be to their own advantage, no true American can consent to a forced silence as to his political convictions, nor will capital venture on uncertain ground. Whether justly or unjustly, the idea is abroad, due to the action of a small number, that only those of ante-bellum residence are to be regarded as genuine citizens and entitled to prosperity or preferment. Mississippi has been more fortunate than some of her sister states. The prejudiced few who, unconscious of the present, would have caste rule and exclude the outer world, as by a Chinese wall, have failed to control her destinies. She can sincerely and heartily invite all to come, especially manufacturers, and assure them of her sympathy and co-operation, with the conviction that all hostility of feeling will speedily pass away.

I shall endeavor fearlessly and conscientiously to administer the affairs of state. I shall strive to secure to every citizen, however humble and poor, his rights, and see that none, however rich and powerful, override the laws.

Rigid economy, and a strict accountability in all expenditures of public moneys, are due the people who are taxed to support the Government.

All transactions of the past, present, or which may take place in the future, concerning which there may be just cause for doubt or suspicion should be mercilessly investigated, let the consequences of exposure fall upon whom they may. Political organizations can no better afford than individuals to screen or shield corruption or malfeasance in office.

I invite all good citizens to join me in my efforts at an economical, impartial and liberal administration of the laws.

ADELBERT AMES, *Governor*[1]

Executive Mansion, JACKSON, *January* 25, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: It is Sunday evening, and I have a little quiet time in which to write you of our condition and surroundings.

Last Thursday Gen'l. Ames was inaugurated and in the afternoon about half past five we moved up from the hotel. We might have waited until the following morning, more especially as it was raining very hard; but we were very anxious to make any change which would take us away from the confinement of the hotel and the noise of the cars which kept passing and repassing under the windows, night and day. The children were awakened at all hours, and we found it impossible to sleep with any comfort.

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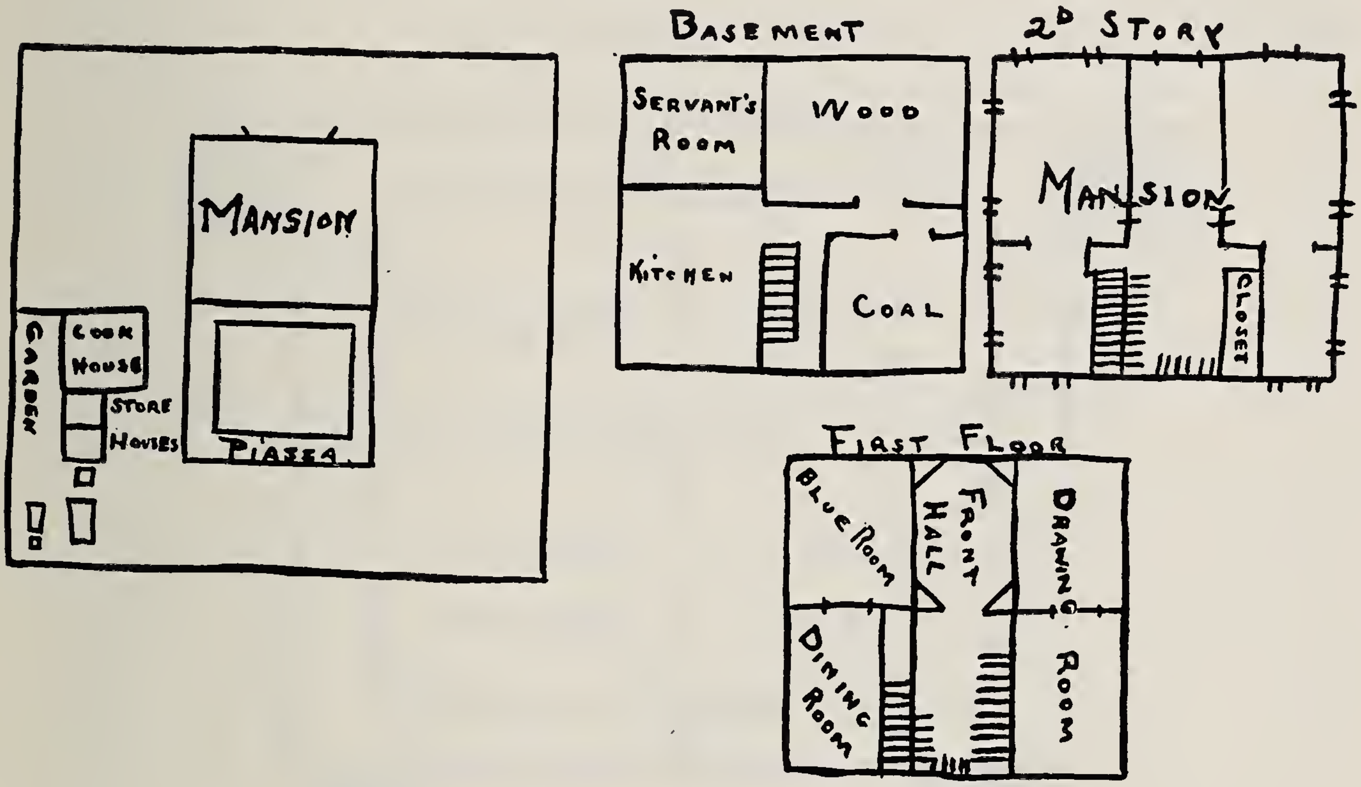
[1] The papers of Governor Ames' administration are in the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi at Jackson. In 1900 General Ames gave to the Mississippi Historical Society a large number of official letters which he wrote between March 28, 1874 and March 25, 1876.

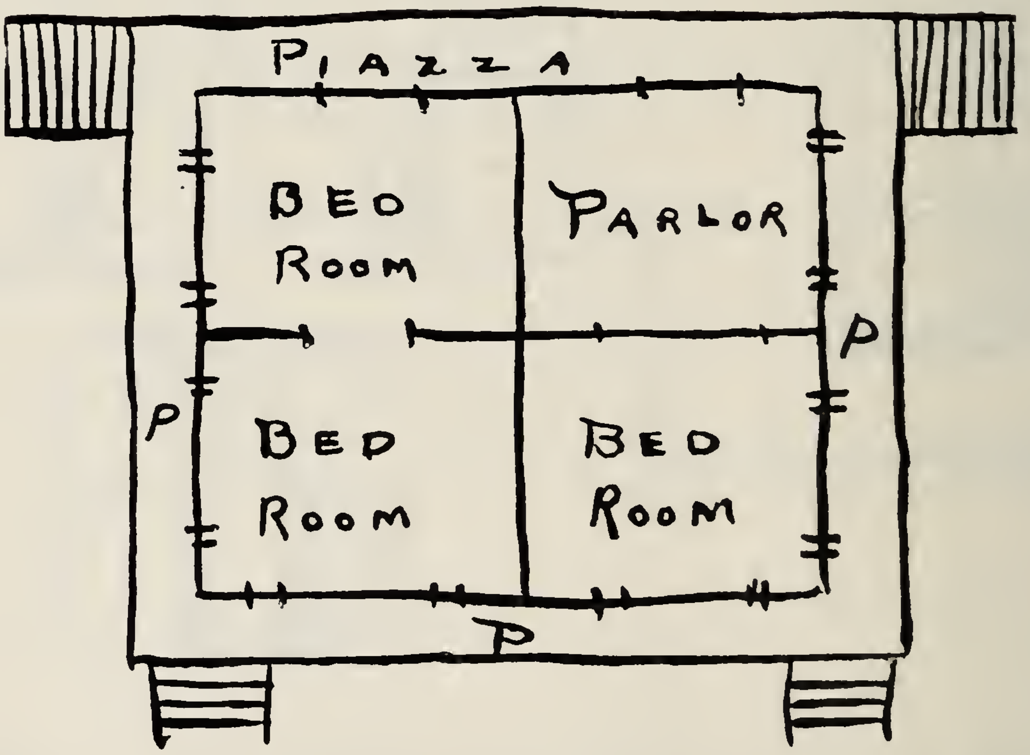
Gov. Powers moved out in the morning. We took possession in the evening. The three first meals were sent in from a restaurant, for the cook I had engaged after the manner of her kind came to say that she was sorry she had to disappoint me at the last moment, but that she could not come at the price agreed upon, if she had to do anything besides the cooking. I told her I should not change my arrangement—that she had not treated me well and I should be unwilling to take her under any circumstances, as she had shown herself a person not to be relied upon, and in any emergency I should be exposed to the danger of finding her among the missing, and even though I might be forced to change the arrangement of the work, still I did not care to have her. She seemed a little taken aback, but I spoke so quietly and firmly that she could not take offence, and tried to argue the question—but I was firm altho' I expected to go to the Mansion and was without a cook. I was provoked with her, and determined to trust to luck. The chamber-maid and table-girl were to come Friday, and when we drove away from the hotel Mary was the only one I had



to rely upon. Mr. Smith, who was acting as private secretary for Gen'l. Ames had fires burning, gas lighted and beds made, rendering it more cheerful than it would otherwise have been, and an old colored man in charge of the house brought in our meals.

You have no idea what a great barn of a house this is. The rooms of the main building are fully twenty-five feet square, fifteen high. In the back building they are twenty wide and thirteen high. This is a sketch of the house and grounds.

This is a plan of the back building, which is only a story and a half high, and contains four rooms. The basement is used for cooking altho' there is a cook house as I have shown in the first plan. In wet weather, however, it is very inconvenient and we shall have the servants sleep there.



There are two store houses, and a wine cellar or house besides the barn, chicken coops, etc. As these are all quite a distance from the house you can understand they are not convenient in cold windy days—more particularly the store houses which I shall have to use because there are only two closets in the house, a small china closet and linen room. The house is showily furnished—somewhat dilapidated, and looks like a great hotel. As I expected, it is very dirty and will require some time and labor to put it in good order. The yard is large, comprising a whole square—well filled with trees. The walks are brick with grass growing between so that the grounds have a weedy appearance. I have told you enough for one letter. More in a day or two.

I had a letter from Aunt Nina, in which she said that Aunt

Maria had been very sick and was perfectly yellow with jaundice. There is a lady here who was troubled for a year or two just as Aunt M. has been with the swelling in the side, etc. etc. She says it is malaria, and she was cured by Dr. Holiday of New Orleans. I have written Aunt Maria and hope she will go and see him.—Our northern physicians would know little or nothing of such a disease.

Give love and a kiss to Father. Ask him if he knows of anything to remove stains from marble.

Love and kisses, Mother— BLANCHE

The Mansion, JACKSON, *January* 30, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: I will give you a little of my experience since I came to the Mansion. I am sure you will be amused.

I wrote you that when I went to bed the first night I had no cook, nor the prospect of any.—Well after a good night's rest without interruptions from shrieking engines and clanging bells, we were awakened by the colored man in charge of the house, asking if we desired a fire.—Although the weather is such that the windows and doors are all kept open, yet it is a little raw and damp and we keep fires burning all of the time. As soon as I could dress I went down stairs and found my table girl awaiting instructions. I set her to work and when I re-entered the dining room to speak to her I found she had an assistant. I asked who she was and where she came from. She explained that she had come up to see if I wanted a cook, and thought as there was something to do she might as well go to work. Of course I engaged her. She was more than satisfied with the wages offered. She is doing very well and I am quite content.—To be sure I have to teach her that meat must be roasted, not put in a pan full of water and set in the oven—that bread cannot be made up fifteen minutes before it is eaten, and that lard is not the staff of life. The first day we had tough beef—the very toughest. So I asked my cook if she could not get a pair of chickens or a turkey. "Oh no—there is nothing sold here except beef and hog steak." "Well then we shall starve, for hog steak I do not care about and the beef I cannot eat." "Well you cannot get anything here. You will have to wait till someone brings in chickens from the country." She seemed troubled at the thought that I expected to starve, and I went up stairs leaving her in a brown study. Shortly after I heard someone calling and stepped to the door to find my cook with her arms in the air gesticulating while she addressed me as "Oh! gal Oh! gal, here's a man from the country with chickens, I kotched him as he was going by the gate." Said I "What did you call me—you are to say Madame when you want anything of me." "All right, only just look at the chickens." The old soul was really so delighted at the thought that we were not going to starve she did not know what she had said—besides the colored people here are not nearly as well trained as they are in Washington.

The chambermaid came in the afternoon—so that I am supplied with servants. All the house cleaning—such as taking up carpets—washing the enormous windows, etc. etc. is done by three convicts from the Penitentiary. They are under an overseer who stands guard with a large pistol in his belt, assisting and directing the work after I have explained to him what I want. Next week I shall have some women from the Penitentiary to wash the lace curtains, bed spreads, etc. Gen'l. Ames told them he would keep them employed for a month or so if they did well—at which they were very much pleased—for they are only allowed to come out as a reward for good conduct. So you can judge that everything is going on very well indeed.

Last night we had Col. and Mrs. Breck, Col. and Mrs. Warner to tea. Mrs. Breck is a very pleasant, thoughtful lady. They have a plantation at Canton, a little place some three or four hours on the railroad from here. Day before yesterday they came to Jackson and sent me a basket of wine and two large baskets filled with eatables of all kinds. I was sorry I could not ask her to stop here, but the chambers have not been cleaned yet and are quite too desolate. She judged from her own experience that we should naturally be in a starving condition, and accordingly sent a supply. The supper was very nice,—as Mrs. Breck gave a chicken pie, roast turkey, boiled ham, corn beef, butter, pickles, rolls, cakes and quite a number of little things. For supper we had the chicken pie, turkey, ham, stewed oysters, hot rolls, toast, some very nice jelly tarts (my production), cakes, preserves—tea, and coffee.

Although Mrs. Breck did so much, I was very busy all day, as in fact I have been every day since I came up here. The hour for calling here is from half past eleven until two or three o'clock. This breaks up the day very much, and interferes with my plans as I feel obliged to be ready to see anyone who comes. I have been out once to return the first calls received—so you can judge I am not inclined to allow business to accumulate.

We shall probably go down to New Orleans Mardi Gras.

I had a letter from Aunt Maria yesterday—in which she says she is feeling about as well as before she was taken sick. The children are well and happy. The weather has been such that they have been in the open air the greater part of the time. Hyacinths, violets and all the early flowers are in bloom.

Give my love to the girls and regards to Mrs. Spofford.

Kisses—dear Mother, for you and Father. BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *February* 6, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: A long letter from you this morning, giving an account of your progress in housekeeping. I have questioned Lizzie about servants in Jackson as she was brought up there. She says the best are as well instructed as they are in Washington, and you know that Grace had as much manners as you could desire when she was not out of temper. Do not put up with inferior servants in your position, if better ones can be found.

Lizzie also says that there is a small daily market, where you can get turkeys, chickens, and the various meats and vegetables that are found here, in small quantities. Hunt up this market and find out for yourself what there is in town and not take the report of others. Do not keep an old cook, whom you have to teach from the beginning how to roast meat and bake bread. I know you can find a good cook after the Southern style, and that is not bad. Don't cease to try, for you will find it very troublesome, liable to company as you will, and ought to, be, to put up with anything less than the best Southern cook you can find in Jackson. My mind is full of advice, and I must give it. If you open vegetable or flower gardens, keep the children away from the fresh earth and allow no digging around under your windows.

Unless your penitentiary women are well instructed they will ruin your lace curtains. If they are only washed and starched and spread out partially, they will look very well put right up to the windows. I want you to give me a description of how the rooms are furnished, when you have time for it.

You know I thought well enough of Gen'l. Ames buying down on the Gulf. I now alter that entirely. The whole difficulty with Maria is stopping at Pascagoula that summer, and even for the winter months, I am now afraid of the insidious miasma that will develop into disease long after you have left.

Gen'l. Ames must let you and the children come North before the debilitating heat commences. He can stand it better than you because his complexion is darker and a man is physically stronger than a woman. If you stay there till the heat sets in you will lose your bright color and never regain it. And one cannot afford to throw away beauty. I am in earnest about this, and you know I have never stood in the way of your going, or held back on anything that is for Gen'l. Ames' interest. He must let you come home at the right time, and follow himself, as quickly as possible. I hope he will not think I am too earnest, but the preservation of children, yourself, and your beauty is no small thing. A sallow, Southern woman cannot compare with the bright, glowing color of a Northern one.

I have urged Maria to come on at the very commencement of the hot weather. When I stayed down through June,[1] during the summer months following, an inflammatory bunch shot into my left breast in twenty-four hours. I was very much alarmed, but put on an application of rum on flannel, and in the course of a week or ten days it entirely disappeared, never coming to a head, and no trace of it seen afterwards. When I went down the second time there came a bunch in my throat, as you well know, and I am now *convinced* that it was owing to the climate, and the swellings were the effect of the malaria. You know you have been troubled with it from staying in Georgetown in the hot weather, and one of your temperament would be almost sure to be again. You will think me very prolix in all this, but I want to impress it upon you so that you need not inadvertently linger beyond the time. No doubt your time will be very much taken up (you write you have but little to spare) for you *must* be hospitable, and the care of your house will take most of your time.

Milton has been buying for our new house[2] various articles at an auction of the St. Louis Hotel furniture. Chandeliers, mirrors, etc. etc. I'm glad of it, for I'm quite sure that some of the articles will be available, and I do not think he will buy at all unless he buys cheap. I shall send you a plan of the house (by Mullet) which Florence has drawn off. I think the arrangement of the rooms better than the other plan. He is to bring the elevation in a few days. You will see by the plan sent that it must be perfectly plain except the porch and the ornamentation of the double windows. We have also Hill's elevation with the bay windows. If I can draw that off I will send it, and you can tell me your and Gen'l. Ames opinion as to which you think the better plan to follow.

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[1] Mrs. Butler was in New Orleans in June, 1862.

[2] House which General Butler was building on Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C.

Florence will be here a little while longer. Willis Farrington is engaged to Miss Sweetser.

Your Father asks me every little while how I should like to go to Berlin next spring. Minister Bancroft wishes to be recalled. Your Father thinks he could get it—and feels rather tired of the constant daily drag. If he starts for Governor again next year, he must work during the summer; perhaps he rather dreads the labor. I have told him I am ready for Berlin or anywhere else that's best, and to consult his own feeling and pleasure about it. I suppose it is not likely to occur, and yet it would not take much effort to push him up to the trial of whether he could get it. What do you think of it? Myself, I should consider it a labor. But as Mrs. Inchly says "That is neither here nor there."

What do those little ones think of your new house? Does Butler stare at everything and every new room? And is Mary devoted to the cause? Tell Mary that I expect her to be perfect in taking care of the children—and not for any foolish flirtation forget the trust I repose in her—that she is to take care that nothing dangerous comes to the children.

Tell Gen. Ames to make no mistake about being elected to the Senate next time. Although I consented, I could not but mourn at his letting this time go by.

My best regards to him. Kisses for you and the children from your Most affectionate Mother.

Special Message of Gov. Adelbert Ames, to the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, on the Subject of Finance, Session of 1874

State of Mississippi, Executive Department,
JACKSON, MISS., *February* 7, 1874

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

GENTLEMEN: It is my duty, as well as pleasure, to communicate with you in regard to the financial condition of the State; and I do so with the conviction that by your action a change for the better can speedily be effected.

The State is in debt, her credit impaired, and it is for the Legislature to do for our finances whatever is to be done.

Complete success in the management of finances, whether of a State or an individual, consists in reducing expenditures to the minimum, and increasing receipts to the maximum.

With the relief of the people by a reduction of State and county taxation, as the ulterior object, we now have to consider, as a first step, the reduction of expenses and the increase of receipts, so far, at least as to make the latter equal, if not exceed the former, that the State's credit may be restored and her debts paid.

As increased taxation is not contemplated, we have one of two courses before us: Either to economize and retrench under our present financial system, which (whether the system be at fault or not) has brought us to our present embarrassed condition; or to economize and retrench under a new and different system.

From the report of the present Auditor of Public Accounts, I learn that the "total amount of State tax due for 1873 is $1,289,000; the total amount of State taxes collected, per average, is $1,020,000; the estimated yearly expense of State Government is $1,200,000."

By which it is seen that the estimated yearly expenses of the State Government exceed the average yearly tax by one hundred and eighty thousand ($180,000) dollars.

To overcome this balance against the State I would recommend, first, that all State paper now outstanding be withdrawn from circulation, and bonded or registered at a fair rate of interest. Second, that in the future all State taxes be collected in United States currency.

With a comparatively small debt and unquestioned capacity to meet it, State paper is sold on the streets of the Capital at from twenty to forty per cent. below par.

Retiring this paper and fixing certain periods for payment, must necessarily enhance its value.

The advantage of conducting the finances of the State on a cash basis must be apparent to all. As all expenses are paid in paper depreciated to from twenty to forty per cent., our expenses are from twenty to forty per cent. greater than they should be. By a return to a cash basis at least twenty-five per cent. in the cost of government can be saved, which would be equivalent to the reduction of our present expenses of some $300,000.

Of course to derive the full benefits of the change, the laws should be so modified as to authorize but seventy-five per cent. of present expenditures, and appropriations should be made accordingly.

Even now much of the tax is paid in United States currency. This is generally done by the poorer classes, who do not handle State paper, as it is not in general circulation, and who are not instructed in speculating in it, even to the amount of their own taxes. It is not the body of tax-payers who are benefitted by our depreciated paper, but, they, with the State, are equally sufferers.

It is my opinion that the retirement of outstanding paper, and a return to a cash basis, with appropriate legislation, will overcome the balance of $180,000 now against us. But there are opportunities for curtailment in every branch of the government. I will cite, for illustration, several matters worthy of consideration:

It is estimated that $50,000 or more may be saved in the cost of Judiciary, without impairing its efficiency, by a modification of the law relative to the compensation of jurors.

Again, there is a standing appropriation of $50,000, each, for our two Universities. One, however, is much larger and more expensive than the other. Would it not be just, as well as economical, to make proportionate reduction in the appropriations for the smaller?

Again, might not the cost of supervision of our schools, by County Superintendents, be reduced without injury to the schools?

Again, in the report of the Auditor of Public Accounts, is the following:

The average cost of the Legislature per day, is	$1,800.00
The average pay of members per session, of 60 days is	$73,000.00
Or the average pay of members per day, is over	$1,200.00

Thus a session of 60 days will cost the State over $100,000, aside from public printing and other incidental expenses which accumulate so rapidly.

As but little general, and less special legislation is needed, the session cannot be too brief.

I also recommend that members of the Legislature be compensated for their services by a salary, rather than by the day, as is now the law.

I also recommend that provisions be made for the equalization of assessments throughout the State, for now the same classes of property are returned at widely different valuations, even from contiguous counties, where there is actually no difference in their values. It is but just and fair that the State should protect those who make true returns, and save them from paying the taxes of others less conscientious. The revenues of the State will be greatly benefited by so doing. Should it be the will of the Legislature to change the laws in this particular, it should be done with as little delay as possible, as this is the season of the year when assessments are made.

The full advantages of the changes recommended (if made) may not be felt immediately; but with your earnest support and co-operation, such as one and all must feel incumbent on him to give in this day of financial distress, I feel assured that in a single year the expectations of the most sanguine will be realized. ADELBERT AMES, *Governor*

The Mansion, February 13, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: I received your long, nice letter three or four days ago, but have been so very busy that I have not had a moment in which to answer it.

Wednesday night I had a little tea party. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Avery. The supper was very good, and the affair went off well enough—but was a great deal of trouble, and kept me as busy as a bee. Our menu was as follows— Stewed oysters, chicken pie, venison steaks, currant jelly—broiled snipe on toast, rolls, crackers, olives, pickles, peaches, guava jelly tarts, sponge cake, favorite cup cake, tea, coffee. In the course of the evening, cake and wine was passed around.

Do you think there was enough? I hardly know what else we could get here. I had to send a man out to shoot the birds. They are cheap, and it is strange we cannot get them daily. He asked me a dollar for a dozen, and considered it a large price. The things were well cooked, and the table looked nicely. If it were to do over again I would send to New Orleans for grapes, pineapples, bananas, oranges, etc.—but it is very uncertain and somewhat troublesome, like sending to New York from Lowell. Moreover, I forgot that it was the season for such things.

Saturday Capt. and Mrs. Ames came. Mrs. Ames is looking very well indeed, but feels a little weary from the trip. Today we are packing. Tomorrow we go to New Orleans. You can judge that I have not much time for laziness.

The children are well, and in excellent spirits. Lizzie is mistaken about the market here. Gen'l. Ames used to get vegetables from the penitentiary, and we have concluded to do the same this year. We have a man here who has lived in Jackson for years, and knows every hole and corner. The only vegetables to be had in town were cabbages and cow turnips, and he had to go a long distance to get the turnips. Still we get on, and shall do much better when the early vegetables come up from New Orleans. It is time now for lettuce, radishes, asparagus, rhubarb, etc.

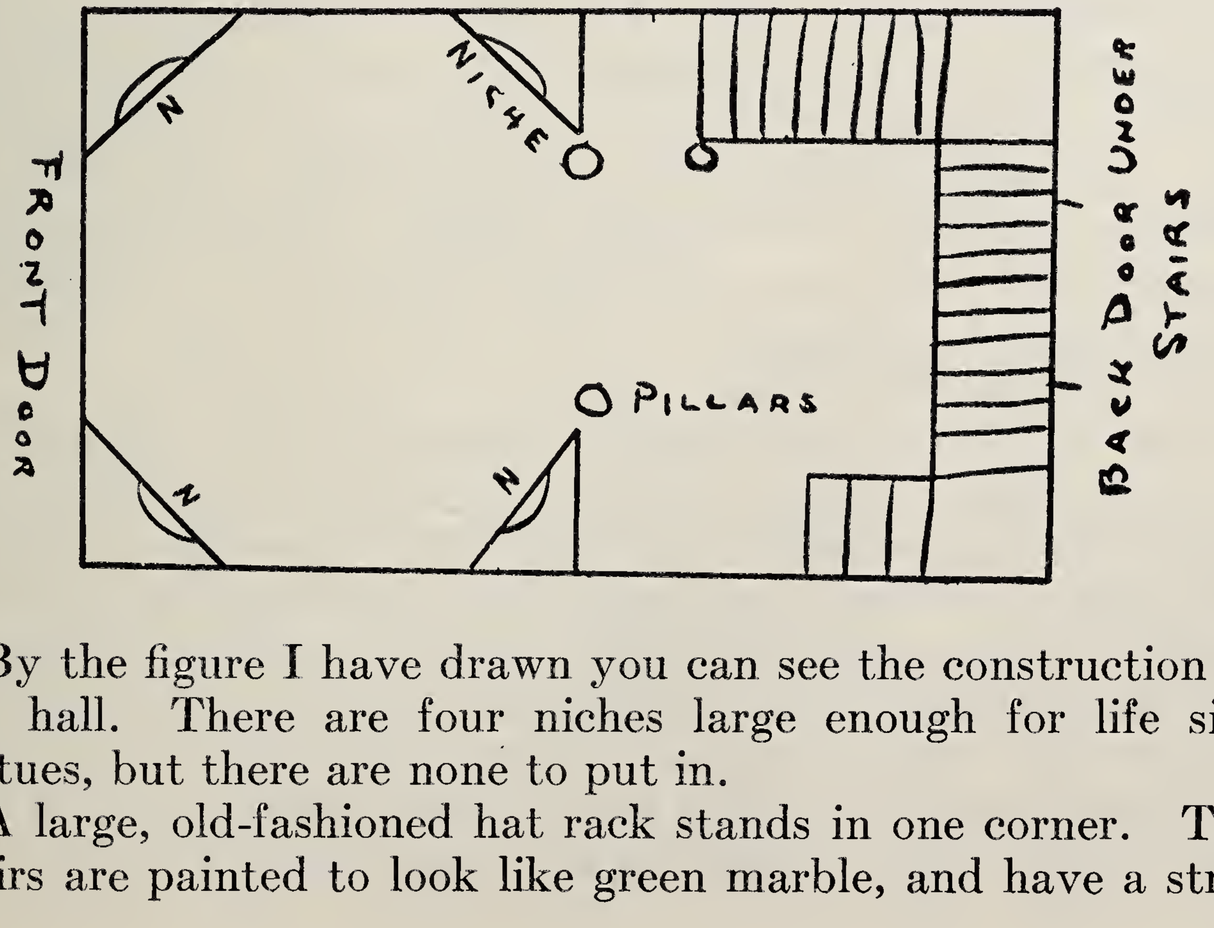
We shall give but one reception this year, and that will be to the members and senators when the legislature adjourns. The great question which disturbs the residents here is "Shall we call on Mrs. Ames?" Quite a number have called, and the rest will probably follow.

All the papers are loud in praise of Gen'l. Ames' inaugural and message. I mean the Democratic papers as well as the Republican.

If we have any receptions this season they will cause more or less discontent, however well arranged, and we shall have to content ourselves with little suppers, croquet parties, etc.

I was glad to see the plans for the house, and all things considered, prefer Mullet's to Hill's. The building promises to be very handsome and the interior arrangement is very nice.

You wish to know how this house is furnished. I will begin with the room they call "Blue." The curtains and furniture are of blue reps, considerably faded, and a carpet in which every color but blue is mixed in the greatest confusion of scrolls and medallions. The curtains are Nottingham lace. The entry, or hall, is very handsome in shape, and tastefully furnished in stucco and gilt. It is painted to represent green and buff marble, with a light block patterned oilcloth on the floor.



By the figure I have drawn you can see the construction of the hall. There are four niches large enough for life size statues, but there are none to put in.

A large, old-fashioned hat rack stands in one corner. The stairs are painted to look like green marble, and have a strip of brussels stair carpeting down the center, fastened with broad brass stair rods. These rods are well cleaned and I have had the oil cloth washed and varnished, which with four crimson rugs at the different places causes the hall to look fresh and presentable. The drawing room has a handsome, rather dark velvet carpet upon it. The furniture and curtains are of crimson figure reps (silk). The curtains in the front parlor are of embroidered lace, those in the back are Nottingham. There are two good-sized pier glasses at the ends of the room. The walls are white, but the cornice is elaborate and the chandeliers, though old-fashioned, are showy. There is a grand piano covered with a crimson cloth. This the state has not yet paid for—but will I suppose this session of the legislature. It has been in the house now for two or three years. The mantels in the lower rooms are all of white marble and good-looking, although the hearths were so black when we came no one would have suspected the material of which they were made. The wood work of the furniture was grey and rusty looking. A little linseed oil has completely restored it. The steel bars to the fenders were so rusty and smoked the men thought they must be iron. The dining room curtains are green. All these curtains are in the valance form, finished with tassels. The carpet is the same as that in the blue room. Large folding doors connect the two. The chairs are of black walnut covered with green leather, very much faded and worn. The table and sideboard are of some wood resembling rosewood. The china is white, with a broad light green band, and the letters E. M. in the center. The silver, which I am happy to say is all plated, and the glassware are marked with the same initials. Two large tea trays, two smaller, and two silver tea-sets, two cake baskets, two water pitchers, thirty-six nut crackers (who *do* you suppose wanted so many) and large numbers of silver knives and forks, spoons, etc. Nottingham lace curtains. I forgot to say that there is a glass, a library table and a book case without books in the blue room.

Now for the rooms upstairs. These are all a good deal worn and dingy looking. The mantles are old-fashioned black wooden structures, with an ordinary sized grate in the center. The room we occupy has a cherry set, very elaborate but very shoddy. The carpet is a bright brussels and the furniture is covered with green reps. The parlor chamber has a handsome walnut set—brussels carpet—furniture blue reps. The back chamber, a shoddy ingrain carpet. The chamber set of oak and ebony. The chamber back of ours, which I use for the nursery, has a blue three-ply carpet on the floor, and the chamber set of black walnut.

If these rooms had been decently used they would still have been in good condition. They have only been used four years. Mrs. Alcorn first occupied the rooms on the right of the hall, and she had a family of small children. Then she moved to the left of the hall, and finally concluded to go into the back building. All this within two years time. So that all the carpets are stained, and all the furniture upstairs is grimy and shabby. There are no curtains to the windows—which are very large—but all are supplied with elaborate shades.

The back building of which I speak is a gloomy structure. The men are trying to clean it. The furniture is not worthy of description.

Taken all in all, the house is very spacious and pleasant, but like a hotel. So much so I hardly feel at home yet. I think it may seem different before long.

I shall take your advice and change my cook. I have engaged one to come a week from next Monday.

As Florence wrote for you I conclude I can send her a kiss and congratulations. I am really delighted. If she is content, and I am sure she must be, nothing could be better. Miss Fanny's wrath is very amusing. Her best laid plans don't seem to succeed. As for Tom, he ought to consider himself a lucky fellow.

I think Father had better not go to Berlin. Next summer he must run for Governor again, and with the state to back him, take his place as most prominent candidate for the Presidency. This is the time for his race, and I am sure it would not be as well for him to go to Berlin. Give him my best love.

With regards from Gen'l. Ames.—Love and kisses from the children for my sweet Mother from BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *February* 18, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I have sat here half an hour unable to write for watching your Father's coupe as it stops at one place or another. This is an anxious morning for him. Mr. Simmons' name has been sent into the Senate for Collector at Boston in place of Russell. It is your Father's move, and the Hoars are battling it. They are trying to shove in Gonch, and that would give the whole power of the state into their hands. Naturally I am very restless, as it is likely to be settled today. I do not see that it would be possible for him to be Governor if he fails in this. If the venom of these people defeats him now it will be a pity.—I shall not be likely to send this letter until the contest is over.

Kate has gone out for tickets for a matinee at the National. She wants to go, and I might as well as to stay here pondering this matter.

You are back from New Orleans by this. What did you think of Milton's buying furniture? I believe he will send his library set of furniture. That, at least, will be handsome, I suppose.

Thursday Morning

Your letter came this morning, very welcome, and full of particulars.

Mr. Lamar told your Father that the ladies would all call on you. Do not smile at this. Yours is a difficult part, for while it is far better that you should lead or bear your part with those of your own color and station, yet your real strength of position is elsewhere. Gen. Ames is not likely to forget that. When there comes a pressure either socially or politically, you belong to the colored people. Never forget to adorn yourself. That you are not apt to forget. Keep back any spirit of retort, which you have a spice of, and your beauty, gentle manners, and good breeding will prove an efficient aid to Gen. Ames. He is on the topmost wave of political triumph. You both have ability enough to keep there, if some ugly accident does not intervene.

Your supper was charming. Engage Milton to forward nice things to you, for you must be hospitable. It is hard, you are in such danger of making enemies by it. Be prompt in your return calls. I forgot to write that Gen. Lamar said the ladies were very much pleased with you.

Now again to the Collectorship. So far your Father is victor. But I shall not feel safe until Simmons is confirmed. These contests are very exhausting, but they are the spurs that urge men on to victory or defeat, and I suppose stir the blood healthily, if they come not too often. There has been no real thought of Berlin. Your Father, weary at times, has spoken of it as a sort of resting place. He will try to be Governor.

I am glad the children are so well, but don't you hazard anything by staying after the heat sets in. Now you are better off than we are, for it has been windy, dusty, cold, and now it is rainy.

Sunday

The contest still goes on. Your Father thinks the President will stand firm to the appointment. Mr. Boutwell ought to have presented it to the Senate the middle of the week. It is not easy to see how he can pass over tomorrow without doing it. If presented, your Father says he would at once be confirmed. Or rather that Sumner would make an objection and the following day Simmons would be confirmed. Mr. Boutwell is too cautious for his own good.

I thought I would send another letter and leave this until it is settled who is victor. But I will wait and see what tomorrow brings.

Thursday

It will be useless for me to wait. The contest is not yet finished. Mr. Boutwell has again proved your father's worst opponent. The President has stood firm, and acted straightforward through it all. He appointed Simmons, and will not change it unless asked to do so by a united delegation.

He asked a delegation of opponents to Simmons, "if Simmons was not a poor boy who scoured knives at twelve years old to support his mother." "Yes, I have heard it was so," was the reply. "He is an honest man?" "Yes, there is nothing against his character." "A man of ability?" "Yes." "And a republican?" "Yes." "Then I will not withdraw his name."

That leaves the burden on Mr. Boutwell, who has hoped the President would withdraw the name and let him slip out, and so he has dallied for nearly two weeks. I think he will defeat it. The Senate are ready to confirm, if he will present the name, and his own committee have ordered him to report it. He has appeared all the time until the last few days as if it would all go right, but now, when pressed to a corner, like a rat he is looking for a hole to escape by, or at, or failing thus, to spring and bite. And this is the fair Mr. Boutwell, who owes every place he has had in a great measure to your Father, and this very Simmons worked himself sick, and then from a sick bed directed what his friends should do to make Boutwell Senator. What is the whole sole complaint against the man? Not a syllable except that he is your Father's friend politically, and that it will give him a power. I thought I would not worry you about it until it was settled, but this letter will not reach you for three days, and if it goes favorable in the meantime I will telegraph. But I have little hope of it.

Mr. Smith says Gen. Ames is talked of in the South for Vice President. I believe I should rather have a firm hold of the Senate.

I hope the children continue well. My regards to Capt. Ames and wife, and to Gen. Ames.

I hope to send a more agreeable letter next time.

Dearest love to all. MOTHER

Governor's Mansion, JACKSON, MISS., *February* 23, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: We returned last night from New Orleans after a visit of eight days. It was very pleasant—but after all we were glad to get back to Jackson. We had every care and attention, and all kinds of good things to eat. I had a little shopping to do, and was quite busy all of the time.

Monday we (that is, Capt. and Mrs. Ames, Gen'l. Ames and I) went over to Bay St. Louis to look at houses and land. It is a very pretty place, extending some six miles along the coast,—the houses on one side of the road, the ocean washing the other. It is sandy pine country, exceedingly dry and cleanly. The orange trees were full of fruit—sour, I suppose, but very pretty to look at.—The peach trees in bloom, and the atmosphere balmy and spring-like. I think it quite likely Capt. Ames will aid Gen'l. Ames in the purchase of a place, and come down for three or four winter months to occupy it.

I have not heard a word from you for nearly two weeks. Write as often as you can. Love for you and Father.

BLANCHE

The Mansion, JACKSON, *March* 4, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came last Monday, and the telegram two or three days previous. We have all been rejoicing in Father's great victory—for I am sure it must be considered such since he was able to have his man confirmed in spite of all opposition and the determination of the state senator. How does Mr. Boutwell feel now? Perhaps he thinks he was on the wrong side.

The last few days have been perfectly delightful. I have been returning calls and have made this morning the last I owe. Quite a number of the resident ladies have called upon me. All will probably do so, the leaders having set the fashion. You say I must be hospitable—but I hardly know what to do in that line. We have decided that it will not do to attempt weekly receptions. Trouble will arise at once. When the legislature adjourns Gen'l. Ames will have a reception of all the state officers, members, and senators—without ladies.

This will be the last of this month. I have invited all the carpet-baggers to eat, and am now starting little croquet parties of which they are very fond. The refreshments—coffee, cake, ice cream, bananas and oranges. I do not know what else to do. In fact, the place is very small, and but little is required.

Mrs. Ames, I think, is enjoying her visit. The weather is so warm and delightful. The trees are full of blossoms and young leaves—the birds are merry over the spring-time, and the grass on the lawn is fresh bright green.

Our table is better than it has been, for the early vegetables are being brought in—lettuce, spinach, radishes, asparagus, cucumber, tomatoes. My new cook is a great improvement over the old.—I do not know that she could be much better. The house is in nice order, the curtains washed and in place, and a regular system established by which the work goes on easily. Our cow is a good one, and we have cream enough for coffee and tea, and all the milk we want to use.

Miss Edith is a year old today—and fatter than when we left Washington. They, the children, are out in the grounds from morning till night. I do not let Mary take them out of the gate. The other day I asked Butler some questions. "Where is Gran?" "At Teedle's house" he answered. "What are you and Teedle going to do this summer?" "Stick noses in Gran's pocket." "What after?" "Candy." And then he laughed as if the thought was very amusing. He talks a great deal now, and we think him a bright boy. Mrs. Ames considers him a wonderfully well behaved child. He is so gentlemanly and quiet at the table.

When in New Orleans I did not see the articles Uncle Parker bought at the sale for you. But he had the library set all down and ready for packing. You had better suggest that you want the table, chairs, and all that belongs to it. Perhaps he intends to send all. I am sure you will not be disappointed with the set. The sofa and chair will need cleaning and recovering.

Before you leave Washington I want you to send me a black chip hat—Charlotte Corday shape—trimmed simply so as to be suitable to wear home travelling. You will think I have told you about it in good season.

Love to Katie. A kiss for you and Father from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *March* 7, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter came yesterday morning. I am relieved that you have no thought of living at Bay St.

Louis. Pleasant of course in the winter, but you have no occasion for it then. Deadly in the summer, as is every other place in the South, especially for fair-haired women and children.

You can have no idea of the triumph of that victory. Both senators against the confirmation. Mr. Butler was exhausted with rage and despair. He called on Boutwell the night before the confirmation, for he had heard in the evening that Boutwell had attempted to push it through that afternoon, but waited simply because there was not a quorum. There seemed to be no hope—and in that interview with Boutwell writing opposite to him, his voice concentrated to the low, vibrating tones of hate and fury, he poured upon him the whole history of his obligation to him, the ingratitude and treachery with which he had repaid it. Boutwell never said a word—except that he was trying to do the best he could for the Republican Party. I shall not attempt to write what your Father said, I could not, every word was a lash deadly as a scorpion's sting. It seems to me to receive such a castigation and to deserve it, must shatter to pieces all self-respect and manhood. Yet he bore it, and offered his hand, which was rejected; and the following day he was defeated, and for two days after he was sick. So much for Mr. Boutwell. Yet I advise your Father not to say anything with regard to Boutwell. Close the breach, or pass it by, and deal with him as a man that may find it convenient for his own interests to aid your Father in his.—Therefore, put this letter one side, into your trunk.

The Governorship will be a deadly contest, it seems to me. Carpenter saved your Father's nominee in the Senate. Kinsman has returned. He says Flagg told him that Gen. Ames had not yet resigned his seat in the Senate, that some persons had spoken of it. He, Flagg, thought, or rather, wondered why he, Gen. Ames, did not resign, and thought it would be better he should. I thought it likely that Gen. Ames forgot it, or thought there was no need of doing it. I only write this to recall it to his mind if there is anything that ought to be done about it.

Gen. Michie dined with us the other day. He says Ben will graduate in the upper third of his class. He wants Ben to rise to the fourth section, because the teacher is far more efficient than in the section where he is now. Ben's present teacher is a cousin of Palfrey's, and Ben writes that he has not given one perfect mark to a single pupil under his charge—that being so, I do not know how Ben is to escape him. I send your letters first to Ben and then to Paul, so that you need not write to them if you are troubled for time. Or, indeed it is just as well to write but the one letter. Then you can cram into it all the little details you can think of. The letters are finally returned to me.

I do not approve of destroying letters. In time they make up a family history.

Wendell Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Spofford, and Mr. Simmons dined here last Sunday. The Spoffords dine here almost every Sunday. I have taken Mrs. Spofford to the play once or twice a week. Also to drive. It breaks the tedium of her time a little, and gives me pleasure to do it.

Have you thought at all when you will be likely to return? All the women and children might come together. Nina and Maria start with you from your house.

Give my regards to Capt. and Mrs. Ames. Dear love for yourself, the children, and Gen. Ames.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *March* 7, 1874

MY DEAR GEN'L. AMES: I got your kind note enclosing your two messages. I was very much pleased with their tone, their substance, and the manner in which they are framed, especially the one about the investment of the school fund,[1] and I meant to have that published, but somebody has spirited it away. Please send me another copy, and I will try and publish it where it will get as wide a circulation as possible. Such administration as that cannot fail to make one popular, and be of advantage to your state. I had hopes of you, but both these efficient acts exceed the expectation, and put high the hopes I have for you. Tell Blanche that she must do her part very well to keep even.

We are all well here, fighting our way through as well as we can. Love to that young rascal, who doesn't love his grandfather as well as he should; but that will all come in good time.

Affectionately yours, BENJ. F. BUTLER

WASHINGTON, *March* 9, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I do not suppose you see many of the Northern papers, but they still teem with abuse of your Father, as the embodiment of all that is horrible, detestible, and powerful in the nation. Every power and influence must be called to aid and action to prevent his being Governor of Mass. It will be a fearful battle, the results to be known hereafter, and there I will leave it for the present.

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[1] This message as reported in newspaper follows letter of March 17, 1874 from Mrs. Butler to her daughter.

Your Father says Gen. Ames' last message was very good indeed. He has it up to the Capitol so that I have not seen it.

A letter from you yesterday. You do not say a word about coming home. So I am to infer you will stay just as long as the weather will allow.

I do not think there is any time fixed for Florence to marry. I should not be surprised if she went abroad this spring with her mother. But I know nothing really about it.

Your Father has finally decided on Hill's plan for the house. That flat front of Mullett's looked so uninteresting that we could not make a decision that way. I do not know but we shall regret it. Both plans are greatly improved from those I sent you. This week they begin to pull down the old woman's house. I am afraid we shall make some great mistake somewhere in the building. With Hill's plan there is not room to stretch out Milton's library set at full length,—it is twenty-eight feet long—but we must manage it somehow. Mullett's room without folding doors would take it in. I wish you were here. Hill and Clough seem to think your views and ideas are very clear about architecture. Mullett can get a larger dining room and library by his plan than Hill can, but as I said before, the front of the house must be plain, unbroken, like a hotel. Whichever way we take, of course we shall be sorry we did not adopt the other.

The papers say Nelly Grant will be married next month. It seems the match is a brilliant one for her. Sartoris is a son of Adelaide Kemble, a sister of Fanny Kemble. It is said there is an income of forty thousand a year, etc. etc.

If the children can be out of doors, they certainly are better off than they would be here just now. I should be so glad to see them. Do not try to have Edith go alone yet awhile. She is too fat, and it will make her ankles weak. Poor little squab, when she toddles about on her little feet there will be no end of sashes and ruffles to trim her like a butterfly.

Are you well and in good spirits? Is it more or less agreeable in Jackson than you expected? I think Mrs. Ames must find it pleasant to escape those fearful snowstorms like the one that has just fallen all through the Northwest. That is the reason it is so cold here just now. Give my regards to Capt. and Mrs. Ames, and my congratulations that they are so far away from snowstorms.

I have not written anything of interest. The truth is, I do not feel elastic, and shall not till there is more geniality in the atmosphere.

Love to the children, yourself, and Gen'l. Ames.

Your most affectionate MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *March* 17, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I can think of nothing to add to your menu, unless you could get some birds shot that would be nice stuffed and roasted, and game, of course, always looks nice on the table. Be careful to send to New Orleans in good season. I am afraid your two salads will give you trouble, but you must make the dressing the day before. Eggs, oil, and mustard. Can your cook make the dressing? Be sure you have enough, and thin. If anything goes wrong do not mind it. Your own cordial, pleasant manner to all alike, and Gen'l. Ames', will be sure to make everything right. I read his message this morning in the *National Republican.* It is very good indeed. I think rather better than the first one.

The Nugia candy, of course, comes from New Orleans. It is delicious, and will keep any length of time. They make it up like great frosted loaves of wedding cake. I think you know how to frost cake if you are obliged to do it.

How do the croquet parties succeed? If you always remember that you are the observed of all observers, and are careful to neglect or offend none, you cannot go wrong. But this, to be sure, is greater than the labour of Hercules.—But you are bonny, and can do it.

I am so glad that Butler is so happy. He knows nothing of death. How astonished he was when he found the little pink-eared rabbits would not run any more.

I am so glad you are in such a delicious climate, only leave it before the heat is oppressive. Nothing more hideous in weather than this whole week has been and now is. You cannot imagine. So cold that it is ice around the pump out of doors all the time and a fierce driving wind, thick with dust, filling not only the streets but every part of the house with foul dust. I hate it.

We were out all day yesterday to Mr. Sumner's funeral. Your Father has gone to Boston with the Massachusetts Delegation to do honor to his remains. There will be another funeral there and then Senator Sumner is among the things of the past. And then the tug and scramble begins for his place. Your Father does not want it. He does not express his wishes.

If you hear that Dawes is elected, be satisfied. I suppose your letters do not lay round open—those that I send at least.

Mr. Willey called here last night with Mr. Powers, a son of Hiram Powers who sculptured the "Greek Slave." I showed him the "Iris" and he was apparently much pleased. He said it would do credit to a finished artist, and that it was a great pity you could not pursue painting as an art. I wish you could find some large, splendid picture that you could copy during the summer as a match for yours, for the new house.

Boutwell is still unwell. It is said that Sumner's pictures, most of them, he gave to Corcoran Art Gallery.

Dearest love to you all from

Your affectionate MOTHER

MISSISSIPPI.

Message of Governor Ames on the Vicksburg and Nashville Railroad.[1]

State of Mississippi, Executive Department,
JACKSON, MISS., ——— —, 1874

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

GENTLEMEN: I recommend the repeal of so much of an act entitled "An act to aid in the construction of the Vicksburg and Nasville railroad," approved April 18, 1873, as surrenders to the Vicksburg and Nashville Railroad Company, under certain conditions, trust funds known as the three per cent. and the agricultural land scrip, which amount to some $320,000.

I also recommend the repeal of so much of an act entitled "An act to amend the several acts now in force concerning the Grenada, Houston and Eastern Railroad Company, and for other purposes," approved January 17, 1872, as exempts said railroad company and its acquisitions from taxation.

The agricultural land scrip fund was recently bestowed by the United States to constitute a perpetual fund, the capital of which shall remain forever undiminished, and the interest of which shall be inviolably appropriated by each State, which may take and claim the benefit of this act to the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one agricultural college.

The State was authorized at the same time to invest this fund "in stock of the United States, or of the States or some other safe stocks." Has the State done so?

The railroad company to which this fund is proposed to be surrendered has not completed a single mile of road. As projected it will, when completed, extend some two hundred and fifty miles in this State and about one hundred and fifty miles in the State of Tennessee, making a total length of some four hundred miles. The section now being worked on is between Okolona, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and Grenada, on the Mississippi Central railroad, a distance of some sixty-five miles. It is asserted that some twenty miles are now ready for the iron.

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[1] Message as reported in *The National Republican, March 14, 1874.*

Judging by its progress to the present time a number of years must elapse before these sixty-five miles can be completed and in a condition to pay interest on its bonds. Were it in working order to-day between Okolona and Grenada it would run through but one county untraversed by railroads, and would be but a feeder to two great roads.

Its southern terminus is some two hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and at almost equidistant intervals the road is intersected by three rich and powerful lines, well established, and in successful operation.

The history of railroads has taught that only through roads, which carry the products of a county to market, are successful, and especially is this the case in sparsely-settled sections; and it has also taught that new roads are rarely if ever able to meet the lawful demands of stock and bondholder.

Is a paper railroad, like this one, but little more than projected, a safe investment? Is it one that can, in any reasonable period of time, from its legitimate business, pay an interest of eight per cent. to its bondholders? Is it an investment from which the principal can be withdrawn at will? If not, it certainly is not the best investment that could be made, nor even a safe one.

In the consideration of this subject, it must not be forgotten that the V. and N. railroad is not a railroad in reality—it is but a projected one.

Observe the security extended by that company to the State. Four hundred (400) miles of road, at $30,000 per mile, supposed to be a fair estimate when completed and in good running order, will cost some twelve millions of dollars, ($12,000,000.) The State is expected to advance to the road $320,000, and receive in return the note of the company, secured by first-mortgage bonds, to the same amount. Can this not be regarded as "safe stocks?" Could the United States, in bestowing this fund for the education of our youth, have contemplated such an investment?

The first-mortgage bonds proposed as collateral security cannot be deemed of much value, for other first-mortgage bonds to the amount of some ten millions ($10,000,000) may be issued. In fact, the law places no restriction upon the amount of such bonds.

The experience of the State in aiding railroads with its trust funds has not been of such a character as to cause its tax-payers to contemplate the effects of this law with any very lively satisfaction.

In our reasoning as to the safety of this investment we should not neglect to consider, should the law remain unrepealed, the possible action of some future Legislature when this company, in days of adversity, appear before it and pleads poverty or misfortune.

The success of this road can in nowise depend on the sum of $320,000 expected from the State, which, though insignificant as compared to the cost of the road, is highly important to the State. To withhold it cannot embarrass the road or impede its progress. However, if it should, then the "stocks" of the Vicksburg and Nashville railroad cannot be regarded as safe, and the sooner the fact is known by the people who are paying taxes in the interest of the road the better.

We should be, if possible, more cautious and circumspect in the disposition of the funds of the State than with our own. Are we prepared, as individuals, to invest our own funds in this enterprise?

By the original charter, and by the act of January 20, 1872, heretofore referred to, the road is authorized to buy without restriction or limitation, and all its property and acquisitions, of whatever character, shall be exempt from taxation for thirty years, or till the road shall pay a dividend of eight per cent. to its stockholders.

Under such provisions all the roads in the State can be consolidated, and their entire wealth, amounting to a tenth or fifth of the property of the State, would be exempt from taxation. And this, too, though only a small section of the road in whose interest this law was passed should be built. Who cannot foresee that such a corporation would delay for many a year the announcement that the stockholders were to be paid a dividend of eight per cent., and with such announcement expose their millions to taxation?

Railroads, when friendly to the people, are of inestimable advantage; but when used to oppress them, are quite the reverse. Let this law stand, and there will spring from it a corporation which, if ruled by the spirit of the legislation which gave it birth, will, sooner or later, blight, if not destroy, nearly every other interest in this State.

The State should protect itself now, when the task is so easy, and not leave it to the people, at some future day, when outraged and indignant, to rise in their wrath and show that what they create shall not be superior to themselves, the creators.

The law, which exempts the property of this road from taxation is, in my opinion, unconstitutional. The constitution reads as follows: "The property of all corporations for pecuniary profits shall be subject to taxation, the same as that of individuals." It seeks to accomplish by indirection or evasion what is so plainly forbidden. The people who adopted the constitution, and bear the burden of supporting the government, will never consent to such a flagrant violation of it. If any are to be relieved from taxation, let it be the poor rather than the rich and powerful.

All, doubtless, are in favor of internal improvements, but no true friend of the State, or progress, can ask that unwise and unconstitutional laws shall find place in our statue books for that or any other purpose. A commercial necessity must breathe life into all enterprises for pecuniary profits, and that road which depends solely on State and county subscription, and is undertaken with money borrowed thereon, enticing no other capital, must be of problematical success.

There is an attempt to make it appear that this investment is a contract; that the company receives it as a grant! Is it a grant? Are we giving this sacred fund away?

On the contrary, the State accepted it with the understanding that it would not do so. She is in honor bound not to do so.

We can but *invest* it. And the investment in this road should not put the State under obligations to it, more than she would be to the United States, or other States, were the funds invested in their stocks.

The road can regard it but as a loan. It is required to give securities; and additional securities may be demanded at any time. And were the law relative to this railroad defective in no other particular, it would be incumbent on the State, as its least duty, to demand full and sufficient additional securities.

It is asserted that by repealing this law the reputation of the State, not now too good, will be still further injured. The repeal of unwise and unconstitutional laws, in the interest of the whole people, and in harmony with the previously plighted

faith of the State, must be far more to her credit than it would be to let such laws stand pregnant, as they are, with so many evil consequences.
ADELBERT AMES

The Mansion, JACKSON, *March* 26, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Gen'l. Ames will have his reception next week Wednesday, I suppose, and my mind is full of the detail of it. A country man has just brought me eleven chickens, two turkey gobblers, and five dozen eggs. I pay fifty cents apiece for the chickens. Earlier in the season they were twenty-five. A dollar and seventy-five cents for the turkeys, and twenty-five per dozen for eggs. I want three dozen chickens and six turkeys, so you see my poultry house is not nearly filled. These details may amuse you a little. Sweet potatoes are seventy-five cents a bushel. Beef we get from the Army and penitentiary contractor at four or five cents a pound. Mutton and pork are fifteen. Asparagus, lettuce and leeks are ten cents a bunch. Still, in spite of these prices, it averages nearly six dollars a day for our living. I do not quite understand it, yet such is the fact. Perhaps eight mouths in the kitchen will explain the mystery. Then again, we have had company.

Butler talks continually about going on the cars to see "Gran" and Teedle. He runs about the house by himself now a great deal, and we have to keep the front gate latched to prevent his going after his Father to the office, or taking a ride in the horsecars. He can dodge around a corner in an instant, and is full as much trouble as when much younger.

Edith is as fat as ever, but has not had a tooth since she came South. The eight she had in Washington are all the adornment of her mouth. Her hair is growing quite fast, but is so light it goes for naught. I bought her a sunbonnet in New Orleans to protect her face and neck. Gen'l. Ames laughs and wants to know why I did "not have one for Butler?"

The weather is very pleasant although it has been rainy and colder for the last week. So much so that we have had fires. We all wear our winter clothing yet. I took advantage of a fair, cool day yesterday to return quite a number of calls, and feel that my time for the next week or so is at my own disposal.

The croquet parties have fallen through for the present on account of the rain. I think they will probably prove failures. The twilight here is very short—and the afternoon sun very warm. Add to this the fact that it is dangerous on account of getting chills to be out after the shadows fall, and you will see there is but little chance for croquet playing. Then the legislature adjourns next week, and Jackson will be deserted. Probably not more than three or four families left.

You ask me if I like "Jackson as well or better than I expected to." I hardly know. This spring weather is charming, the house is large and pleasant, housekeeping does not trouble me, and I am happy and contented at home. I have not been out of the gates of the grounds more than half a dozen times since I came here, then only to return calls. I know some of the ladies very well, but I do not feel that I have any neighbors. All are lynx-eyed, and one is always polite and kindly, but constantly on guard. *On a small scale*—it is something as you would feel and be situated as regards Washington and its people if you were living in the White House. The only difference being that with the exception of a few families, every white person in the city is inclined to be prejudiced against us.

Everything is so cleanly and high and dry about the house I do not think we are in danger of sickness—at least I trust not. I have had the basement all whitewashed and there are no rat holes upon the place that I know of.

Father, I suppose, has not yet returned to Washington, and will not until the senatorship is decided. We watch the papers with great interest.

Gen'l. Ames sends regards. The children join me in love and kisses for "Gran" "Unks Paul and Ben." BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *March* 30, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Yesterday we had a little dinner party of about the usual kind. We have them every week or fortnight. Go to the theatre, drive, keep house, and that is all.

I am not quite easy about Bennie. He complains that no matter how good his lessons, he cannot get ahead on his marks. That the boys below pass him. Today the report sent us is fifty-five in Mathematics. Twenty-two in French. Demerits nothing. I think the last information we had, he stood forty-two in his Class in Mathematics. If so he has dropped down. He writes very despondently. I do not exactly know from what he writes if he thinks he is fairly marked or not. I do not like to ask him that question for fear he might take advantage of it and put the blame anywhere rather than on himself. But he declares he studies very hard, and Gen. Michie affirms it too. He has a poor teacher, and Gen. Michie is very desirous for him to get into the section above—but he cannot at this rate. His teacher is Gen. Palfrey's cousin, son of the uncle who would not call on Gen. Palfrey while he lay sick in New Orleans, so bitter a secesh was he. If he inherits his father's spirit, this teacher might find it pleasant to lower Ben Butler's son. This of course is but a surmise, nor should I dare hint such a thing to Bennie, for then he would not try to do anything, and it is most likely the fault, if any, is wholly with himself. Your father has written to Gen'l. Michie to explore it. I never thought that Gen'l. Ames or Gen'l. Michie quite understood why he was dropped so low, when he first went to West Point. Both had said from what they knew of his study that he would be able to keep in the second section. But it may be that the scholarship has advanced at West Point. I should like to know what Gen. Ames thinks. But then he has no means of judging, only of that first drop down. The thought that there may be unfairness irritates me not a little, for I have urged him on to study till I have felt alarmed lest I should do him a mischief by overtaxing him. Poor Bennie, he is ambitious and miserable, I know, when he is falling off.

They say lunch is ready, and I will send this along. It is not a very pleasant letter. The house goes on slowly. In fact it is now being torn down, the old brick thing. I must look over the plans again shortly. It seems to me all the time as though it would be too near the street. Love to all, from

Your most affectionate MOTHER

The Mansion, April 4, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came this morning and found us all rejoicing that the reception is well over. It was pronounced a great success. Heretofore it has been the custom to have only confectioner's cake and cheap champagne, what they call in this country "nigger champagne." This led to a great deal of rowdyism and drunkenness, and Gen'l. Ames was quite determined to make a change. So I had the nicest entertainment it was possible to prepare, and such quantities it did not seem as if it would ever be eaten. Thirty-six chickens made into salad, an equal weight of celery, and for the dressing it took six doz. eggs. I made the dressing by the recipe in the cookbook and it was very nice. Two teaspoonfuls of made mustard to six of oil and five of vinegar, salt and a little cayenne pepper. Twenty-four pounds of lobster in salad with lettuce, six large roast turkeys. Four hams. Ten large frosted cakes —round and thick. Twenty-seven loaves of bread, nicely sliced and buttered. Two nougat pyramids. Two glass dishes fancy cakes. Two dishes of sliced oranges—four dishes strawberries. Two gal. and a half of ice cream. Sardines. Olives. Three very large bunches of bananas made the ornament for the center of the table. I tied them together so that they stood up like a huge tripod in the large waiter which I had raised from the table on the punch bowl. The top of the tripod was crowned with flowers branching nearly to the gas, and the waiter was completely hidden with loose bananas, oranges and flowers. There were at least three hundred bananas in all, so that the supply was bountiful. Yet nothing was left but three empty brown stalks. I had ten pounds of mocha coffee, nicely browned, and a large copper urn to make it in. Of all this there was no more left than you would have at an ordinary Lowell party.

I suppose there were about one hundred and forty persons present. After supper they were all furnished with cigars in the hat room. Some *gentlemen* took three and four, others contented themselves with a single one. Gen'l. Ames had the band from the garrison—and altogether the affair was quite satisfactory. The only thing forgotten was a policeman, but as his services were not called into requisition this was immaterial. I enclose one of the invitations. It is printed as you see—but there is no such thing as an engraver in the place. —In fact I have not received an engraved card from a caller since I came here. The custom has been, I think, to put a notice in the paper. But it would be impossible to do this and have an entertainment—besides it does not seem as nice. I think the invitation looks very well.

Last Wednesday I felt badly and spent the day in bed. I had what seemed to be a bilious headache and was fearful that it would be impossible for me to get up and attend to the preparations—and as the Legislature adjourns Monday we could not postpone the affair. So when Gen'l. Ames telegraphed to Mr. Parker for the things, I sent word to Aunt Nina to come up, that I "needed her." I did not like to say I was sick. But she did not come. Aunt M. was opposed to it. She did not think that I was ill if I wanted the things for the party, and expecting to be here in a week or so, on her way home, she did not judge it best to come. As it turned out, a dose of quinine relieved my head and I am and have been perfectly well and able to attend to everything—but it might have happened that I could not have done without her.

We shall not be likely to go North with the Parkers. So far the weather has been perfectly delightful, like the first of our June. The middle of the day warm and pleasant, the mornings and evenings so cool that we cannot be comfortable without fires. Our stay will depend entirely upon the weather and our general health.

I am very glad that Ben is in such good spirits. I think it shows that his labors are not more than he is equal to, if he will work with all of his might, and as he is well he can afford to do this. We want to welcome him next summer with the laurels thick about his brow.

When do you think of going to Lowell? Butler talks a great deal of going to Gran's house. He seems to remember all about it. I cannot say that I consider him a very well-behaved boy. He does not mind one word that is said to him, and in many ways is unruly. I hope he will improve before you see him. He is very ugly to his sister, who is as bright and pleasant as a sunbeam. I hardly know where the trouble is. I try to make him a good boy, but it is uphill work. He will certainly be great fun for you this summer. But I fear he will tease you far more than you can him.

I have such a force at command—the two men from the penitentiary and more if needed, besides the regular servants of the house—that I have been able to do the work of the last three or four days with greater ease than one would expect. Already the rooms have been swept and dusted—the floor cloth in the dining room taken up, the galleries swept, and the greater part of the dishes washed and put away. This afternoon they will sweep up the walks and leave the grounds in good order. At present they are littered with orange peel and banana skins. The greatest difficulty in having company is the fact that it is necessary to send to New Orleans for all the supplies.

Gen'l. Ames sends his regards to you and Father. I join him with love for both. We are watching the election of senator from Massachusetts with a great deal of interest. It is getting a little slow, however. Good-bye, with a kiss from

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 7, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I expected a letter from you this morning—as this is the time I usually get one. The enclosed letter from Gen'l. Michie states Bennie's case fairly enough, I should think. Return it in your next letter. Ben is in good spirits, and will get on well enough, I think.

You must be quite busy, or not well, from your delay in writing. However, weeks may go by, and one not in the mood to write.

Will it not be time, soon, for you to decide when you start for the North? Will you want another servant from here for the children, or are you just as well off with Mary alone? My servants can take care of your rooms of course, but you know best what you want. I think I shall be here when you return, otherwise I open another house for myself alone. The Lowell house is in order, or can be made so in two days, so that you can come here and stay a little if you like, or let me know when you will be along and you and the servants can go forward while I stay to clear the house; or I will make ready and all go together, or I will close this house and be at Lowell, so that you need not come here at all. The House, your Father says, will be up by June. I suppose in the long, dry days that are coming they will make good speed. I should like to see it up before I leave, but that is not likely.

The Grants have gone to New York to buy their wedding finery. If that is so, I should think the wedding would come off this spring. The President is said to be indulging considerably lately.

Secretary Richardson has shown great weakness in relation to the Sanborn contracts you will see discussed in the papers.—That comes of putting a feeble man in an important place. It is pitiable to see a man quivering with dread, when he has done nothing wrong. However that is right, what business have weaklings to be handling thunderbolts—it is just as well they should be blown up.

How are the children? I shall be so glad to see them. Are you well, and in good spirits?

My best regards to Gen. Ames. Love and kisses for you and the children. *Affectionately*, MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *April* 9, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Your welcome letter came this morning. I was afraid that you were not well—the thought of the party, the care, and the effects of the climate were too much for you. Happily it passed off quickly—and you now will be at ease. Gen'l. Ames is too old a soldier to need advice.—Parties are always dangerous things in political life. I do hope and believe that yours will bring nothing but good. If anybody was forgotten, you must make up by a dinner or something. The social question makes more bitterness than any other. I am so glad you are through with the party.

I think Maria is far from well, and that she is afraid to be left alone. I know Mrs. Read would have been glad to go to you—for the variety if nothing else.

Katie went home last night, in company with Mrs. George Smith. Kate is very desirous to see what she can do in the way of housekeeping. It is a good ambition. I have encouraged and instructed her as much as I could.—Her mother, I know well enough, is not able to take all the care, and Kate wants to learn how to keep a nice table and other agreeable things in housekeeping—but all that requires good servants.

What a long summer you will have. So pleasant there now, and then the sweet summers at home. For my own part, I am like Lady Teazle, and wish it was summer all the year round.

Your Father and I sat down to breakfast alone this morning, almost the first time since we were married. You know I do not depend on company, and would rather be alone with few exceptions.—My mind goes out so readily to other people's affairs that I almost lose my own identity in thinking and talking over their plans. I *am* glad sometimes to be restored to myself. Perhaps it would not be well for long.

Love to all. *Your most affectionate* MOTHER

The Mansion, JACKSON, *April* 26, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: It is two weeks since I have had a letter from you, and I am fearful that you have been sick. To be sure the mails are most irregular, as all the railroad bridges have been washed away by the great floods—still now and then we get letters from the North, and I am sure if you had written I should have received the letter.

It has been raining for about six weeks, with only a day or two pleasant sunshine to break the monotony. The weather has been cool and delightful, however, remarkably so for this time of year, and mosquitoes have not yet put in an appearance. We are obliged to have fires morning and evening, which seems very odd, when we look at the green peas on the table and remember the temperature at Lowell about the 4th of July. Of course, we rejoice that it is so cool, but our neighbors complain and lament the slow, poor crops which will follow such a cold spring.

I have been somewhat troubled about Butler, fearing that he had the whooping cough. He seems better now, and I think a few days of warm sunshine will put him in perfect condition. Mary is not yet well enough to take charge of the children. She has been terribly sick.

We are leading very quiet lives now. The legislature having adjourned, Gen'l. Ames has more time at home, and occupies it reading law—while I sew or paint. I have just finished a portrait of Butler which is good. Gen'l. Ames is very much pleased with it, and I think you will be. The young man has grown tall, and is very slight. He is inclined to talk a great deal and will amuse you very much this summer. He came up stairs a few moments ago with a bunch of jonquils and white clover in his hand, and informed me with considerable swagger that he was "going on the cars to carry the flowers to Gran." If he wants his nose wiped he says "hurry Mum before Gran comes." I have told him that his Gran and Teedle will not have anything to say to him unless he is a good boy.

Was Father surprised at the election of Washburn? I should not care to be in Washburn's place. All the papers say that his only recommendation is that he is Anti-Butlerism.

Love for you—Father, and the boys. Gen'l. Ames sends regards. Do write as often as you can.

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *April* 20, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I have written to the boys this morning, sent them each a letter of yours as well as my own. Kellogg is here this week with an English Opera. George Butler is in town, and came in just now with tickets for the week for himself and one other. I decided to go with him on Wednesday night, and asked him to take Charlotte tomorrow night. He brought two pictures of his wife, one for me and one for Charlotte. She seems to me a stout woman. They live together and George expects his mother this summer.

I invited Mr. and Mrs. Howe to dinner Sunday before last with Mr. and Mrs. Spofford. Ben Perley Poore, Chandler and Kinsman came to dessert. Mrs. Howe called afterwards and said she had a delightful time, more agreeable than any in Washington, and she invited me to go with her to the matinee next Saturday. So there are two invitations for the Opera this week.

You will see by the papers that Washburne is elected Senator for the short term. Of course, Dawes would be preferred, but

I do not know as it will make much difference. Dawes must fight for the long term, and he must fight with all his power to win. You see, the political aspect of affairs has changed somewhat. Your Father was the only member from New England who voted for expansion. How far it will affect the vote for him, either for member of Congress or Governor, we cannot now tell. At present he seems to belong to the South and the West. If the money question is to be the great question for the coming time, the contest, as is usual with him, will be a heated one. I hope Gen'l. Ames will secure himself firmly in his state, and be sure for the Senate.

Our great house that is to be will be coming on with some show by and by. Hill says it is the largest plan for a private house that he has ever worked upon. It is equivalent, really, to five stories, offices and all included.

A letter came this morning from Nina. She and Hattie are in a French family in Paris—they have seen a great deal, and will see much more. Hattie writes she is learning to speak with great fluency. I am very glad Sue sent them. I will write to Sue, you want dresses for a girl of two years old and suits for a boy of three. I must send for a black silk dress for sister Lottie, boots for myself, and perhaps I must send more money. The truth is, I have forgotten how much I sent. But Carney will know. Have you written to her what you want?

I spoke right out to Butler's picture, the little villain. His Gann aches to grab him and let him know what an awful child he is.—Poor little fatty, she is just exactly like you when a baby.

Another girl to take care of the children would be of no use to you if she did all your washing, and in that case my third girl would have nothing to do. Settle nothing about that if you conclude to take one from there except that she is to do whatever you will want her to do. It does seem a good deal to pay to bring her up here, but she would be ready to return with you if Mary should give up next fall. I do not like your plan of staying so late. It will be very warm and you and the children will suffer for it. If you want from day to day to see how long you can stand it, you may suddenly find that some one of you is unable to move. Come away while you are healthy and before the weather is too oppressive for travelling. Paul wants you to come home and open the house. Then, he says, I should be sure to go home. What a pity Gen. Ames cannot have that meeting before June. But for that I see nothing to detain you.

What a fearful time you had with all that sickness[1] and so much care about the party all at once. I am glad I did not know it at the time. But that is a dreadful disease. Are you sure the danger is over? It is just the same as the spotted fever—a deadly disease. It is a marvel you escaped as you did. Be careful about the drains. It is those things that breed it. Hunt about, and see that all is right.

Your loving MOTHER

WASHINGTON, *April* 28, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Your Father is in Boston, the Spoffords in New York, the President has vetoed the Bill, Milton's stuff has arrived, a carload, more than half of it for himself. Kinsman says the whole of it is not worth fifteen hundred dollars, which has been paid for it. One hundred and fifty more for bringing it here, part to be packed, a part to be shipped for Lowell, weather miserable, so everything is not "coleur de rose." But now that I have expressed myself, it begins to brighten. If the sun should chance to shine out, I shall be as smooth and nice as a day in June.

But there is one thing that still returns to me. I have a doubt if you are all well down there but I have some fears that the epidemic that prostrated Mary may have returned upon you. It is time for Maria and Nina to be with you, as Milton said they should start by the 25th for Jackson. I wish you would come along with them. To be sure, it has been a very cold season so far, but you will have very hot days there soon. It does not seem worth while to run great risks with health and life.

Mrs. Judge Carter called here yesterday. Incidentally, as she wandered on from one thing to another, she impressed me with three or four things. That Judge Carter is sombre and cranky, that he is too economical, that her son and daughter-in-law have five children, that it is wearisome to her and the Judge when they go home, that she prefers a bird or a puppy for a pet, it gives her less trouble and a cleaner table and a cleaner kitchen, which she has striven for all her life. That she wonders what all these things mean, that on the whole she looks on life as a stupendous humbug—and a good deal more of like kind. Now I could have told her, she herself had grown hard and selfish with but little care for those who were just beginning with heavy burdens on their shoulders, and cares that cease not for an hour till their children are grown partially out of danger.

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[1] Mary, the children's nurse, had spinal meningitis. She was cared for by Mrs. Ames in the servants' quarters. No hospital in Jackson, Miss.

Shall I grow to look to myself alone? God knows, I hope not. When my home is not as open to my children and their children as to myself, when they are not to be the only company, or rather, companions, whom I really can bear to have, whom I miss and feel lost without, when a puppy or a bird can fill their places, I shall know that feeling has withered and it is time for me to die. And by that time life will be a "stupendous humbug." If you have ten children or more, Blanche, they will be all just as welcome to me. I want to shake Butler out of his boots this minute, and I know he will be as impudent to his Gann as her tricks and teasings can make him. As for fatty, she will grow in grace, and be a "charm" to look at. Her soft and tender body will stretch up, year by year, like a lovely palm, even as her mother did, and then "to the grace that bright and light as the crest of a peacock, sits on her shining head." Oh, youth and beauty, and the joyous sounds of children! It does not seem to me that puppies or birds can take their place.—No wonder old folk are mostly disliked.

I will go and dress. If Kinsman has those things removed from the car I must go up to the house and see what they look like. Thank Heavens the sun has come out, and it is growing warmer.

Friday, April 31

Your letter came this morning. I waited for it before I finished this. You are all well, so I am satisfied about that.

Your Father has returned. He may go to New York tonight, if he does I shall go with him to see Bennie. I want to know just how he is in health, and what he is doing. Sometimes he writes in excellent spirits, and then very much discouraged. I may as well pass Sunday there as here. Although he does not ask me to come, I know he will be glad to see me.

Willis is married.—I will send Paul's letter.

Maria and Nina are fairly enough in New Orleans. It will surely be sickly there, after this inundation of the waters. I hope they will be able to leave soon. You, it seems, have had rain all the time, as well as we. Poor Mary! she has had a hard time. I hope her sickness will not leave her weakly. Do not put too much to the hazard by staying there too long! I wish you could come with the others.

I have no time or room to write about politics. In truth, they are uncertain things.

Love and kisses for all, from

Your most affectionate MOTHER

The Mansion, JACKSON, *May* 9, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Gen'l. Ames has returned from New Orleans. In fact he spent only Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday there. No sooner had he left the State than the Lieut. Governor took the reins into his own hands and made appointments etc. which he knew would not be approved by Gen'l. Ames. It was feared he would sign some railroad bills and make requisitions on the Treasury for money, so the town was thrown into quite a state of excitement and Gen'l. Ames was telegraphed to return at once.

All are well. Edith has just cut three double teeth—she has skipped the eye teeth. Except for a little redness on her cheeks I should not think they had troubled her in the least. Butler was much amused yesterday with a couple of young mocking-birds which the servants caught out under the trees by the house. They are going to try to raise them, but I fear it will be an unsuccessful attempt. The parent bird is a fine singer. I hear it every morning about sunrise.

My household goes on much better since Mary's recovery and the days pass very pleasantly. Saturday some ladies and gentlemen came in to play croquet. I gave them strawberries and cake. Almost daily some one comes in to play, but I do not always give them refreshments. In the first place it would be too troublesome. Then again, they would cease to come freely, feeling that they were imposing or trespassing upon good nature.

I hope you found Ben in good health and spirits. We have talked some of going up to see him when on our way to Lowell, stopping over a day in New York for that purpose. But the journey is so long I fear I shall be far too weary to undertake anything extra, although the inducement is great. What are you going to do about opening the house in Lowell? We shall not reach there before the 22nd or 23rd of June, and as it is the long session of Congress I suppose Father will be in Washington until the middle of July at least. The time before leaving for Squam will be very short, unless as Father is not there you decide to remain longer in Lowell. Gen'l. Ames sends regards, I love and kisses for you and Father.

BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 11, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: You are quite wrong to stay in Jackson so late. It is already summer heat here. I shall go home in a fortnight. That will give barely time for Parker's family to arrive and go.

A letter from Webster this morning. He writes that Sue is by no means a well woman. But as he would like promotion, I do not give it too much credit, as I have observed he always uses her name when he wishes to gain a point. The Minister to Switzerland is very ill. If he does not survive, Webster would like to fill his place.—I have no objection, if it can be had.

If Milton's family have not already started, I wish you would come with them. There is no reason why you should run a risk for yourself and the children by staying longer. You ought not to give Edith two eggs at a time. Nor will she be as well in health to eat all she can possibly swallow—especially in that warm climate. It wearies the stomach to load it with all it can possibly take care of, and in that way is apt to break down.

Your Father has been sick for a week, confined to the house, part of the time in bed. Today he has gone to the House to resume his duties. Many think he broke down from too much work. I do not think so altogether. There has been more excitement and annoyance politically than is healthy. These and work may be primary causes, but he ate something, that was the immediate cause. I shall be glad when Congress adjourns.

Gen'l. Ames has made good moves. Everyone speaks in his praise. If he can keep these he will show himself very able. The *real* interests of the state, and its advancement—when one acts for that, they are tolerably sure to be approved. I have great hopes of Gen. Ames' political life. He shows discretion, promptness, decision, and ability to govern.

Bennie was not treated well by Palfrey. I went up because the tone of his letters showed me it was time. Michie was away. I had no one to appeal to, and was undecided whether to go to Palfrey or Church.—Ben had been put down one section on the day I arrived. I concluded to see Professor Church, he being the ablest and most formidable—and it was his business to change his section on Palfrey's marks. I went to his house, sent in my card, and saw him at once. I said, "You must pardon me, Professor Church, for troubling you, but my son is worried, and I wish to have your opinion of his capacity for mathematics, and the likelihood of his going through the course." "Oh, certainly your son must not be discouraged in the least. He is doing well. I told Gen. Michie so the other day. In looking over the sections I found I must make a change. Your son lost by going into the hospital, and I did not have time to question him in Descriptive Geometry as I intended to do, and explain it to him. I like him very much. He is very young and very small, but there is no doubt of his going through if he applies himself, as he has. You must not let him get discouraged. I shall speak to him myself." "Professor," I said, "he likes to recite to you. You make it very clear to him at once. He also made good progress with Mr. Grier, who has now gone." I did not tell him that Mr. Palfrey confused his pupils because he was not clear himself on the subject, because I knew that Church had said to Michie "that it was hard to teach instructors and students both." I left him to infer what I thought about Palfrey, for I did not once mention his name. I acquitted myself very well. He was very emphatic and earnest in his assurances about Ben that all would be well, and we parted with mutual compliments.

I had been full of grief and wrath, for Bennie told me that all in his section had observed, and many of them spoken of the unhandsome way Palfrey had treated him. The Cadets do not like him, for he marks up without good cause, as he marks down. He is a prig and an ass, and I hate him as much as Ben does. But I kept my feelings concealed. When I told Ben I had been to see Church, he was astounded. But when I related the interview I saw he was greatly comforted. For neither he nor I knew but this Palfrey would run him entirely out. Church assured me that Ben would go no lower, so that gave him courage enough to study in peace, and to be able to recite without quivering with fear, which was a great point gained. In the evening Professor Bartlet, who was visiting Church, and Professor Kendrick called to pay their respects, Professor Bartlet said, to me, and further to send regards to Gen. Butler, and—still more important, perhaps to me—to assure me from Professor Church that I need have no misgivings about Ben, he was sure to do well, and not only that but Professor Church thought he might graduate high, although he did not authorize him to say so. I was full of thanks and gratitude, as well I might be for the relief, for I could not sleep the night before—so they went away.

Then Gen. Michie came. He had just returned. He was pretty full when I told him that I had been almost fearful that Ben would be "found." "They can't find him on his marks. Ben is well instructed. He understands what he studies. I question him from week to week—and he will graduate where I said he would, in the upper third of his class. He has been close to the point of passing into the upper section for some time." Still he said nothing of Palfrey, neither did I. But it is a little curious that, being close to the upper, he should in a fortnight be slipped into a lower section.

Gather up your things and come home. You need taking care of as much, or more, than the others, and the big old houses in the North are the places for you in the heat of summer. Love to all. *Your most affectionate* Mother

Washington, *May* 17, 1874

Dear Blanche: The party are here. Milton in his usual unsettled state, or rather settled state to postpone from day to day the time of departure—while they, the women, live on in the same suit, unwilling to open their trunks. He now proposes they shall go on Thursday with Mr. Carter, but I think it will remain uncertain. Milton has behaved badly about the stuff he sent forward. But you can judge better than I, for it is so packed up that I have not yet seen the library set. But he has charged six hundred and thirty dollars for it besides the expense of transportation. Write me if you think it is worth any such sum. We might dispute it, but he took good care to draw on your Father for sixteen hundred and fifty dollars before while he was in New Orleans. Half of the carload and more contained his own articles, which he sent forward for me to pay for, writing that it would cost no more to fill the car, etc. The transaction altogether is not a pretty one.

If you have occasion to buy in New Orleans, send a note directly to the dealer, get his prices and purchase for yourself, either for wine or anything else.

Mrs. Read says your house is very spacious and grand. Much more than she expected to see. Still she thinks it must be lonely for you in so large a house when Gen'l. Ames is away. You had better, when you return home, stop on the way to rest. The journey is very long and fatiguing, and if pushed right through might be too much for you. I shall be at home before you will be in Lowell, of course, but their coming will delay somewhat. The weather just now has suddenly turned cold, but only for a day or two.

Mrs. Read says Gen'l. Ames will find no place in the South cool and healthy, if he is obliged to return South before you do, as the house you live in.

A woman came to see your Father to tell him Mrs. Pease, the Senator's wife from your state, is not satisfied with the short term and that she is going back to give Gen. Ames all the trouble she can, so that her husband may get another chance. Perhaps the woman told a story, but for all that, Mr. and Mrs. Pease are likely enough to be mischievous—do not trust them. Gen. Ames has gained an enviable reputation as Governor. Indeed his is the only Southern state that seems to be governed by an honorable man, and so it seems in fact to be regarded. That certainly is a reputation to be prized—beyond all others.

Time flies. You will be at home before I can clear this house and settle the other. You need not trouble yourself about a thing but to keep yourself and the children well—and journey home by easy steps. Best love to you all, and a nip for Butler from your affectionate MOTHER

The Mansion, JACKSON, *May* 17, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: The Parkers are with you today, and have given you all the news, a description of Jackson, and reported us as in good health.

We saw a notice of Father's illness in the papers, but the next day a letter came for Gen'l. Ames, dictated by Father—so we knew he was better and it was a great relief—for I feared he had over-taxed himself.

How nice it was for you to go to West Point and see to Ben's affairs. He must, I am sure, feel greatly encouraged, and inclined to renewed efforts for the June examination. I did not know that he had been in the hospital.

Paul will be delighted to have you home so soon, and you will only get fairly settled when this family of five will settle down upon you. Gen'l. Ames will remain about a month and then return here. I shall be with you until November—Do you not dread such a visit?

The weather here is still delightful. A fresh, cool breeze is blowing all of the time. The heat has not become oppressive in the least. The white dress I wore yesterday was a little too cool. You must not trouble about our staying so late. If I find that I am not feeling well I will come sooner. But I have not been in as good condition this winter as I am at present, and the children are perfectly well.

When you have Miss Edith in Lowell you can try her with one egg, and I think you will find you have undertaken a "Tatar." She has cut four double teeth within a fortnight. They did not seem to trouble her in the least. Butler is very anxious to go on the cars to see "Gran." He has a thousand questions to ask every day.

Gen'l. Ames was pleased I think, with your complimentary remarks, although he would not of course condescend to say so. He will not urge me to stay a moment after there is the least occasion for leaving. But there is no doubt about it, we are full better off here for the present. We will be in Lowell in time for the strawberries. It is the height of the season for them here.

We play croquet every afternoon about five o'clock. This is all the exercise I take—for the town of Jackson is not very attractive, and I never go outside the gate except to return calls. The children I do not allow out of the grounds. They are much better off under my inspection than they could be wandering about dusty streets.

Love to Father, and a kiss for you from

Your affectionate daughter, BLANCHE

WASHINGTON, *May* 22, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter came this morning. I do not doubt but you and the children have been more delightfully situated this winter where you are, both in house and climate, than you were here. I think it must be very healthy during the cool season more so than almost any place in the south. But do not let the heat overtake you.

Monday

You see I could not settle down to write you this letter. But let it run over from Saturday to Monday. You know with me there are times when my mind is so concentrated on something that arises that nothing can check the force in that direction until it has spent itself, or some calamity has turned it in another direction.

I sent you a letter from Benny. I would not say it to him, but I do not think he has been fairly treated since he has been there.—I think if I go sometime and call on the professors, his chance of notice *favorably* will be improved.

Your Father's health is not quite firm.—I thought it was an attack of indigestion from eating improperly. In both cases the doctor calls it renal colic. It would seem that he is right, for several little gravel stones have passed with the water, showing that when they passed the kidneys they caused the severe pain which he felt just there. He is drinking Bethesda water for it. He is out and about his usual duties—but may have more trouble. To get through here and home for a rest or a different kind of life is the thing wanted. This delays my going so soon, the fear he may have another attack. Whether he will make a move to run for Governor is not settled. He must be well before he can undertake that campaign. The general advice is to go abroad. So far as I can see, he shows no inclination that way. I shall be glad when we are all back at Lowell. I do not think Florence is fully well yet. She wrote me they would not go abroad till August.

Great numbers of presents for Nelly Grant. Mrs. Grant said to Snead, "Nelly has no more silver than I have boxed away. It was given to the General, but as he cannot take presents, he gave it to me." Not a very careful remark. But their weakness seems to be their defense and security.

You are likely to be at home nearly as soon as I am. Dearest love to all. *Your most affectionate* MOTHER

The Mansion, JACKSON, *May* 24, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came yesterday and I was sorry to hear about the furniture Uncle Parker sent from New Orleans. I think the price paid for transportation was abominable. I cannot believe there was any need of it. Six hundred and thirty I do not think a high price for the library set, but when you add five hundred to that it is rather too heavy, although of course it could not be bought for that price, if new.—It will have to be recovered, which will be an additional expense. How many pieces did he send you? It seems to me it could all have been boxed and sent around by water for half that price. But then Mr. Parker would have had to pay for his own things, which I suppose did not suit him.

When do you expect to start for Lowell? I should not like to get there before you. We shall probably leave here the 18th or 19th of June. Perhaps before, but not if it continues perfectly healthy. The weather is growing warmer. We have not had any rain for weeks, so that the roads are quite dusty. Mosquitoes are not numerous, only two or three in the rooms, but as they are so large and high it is impossible to catch the biting things.

You have a heavy task before you to clear out the old house again. I trust you will not have to move but once. Almost all my things not in constant use are packed, but of course there will be a large number to attend to before we are fairly started. You know I always take things easily, so you need not fear that I shall over-exert myself.

Now that the weather has grown warmer I am a little lonely for want of work. Gen'l. Ames is away from ten till half past three, and after that his time is a good deal occupied with callers. It is too warm to paint or sew, and the time drags a little heavily. I read a good deal, but that is growing monotonous. In the bracing cool days one has so many things which are pleasant to do, but the heat causes everything to seem a burden.

Gen'l. Ames' friends are quite anxious to have him remain here all summer without leaving the state even for a few days, in order to prevent the Lieut. Gov. from playing the tricks he intends as soon as he can get rid of Gen'l. Ames. It would be rather hard, I think, if he were obliged to stay here as a watch dog. The Lieut. Governor will have to run his rig, and perhaps it will be quite as well for Gen'l. Ames that he should. In Mississippi the Lieut. Gov. becomes Governor as soon as the Governor leaves the state and if he is inclined to be troublesome this gives a fine opportunity to do many objectionable things. However, Gen'l. Ames will take us North and remain until the last of July, unless something unforeseen prevents.

The children are perfectly well and have been playing around in the upper hall without clothing for the last hour or more.

Gen'l. Ames sends regards for you and Father. From Blanche, love and kisses.

WASHINGTON, *May* 31, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: A letter from you yesterday. You will start on the 18th or 19th of June, you say. That is very late. The weather here is clear up to summer heat. Do not stay too long. Do not mind anything about my being at home. Telegraph me any day and I will forward the servants to meet you in time. This will give me no trouble. Most of the things are moved, and I am staying solely on your Father's account, for fear he might have another attack and I not here. Of course, no other person could take care of him as I could. He is very well now, but the weather is hot and he has a great deal to do so near the close of the session. He ought to give it up and go home. I can send the servants for you, if you will only start. Laura and another woman will come here any time when the others are gone. Paul is dying to have somebody go home and open the house. Gen. Ames cannot stay there all the time to watch that mischievous brute, so that it may not make much difference what time he leaves. You must rest on the way. It is too much for you to come right through. What a bore this is, to be scattered all about in these hot places when we all ought to be at the sea side. Poor Gen. Ames, I would not stress to go back there in these hot months.

It was a hundred and fifty dollars to bring up that carload of stuff sent by Milton. The rest of the seventeen hundred dollars, valuing the library set at six hundred and thirty, was paid for the goods bought at auction for us, which came in the cars with his goods. I have not yet seen the bookcases. They must be handsome if you think the set worth the price he has asked. Perhaps I have done him injustice.

I take Mrs. Spofford and drive at evening now. We have enough of rain to keep down the dust, so that by the full moonlight it is very pleasant driving. You cannot have that till you get home. Your streets are too dusty for driving or walking.

Your Father wishes me to buy the house the Coast Survey will hire. The house will be finished and rented before we leave.

We have had Salvini, an Italian, here playing *Othello*. It was a marvelous performance, quite on a line with Rachael for genius. On Tuesday night McCullough, the California celebrity, opens with *Richelieu*, so that one thing after another whiles away the time. You have no amusements there. With Gen. Ames away a good deal, I am afraid you will grow very dull. Only there are the children with their incessant chatter. But there is one thing certain, children, though a delight, are not companions. Their world cannot reach up to yours. Little fatty will be another creature when I see her. Not much change in Butler, only a little more fiery.

Love to them all from *Your affectionate* MOTHER

The Mansion, May 31, 1874

DEAR MOTHER: Your letter came yesterday and I am most sorry to hear that there is even a slight flaw showing itself in Father's hitherto very strong constitution. He had better let the Governorship go and spend as quiet and agreeable a summer as possible at Squam. Play a great many games of billiards for the exercise—bathe as often as the water is warm enough, and sail constantly. This I am sure will effect a complete cure, and is not a very disagreeable prescription. I should think you would hesitate to leave him alone in Washington.

Perhaps you will not reach Lowell before we do. I think we shall start two weeks from tonight and arrive in Lowell, Friday, June 19th. Paul will be home from college about that time, and if Congress adjourns on the 22nd as proposed you will feel that you can leave Washington. The weather is much warmer here, and, although perfectly healthy still, I think that in two weeks it will be time to make a move; besides I should like a week or so in Lowell before going to Squam. We shall stop a day in New York, and if it were not that I expect to be rather tired from the long journey Gen'l. Ames and I would go up to West Point to see Ben. Perhaps we shall do so anyway. The children could stay with the girls at the hotel well enough for one day, if in good health. But of course all this will depend upon the heat, the fatigue of the journey, and various little things, so that we can only decide after we are in New York. Butler is very anxious to go on the cars to see "Gran." I think you will find him much changed. He is taller. . . .

Remainder of letter missing.

Washington, *June* 5, 1874

Dear Blanche: Your letter came this morning. It is very possible I may meet you at New York, but I can settle nothing definitely. I may go home before that time. You would have to telegraph me at what hotel I should find you. But I think it a little uncertain about your going. One day would be a very short time and immensely fatiguing, and leaving the children in New York with servants a little hazardous. A better plan would be for me to take the children home and you and Gen. Ames go up and stay as long as you please. I will do that if I can meet the time, and go up later in the season to see Bennie—that would be much better.

It is very warm here now. Almost everything is moved except a very few necessities for living. I can leave in twenty-four hours, if needful. Your Father continues well, but he is not so energetic as usual, and tires more readily. He has quit tobacco, and that I have no doubt is one great cause of listlessness which he shows in some degree. You have seen the effects of it when he has tried to give it up before now. But when once conquered I have no doubt his health will be complete—and his spirits good enough.

I shall be very glad when we are all North and together again.

Gen. Ames will have to come here to see the President. So your Father has written him, so that you may come earlier.

Love to all. *Your most affectionate* Mother

The Mansion, Jackson, *June* 7, 1874

Dear Mother: We had arranged to leave a week from tonight—the 15th—and I think it as well not to delay longer, although it will seem less like going home with you away. We shall reach (no accident preventing) New York a week from next Thursday morning. Gen'l. Ames will telegraph you if we do not start.

The children are well and you would be amazed to see the undress uniform they wear—simply the jacket and dress—no shoes or stockings, skirts or underwaists. Sometimes when it is very warm I take off everything and they range through the upper rooms unfettered. The nights are usually quite cool, so there is no difficulty in sleeping sweetly, and soundly. I have felt far better since the warm weather than through the spring.

You say that Father proposes to sell you the new house to be occupied by the Coast Survey. I do not know why it should not be an excellent investment. It is fireproof and will pay good interest.

Gen'l. Ames desires me to say that you can have the money borrowed by the Northfield Mills at any time. It is in the bank awaiting your wishes— Although if you do not want it they are content to let it remain there until you do. He can pay Father a part, if not all, of that borrowed for Fort Atkinson this summer. Perhaps Father would like to have it as he is building so extensively. Capt. Ames will be in New York when we pass through and will probably go East with us. He is anxious to take a sail on the "America." Where is the yacht, is she equipped and in sailing order?

Father will go to Mass. of course, as soon as Congress adjourns. Perhaps a little trip would do him good. Give him my love and a kiss.

With a kiss from *Your affectionate daughter*, Blanche

Correspondence interrupted during most of June and July. General Ames was with the family in Lowell and Bay View.

Bay View, *July* (23), 1874

Dear Del: You have been gone a day, but it seems a week. Time does not fly so fast when you are absent and I have no doubt the month of August will be the longest in all the year. As Butler and I drove home from Gloucester he had many questions to ask about "Father and Uncle Paul." I explained to him that Uncle Paul would come back soon, and that Father had gone to Boston, and was going to Mississippi. He seemed, to my surprise, to comprehend the situation and said "Father has left poor Butler." He also insisted upon getting into my lap and having me tell him stories, evidently feeling that he needed consolation of some kind.

Florence and Aunt Nina came down at noon. Paul returned this morning from Boston in the cars. It was his intention to sail around, and he slept last night on board the yacht. But as the Captain did not make his appearance, the time of its departure seemed so uncertain he concluded he had better come by steam. However, the yacht came into the harbor a little after noon, and Paul with a party from French's has gone out for a sail. Florence and Aunt Nina, in riding over to Gloucester this morning, had an accident. The front axle broke and suddenly they saw Horace settle down before them. The horses did not attempt to run, and the only annoyance is that we cannot have the use of the carriage for some little time.

I was weighed again today, and would you believe it, Del, I have gained seven pounds since I came down here? Of course, all of the flesh is not upon *my* bones. Still no doubt I have my fair share. I am very sorry that you could not have spent the summer here and added twenty pounds or more to your weight.

I will remail the letters which came for you today. Among them is one from Northfield enclosing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars ($150.00) Bank Stock dividend. I have put down the mill account, so you need not return it. I think of you and your affairs in Mississippi constantly and trust that by the time this reaches you all trouble and annoyance will be over. You will find among your letters a humorous recall "from the boys."[1] It is evident that they feel dependent upon you.

Love and kisses, Sweetheart, from your babies and loving wife.
BLANCHE

Galt House, LOUISVILLE, KY., *July* 26, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: This is my first letter to you for a long time—because I have been with you and had no occasion to write. How very inadequate and unsatisfactory this manner of communicating with you and our babies—not by sight, sound, touch—but simply by the interpretation of these hieroglyphics—these inanimate signs. While I wish we were together, I am glad you and our babies have not been compelled to endure the discomforts of my ride. By an accident on the road near Steubenville, Ohio, we were delayed six hours. There being no Sunday morning train from this city, I lost another twelve hours, being obliged to stay here till evening. Everything was pleasant enough till last evening, while in Cincinnati waiting for the train which started from N.Y. some twelve hours after ours and came up to take us to this city. There the heat and mosquitoes took possession of the car, and caused us a sorry night. I will not tell you how I fought and bled during the weary hours of the hot night. I killed many a foe in my assaults with my sheet, as their carcasses can testify. Their bites did not poison me—not one swelling up and feeling disagreeable—but I find my hands and face covered with little red spots where they stuck their daggers in. I am glad you and the babies were not in the fight. Leaving the cars I found Gen'l. McDowell and have spent most of the day with him at his Headquarters.

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[1] "The boys" were some of General Ames' friends in Mississippi.

It is very hot here today, 95° in the shade and no cool place of retreat. I am thankful that you are in such a healthy invigorating place as Bay View, and that you can stay there till the sun shall have retreated Southward.

Paul has, doubtlessly, told you of our success in our errands in Boston.

I send much love to yourself, my dear Wife, and to Butler and Edith. I hope you will continue in the same good health you now enjoy till the happy day when we shall meet, and many, many years thereafter. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 27, 1874

DEARIE: I am not in a good mood for writing. I have been feeling rather badly all day. Perhaps it is going to storm tomorrow, for I notice the children have been unusually irritable. As for me, it has been all I could do to restrain myself and keep gentle. Every noise and movement set the nerves all dancing and I was obliged to keep by myself as much as possible. Fortunately Aunt Nina has been chatting with Mrs. Jackson Butler, so that I have not been obliged to entertain her. Mother did not get up today, as the cold is still troubling her.

Paul has been out cod-fishing with the Frenches. It was very rough, and all were a little squeamish. Miss Swasey was sick. They caught six or seven cod, and had clam chowder and fried cod for dinner. I wish you could have been here to enjoy it.

The children, though cross, are perfectly well and this evening had a grand frolic before going to bed. I hope they will grow as hardy as little pine knots.

Florence will go to Lowell tomorrow morning. I think she dreads the trip from Liverpool to Frankfort more than all the rest of the journey. She has tried to persuade her Mother to go on the German line direct to Hamburg, but Mrs. Hildreth will not consent. Inasmuch as she does not know how, and will not attend to one particle of the arrangements in travelling, such as checking trunks, hiring carriages, engaging rooms, etc., she might at least let Florence go the way which would be easiest, more especially as the only reason for not doing so is a fancy that the Cunard Line is a little safer.

I enclose a letter from your Father which came today. All are well. I will ask Father in regard to the money if you wish me to. I will ask him and write you what he says. That can do no harm, and they probably wish to know what to do with the money.

Do not stay out late playing croquet. If that bad odor comes over the grounds from the Penitentiary do not fail to have it attended to for my sake. Love, BLANCHE

State of Mississippi, Executive Office
JACKSON, MISS., *July* 29, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I arrived safely night before last. Business kept me up till two o'clock in the morning.

Yesterday I was very busy and did not get to bed till long after midnight.

Today, just before going to dinner, I steal a moment to send you this word, and to tell you I love you and miss you much. Kisses and love for my beautiful wife and babies.

ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 30, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: It is now about midnight, and I have the first opportunity of the day to write you a word. I have kept George up to take this to the train, so you may have your regular letter.

It is not any warmer here than when you were here. Perhaps I should be more accurate in saying that it is not so warm. I do not feel the heat so much. I am in our old room, with its two beds, which was noisy two months ago, but now so quiet and still except an occasional hum of a lank, half-starved looking mosquito, and a miller or two flying about the light.

I take my meals at a restaurant on the corner near the Capital. The food is very fair, as the cooking here goes.

I am busy attending to the wants of my callers. But I shall not tie myself very close, for I shall go to the Bay the last of next week.

I am well and often thinking of my dear wife and babies, to whom I send love. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *July* 29, 1874

DEAR DEL: The long-expected storm is here, and everybody seems in better temper. At least your children and wife are. It is now half past ten. Miss Edith has just been in my arms, happy and fat. Butler is sleeping like a little top. All the rest of the household are in bed except Father and Mr. Francis Moulton. They are talking over the Beecher matter. Mr. Moulton will be called upon to make a statement and he wishes to prepare one which will be entirely clear and comprehensive. He has all the papers in his possession as he was the mutual confidant of both Tilton and Beecher as well as Mrs. Tilton. His statement will substantiate all that Tilton has affirmed. He believes Beecher to be a hypocrite and rascal. Mrs. Tilton is a bad woman, and wrote him a note in which she said she believed she was "physically incapable of telling the truth." Of course the subject has not been discussed since he came this morning. I get my information from Father through Mother.

The papers did not have any Mississippi news today. No news is good news in such a case as this, no doubt.

I sent your pistol to you the other day. I began to make a box to put it in, and had the pistol in my hand measuring the size to make it. Mother said "Is that loaded?" I said "No" at once, but took the precaution to examine it and to my great surprise found that it was. A warning that one should never be certain about any such thing, but always look closely to see if they are right.

You can imagine how much I congratulate myself upon being here with the children instead of Lowell. It seems that three other cases of cholera infantum were developed the same day as the little Greenhalge boy's. He was taken sick in the forenoon and died at half past eight that night. His father returned to Lowell at noon, just in time to see him die. How much we have to be thankful for. Love from BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *July* 30, 1874

DEARIE: A letter from Louisville came this morning, and brought me the good news that so much of your journey had been made in safety, and the bad news that you were suffering from the heat and mosquitos. How I wish you could be here with us and aid me in my proposed new course of conduct. I am sure it would be better for me to be out in the sunlight and open air more. As I cannot walk very much I intend to sit in the sun on the rocks and bask as the seals do. The weather is so cool now that it will be rather pleasant than otherwise. The only drawback is the sunburn and weather-beaten complexion. Still I think red cheeks and freckles are preferable to a sallow skim-milk skin.

Butler troubles me because he does not eat more. Edith consumes far more in a day than he. I have directed Lizzie to take a sandwich out with her in the morning and afternoon so that he may eat more between meals. Edith is cutting two back teeth. Night before last she was awake about all night long. She seemed to be in perfect health and did not cry or fuss, but was determined not to sleep.

Mr. Moulton is still here. He, Father and Clancy have been busy all day. I do not know with what result. Mr. Moulton is a large, showy, but not over-refined person. His hair is about the color of mine, and I should judge him to be about forty years old. He likes my company very well, and would I think prefer a chat on the piazza to work in the office. Mother has not yet left her room, so that it has devolved upon me to fill her place to a degree.

The children join me with love. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *July* 31, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I received your first letter by this morning's mail and very glad was I to get it.

This city is very healthy. Never more so—so says Dr. Mitchel. The days are not uncomfortably warm, while the nights are very cool. I have found it necessary to use a blanket along towards morning. It is nowhere near as oppressive these few last days as it was when you left.

As to the prospects of a crop—I am glad to say with exceptional localities the prospect is better than during any year since the war. This is all the better for our finances, in which I am much interested.

The house is as you left it, except that the dust has settled in a thin layer over all parts of the room. The walks have grown up in weeds so thick and high as almost to hide the stones and brick. The croquet ground, although constantly used, has grown high in grass—at least enough to injure it as a play ground.

The ants have reached the sugar on the table three different times. I found a column of moving ants there yesterday when I went in for the first time. The jars in which the legs of the table were put were well filled with water, yet in one of the jars they had some kind of a floating bridge or themselves swam across. We will see they are cut off. Our white rabbit is here, and is quite tame. The squirrel I have not seen—nor any of George's chickens. The house misses you, as do I. It needs your care, as do I.

I was called off by visitors and became involved in croquet. Judge Hill and his entire family are here—so is Gen'l. Dedrick and his family, all from Vicksburg. They are at Mrs. Yergers. They play croquet every night. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Raymond do. I still remain something of a champion at the game.

Judge Hill and Gen'l. Dedrick are here with their families because they fear to remain in V.

I have tried to get troops, but the President refuses. It is thought he wants the support of the Southern Democrats for a third term. Most true it is that they are generally for him in this state. And they in Vicksburg who are rioting, are ready for murder and frauds, laud him to the skies.

I am getting on finely. Nothing annoys me but my absence from those I love. However, little here—nothing unusual—tends to annoy. I now can think of nothing more agreeable than a permanent home in a pleasant climate, and some occupation which leaves me my own master. Of course I do not contemplate a stand-up-and-knock-fight with hunger and cold— Something, anything less than that which will terminate our present peripatetic existence has an enticing look. And that is in the main due to the fact that I am in love with my darling wife and wish always to be with her. With her I am with our dear babies. To you, and to them I send as ever love.

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 1, 1874

DEAR DEL: Father brought home the papers last night and one of them contained your telegram asking for troops and the reply of the Sec. of War. I am afraid that you have been, and are, troubled and annoyed. Do not allow yourself to be so, Sweetheart. You will of course do your duty and the result is of comparatively little consequence. If all goes well you will have gained nothing. If ill, you will lose nothing of any consequence to you. You are too apt, Del, to trouble and ponder over matters, and I am most anxious that you should not, not only because I want your moments happy ones, but because I fear a morbid, gloomy condition of mind will make you more liable to sickness. So, Dearie, drive dull care away, and be sure that things will turn out better than you expect.

I have not had a letter since Thursday and should be inclined to feel dull myself, did I not know that you must have been very, very busy, and full of thought about the situation of affairs. All here is very much as you left it. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Read have gone. Mr. Moulton remains, and Capt. Pearson came with Father last night. I feel so heavy and cumbersome, both in body and mind, that I hate to see a new arrival. I am tired to death of the Beecher scandal. The whole story is revolting—and the letters in very bad taste, setting aside all idea of immorality.

The children are perfectly well. Butler weighs thirty-five pounds and a half, which is a gain of two and a half pounds. Miss Edith is very saucy and seems to develop daily. She is inclined to talk and by fall will be able to say quite a number of words. Butler has a great deal to say about going to Mississippi to see Father. He attempts to pack the trunks several times a day. They join me with love. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August 2*, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday because I had no opportunity till late at night. The habit I am falling into is this. I get up to the restaurant for breakfast at about ten and remain at the office till half past three or four, when I go to dinner. With the exception of two evenings I have taken supper across the way at Mrs. Yerger's, on the invitation of Judge Hill. When I was not thus economically suppering, I ate some crackers I had bought as I did not care to go up to the corner to the restaurant. This Sunday morning I sent for my breakfast, and although it is now one o'clock have not dressed. I shall do so however for dinner.

It was my purpose to devote the whole morning to you, but

Judge Hill came in while I was eating breakfast and has but now gone to his dinner.

Major Gibbs, Gen'l Packer and one of Gibb's clerks, a friend of his, occupy the rooms across the way—hall.

I found they, Gibbs & Co., had remorselessly drank all my whiskey and brandy, two bottles of the former excepted, and made way with my cigars! They put the bottles back that I might see "the chips"!

I received my pistol by yesterday's mail. I had missed it before I arrived here. I do not imagine it will be of any use. However I will carry it as of old.

You perhaps have seen my telegram to the President. So I feel you know where I am and what I am doing. The condition of affairs in Vicksburg is beyond description. The Democrats by force of arms control everything, and such men as Judge Hill dare not remain there. Even many of the families of the Democrats have left to be out of danger they fear will result from riots their husbands and fathers occasion. Grant will not send troops and these rioters howl for him for a third term.

Before your letter was received I had recalled the fact that we had forgotten our wedding day. Like you I had kept no run of the days of the month. I had sought to forget them, and with admirable success. I send you extra kisses for that day, and venture the prediction that that day will not escape our attention in the future. Four years since our lives were united as one. It hardly seems possible that the time is so long. They have been happy, peaceful years. Though the first seemed full of love, they each in succession grow more and more so. We learn from year to year how great love can grow, and how dependent a mutual love is. I miss you greatly. It is true my time is much occupied but when alone in my room, and before going to sleep, and after waking, you are in my thoughts. This house does not seem a natural place for you and the children. It almost requires an effort to locate you and them in the rooms. It seems more like a hotel where we stayed, but for a day. This is not home and never can be. Where our own vine and fig tree are to grow I know not, but it is true that in imagination I plant them *not* here. I feel that the days we are separated are days lost—and that is a misfortune which multiplies such days. I know of no such true happiness and contentment as comes from being with you and our babies, and as you see I am disposed to quarrel with the fates which take me from you even for a day. Need I repeat again—my beautiful Wife, and as good as beautiful—that I love you? I *do* love you and send you kisses enough to envelop you as a cloud. Kiss the babies for me. Tell Butler to be a good boy and mind his Mother. ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 3, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I am now at the office with my letters all written, my business all up to date, and of course with little or nothing to do. The election in Vicksburg will take place tomorrow. I have some work on hand relative to the state funds the railroads are trying to get, which can be disposed of in a short time when I shall take a trip down to the coast. I expect to get off the last of this week.

I am falling into very lazy yet rather industrious habits. I rise early to read law—wherein you can find the industrious phase of my life.—I do not dress till nine or ten, after which I go to breakfast—here I am evidently lazy. The quiet forenoon is the best part of the day, and the only part I can call my own. Business in the afternoon and croquet in the evening, and chatting later with persons who *will* call, closes up the day.

My want of appreciation of my surroundings here grows more and more every day, for reasons we have already discussed and which become more and more apparent. Do not suppose I am discontented, for that I am not. I am only dispassionately weighing the advantages and disadvantages of my honors and duties with all their attendant good and evil, and concluding that the sum total—the balance—does not indicate anything of great value.

I think I am in a better frame of mind to nestle down with my family in some cosy corner than ever before. And you know what a homebody I am. Perhaps you may fear I will become too much so. Perhaps I will. You will not care, I know. Our babies will not, and you constitute the best and greater part of my world. All goes well with me.

Last night was very warm. This morning it was very cool, but now it is hot again. I am glad you are not here to swelter in the heat.

I send love to you and to our babies.

Your loving husband, ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 3, 1874

DEAR DEL: Your first letter after reaching Jackson came this morning. It was most welcome. Before this reaches you the Vicksburg troubles will be over. That is, I learn from the

New York *Herald* that the election takes place tomorrow, Aug. 4. I am most desirous to have your mind freed from this annoyance and trouble I am sure you feel.

By the way, Dearie, your telegram to the President is given quite differently in the different papers. The Boston *Evening Transcript* is not worded the same as the New York *Herald* of the same date. I am boiling with indignation at the President's course. I have no doubt he sympathizes with the element he has been seeking to conciliate, in order to secure his re-election. However, it is no matter what he wishes. By one means or another I am sure my Love will prove master of the situation.

Mr. Moulton, Capt. Pearson, Father and Paul all went to Boston in the yacht today. Mr. Moulton will go to New York, the others return tomorrow. The weather is so cool that we have had a fire in the parlor today, and the warmth was delightful. It is bracing and glorious, however, and Butler's cheeks are blooming like a rose. Edith has cut two more double teeth without any loss of spirits or appetite. They have been out all day in the sparkling breeze and bright sunshine.

I was weighed this evening and have gained—for I now weigh one hundred and fifty. Do not be alarmed, Sweetheart, at these figures. A month and half more and there will be quite a diminution. It was my intention to have taken you down to the scales before you left. I am sorry I neglected it. Be very careful, Del, and as soon as you can go down to Bay St. Louis. Love from the children and BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 4, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: In one hour I have done all my official business for the day; and I now turn to you for a chat.

This morning I received two letters from you. I was glad to know the storm had passed and that you had recovered your usual control of your nerves. I agree with you that an "east wind" is bad. Since we are so susceptible to the influences of the weather, why would it not be a wise precaution in a judge who is called upon to render a decision in a divorce case, where incompatibility of temper is the issue, to ascertain the state of the weather when the incompatibility was shown? Or how would it do to pass a law that ill humor just on the eve of a storm sha'n't count?! But you know, Dear, the law need not be passed on my account, for I am not such a sensitive barometer as some folks about a thousand miles from here!?

We are indeed fortunate in our children and the good health they are blessed with. I have known so little sickness in my own family—in it there has never been a death—I of course speak of my parents and my brother—that I know I would rebel at such a blow. May that day be remote. I rejoice inwardly, and am thankful for the blessing of health so liberally bestowed upon you and me and our babies. How everything else shrinks into insignificance.

After some spirited games of croquet last evening I went over to Mrs. Yerger's with Raymond to supper. Before we went in, and while sitting on the piazza, Warren Raymond, the Captain's boy, came into the yard crying. The cause of which was that a Negro boy, larger than he, had kicked him in the stomach—and really for no cause. Upon inquiry I learned that it is a common practice with the Negro boys to lick white boys whenever they catch them out after dark, and that Warren was only getting his regular allowance! Of course I could but think that I would resent such brutal treatment of Butler by anyone, black or white, and if what was said as to their conduct was true, this cannot be a pleasant latitude for little boys.

We will not raise our boy here, will we?

With love for my darlings, I am your ADELBERT

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 5, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I have not been up to the office today. My mail was brought here and at once attended to. My time has been devoted almost exclusively to the law. It is quite warm in the sun, but there is a breeze blowing through the house, which makes it very comfortable.

The election at Vicksburg passed off quietly only because the Democrats, or white man's party, had both intimidated the blacks and perpetrated frauds of registration, which made their success a certainty, so, of course, they had no cause to commit murder. Had there been a doubt as to the issue, a bloody riot would have resulted. I see Northern papers resent the use of U.S. troops here. Had one party acted in a Northern city as have the white-man's party in V. a demand for troops would have been made, which the President could not have resisted. The whites are organizing to carry the state as they have carried V. and in due time their evil deeds can be seen of all men. Grant has made friends with the Southern Democracy by his action here, in Arkansas and elsewhere. They are disposed to support him for anything. So wags the world, while I, for one, look on with no little indifference. Next year I shall be busy keeping the peace and giving protection to the helpless.

The plants in the vases are doing splendidly, and by their stateliness producing the effect you intended. George told me all your geranium slips but three died before you left. The three now alive are by the cistern, sheltered by its cover. They are looking pretty well.

It is now the 5th of Aug. In a brief time the month will pass away, and I shall begin to think of traveling Northward.

I send you love. Kisses for the children. ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 5, 1874

DEAR DEL: I did not write you last evening as I ought to have done. I felt so sleepy I persuaded myself that I would write the first thing in the morning. But when morning came I wanted to ride over to Gloucester with Mother, who was on her way to Lowell, and get a pair of boots for Butler who is well nigh shoeless.

Immediately upon my return Father waylaid me and insisted that I should sail over to the Newburyport bar with him. I tried to explain that Mother being away I was fearful about the children, that the wind might freshen and I should without fail be seasick. All was of no avail. He was so earnest, and seemed to desire it so much that I finally consented, though with many misgivings. To protect my face I covered it with chalk. Paul came into my room just as I was getting ready and exclaimed when he saw me "Oh! let me put some chalk on your eyelids—you look so hollow-eyed." Mr. Clancy thought I had a false covering on my nose. He could not make out what the matter was. Capt. Pearson made no comments. It did not look badly, however, only a little fast, with dark circles about the eyes and dead white complexion. No matter how I looked, the chalk served the purpose for which it was put on, and although I have been entirely exposed to the sun and wind all day, my face is perfectly cool and scarcely reddened at all. It has been a glorious day, the breeze so cool that I was obliged to wrap up in Father's heavy shawl. Off the bar a pilot boat with a number of gentlemen friends of Father's came alongside, and the gentlemen, among them Mr. Spofford, came on board and took dinner. The object of the meeting was, I believe, to talk over things political. But I think they did more eating than talking.

While lying to, outside the bar, the wind died away and the swell from the ocean made the yacht a little unsteady so that I was somewhat dizzy and had no appetite for fish chowder, etc. We were over there two or three hours and started home about four o'clock. As soon as the gentlemen had gone Paul brought some cushions on deck, spread the blankets, gave me some toasted crackers and tea. All of which was very comfortable and refreshing. After a little, Father, Capt. P. and Mr. Clancy went below for a nap. In a few moments I was in the land of dreams, and did not wake until we were nearly home. Butler and Edith were on the hill waiting for me. The former greeted me with "Mum went away and left poor Butler." "It was a mean thing, Dearie." "Yes it was a mean thing to leave poor Butler." Altogether the sail was not unpleasant, and I had the consciousness that it was good for me to be in the open air, still I do not want to go again, and I hope Father will not urge it.

The papers say that the election yesterday was the quietest there has been for years, the whites gaining the first political victory since 1861. I am very glad there was no disturbance, for the credit of the state, still I suppose it was only prevented by the colored people absenting themselves from the polls. Now, Dearie, start for Bay St. Louis, and take good care of yourself. I want to feel easy about you.

Mother will be back tomorrow evening, if nothing happens. She does not like to leave me for more than one night at a time.

I was weighed again last night, or I should say evening, and weigh just one hundred and fifty, which means I suppose one hundred and thirty-six or thereabouts, which will do very well, will it not? The children join me with love. BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 6, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Your letter informing that you intended to pass the time basking in the sun for the want of something better to do has been received. I am glad to know you are having such cool, pleasant weather at Bay View. Were you here you would not seek the sun. It has been hot during the day, though the nights are very comfortable. I have so little to do that I manage to keep very comfortable. Yesterday I had some men from the penitentiary cutting the grass on the croquet ground, and today they are preparing the "Chivalrie" ground. The hay is being carefully kept for our cow. The men began to weed the walks, but I told them they need not do so at present. We will begin to hay after the first rain. The grass is so wiry this dry weather they cannot cut it.

I expect to go to N.O. and "the coast" tonight. I received a letter from Mr. Parker, in which he says he will not start

North till Monday next. If I go I will come back by Monday. I am very well off here, and indisposed to travel. Furthermore I am giving quite a large part of each day to my law, which I must neglect when I move. I have, by an effort of the will, put the state a long way off, and do not let it annoy me in the least, and were you only with me, or rather were I with you, I should be perfectly content.

What a view of Beecher you present as reflecting the opinion of Moulton. Then as to Moulton himself—why it seems by your impression of him that he is not very refined. Birds of a feather flock together— Hence Moulton and Beecher and Tilton are friends. While to one of your delicate sensibilities the very presence of one of the trio at least is not pleasant. I see by the papers that Beecher is beginning to abuse Moulton for his silence! What a crowd.

I read Tilton's *Tempest Tossed* coming down on the cars. It is well written, but I cannot agree with your Mother as to the moral of the novel. If there is any moral it is that two persons may have an affinity for each other for years—even for a lifetime—and only know it when they come in contact. Read the book and see if you do not agree with me. Affinity means in one sense, free love. I am of the opinion that such was Tilton's idea in writing his book. He would, by a pleasing novel, build up a theory in which he believes—one contrary to the accepted notions of Society—and to advance it stealthily, disguises it, as we do pills by a coating of sugar.

But—enough of that crew—I love you—think of you, dream of you, miss you very much. I send my usual budget of kisses for my loves. ADELBERT

Custom House, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Surveyor's Office, August 7, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: You see I am in Mr. P.'s office. I left Jackson at 10:45 last night, and arrived here at eight this morning. This morning was cool, and I walked into 270 Felicity St. as they were eating breakfast. Parker is looking well, and judging by his nose, I am of the opinion that he is not drinking much—if any. The Smith brothers are there, and two young men. Smith the M.C. has been renominated and evidently stands high with Parker.

I have done nothing but read the papers and stroll down to the court rooms to find a court in session, which I failed to do.

Mr. P. says he will leave here on Sunday evening for home. I wish I was going with him. I expect to go over to the coast tomorrow afternoon and remain there till Monday. What a long way off you seem. I can hardly imagine you and our babies here. The North seems the place for us. A turn in politics may make it a necessity, but such a necessity will be regarded a blessing in no manner disguised.

Why is it, Beloved, I dwell so much on a different occupation than that I am now devoting myself to? Is it because I love you so much and find so little contentment away from you—or is it the fact that our own latitude is the best for us.—Slavery blighted this people—then the war—then reconstruction—all piled upon such a basis destroyed the minds—at least impaired their judgement and consciousness to that extent that we cannot live among them. I do not know exactly how recent my convictions have settled upon me, but they are here in full force—and I believe I can show you cause why—which I will proceed to do when we meet. I send you this letter burdened with love for my wife and our children, Butler and Edith. Blanche's

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 7, 1874

DEAR DEL: Your letter of the 2nd came today. You do not give a very cheerful account of the condition of the house and grounds, nor do I think you have enough to eat. If you stay long in Jackson it will be better for you to make some arrangement with Mrs. Yerger, otherwise you will get too thin and too much run down with the warm weather and poor living. Major Gibbs and Col. Packer must have had a merry time over the whiskey and brandy, and a good many laughs at your *expense*. Did they make any excuses, or let it pass for a practical joke?

I cannot say that the house in Jackson seemed exactly like home to me, Del, yet I was happy there and the thought of going back is not unpleasant. We shall have another quiet winter together and the life there is such as to render us very dependent upon each other.

I believe I wrote you last night that I was obliged to give Edith a whipping in order to make her stop throwing herself about and screaming. Well, it is most amusing to see how quickly she learned the lesson. This morning I was in bed while she was being dressed, and she did not attempt to make the least disturbance, but laughed and played during the whole operation. At noon, when Mary was changing her dress I heard a great outcry. Finding it did not cease I went into the room and said "Edith what does this mean? Spankings for naughty girl." She stopped at once, put her arms about my neck, gave me a kiss and was as good as a little kitten. She seems to love me more since the correction, and did not want to leave me to go downstairs with Lizzie.

Butler's appetite is not as good as I could wish. His tongue is slightly coated all of the time—as it was before we left Jackson. I am very anxious to have him get stout and robust looking. He told me today that he had a squirrel in his "home in Mississippi." Lizzie told him so, I suppose.

This afternoon the stage brought a gentleman who inquired for you, then for Father, and finally wanted to know where to direct a letter to you. I went down and found Mr. Holman of Holly Springs. You will remember his sisters called upon me when I was there four years ago. He wished to see you about getting him a reappointment in the Treasury. He is visiting some relations in this state and expected or seemed to expect to find you here. I gave him some lunch, treated him as kindly and politely as possible, and he departed on the next stage.

Father went to New York today. He was telegraphed by Mr. Moulton and has gone to do something in connection with the Beecher case I expect.

Mr. Hill and Capt. Pearson have been over to the Isles of Shoals with the Frenches. They go up to Boston in the morning, so Mother, Paul, and I will probably pass the Sunday by ourselves.

The children join me with love for you, BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 9, 1874

DEAR DEL: It is Sunday night, and I write for both Saturday and Sunday, as no mail leaves today. We are having quite a long storm. It began yesterday morning and there has been heavy rain and fog ever since. The children have been kept quiet in the house, and naturally feel very restless and uneasy.

Butler was making a great disturbance, and I ventured to ask him if he thought himself a good boy. He answered without hesitation "No, Butler is not a good boy, *certainly*." The last word is a new addition to his vocabulary, and he uses it with great emphasis. Ordinarily he calls Paul "Uncle Paul" but when he wants a favor of any kind he changes this mode of address to *Mr. Paul*. So you see he is capable of making very nice distinctions. Miss Edith's cheeks are more rosy and fat than ever. She understands all that is said to her.

I send you an article cut from the New York *Herald*. You probably have not seen it, and as the tone is a little different from previous articles in the same paper, it may interest you. Someone sent the paper to me, I don't know who, or I should not have seen it. Several of the Boston papers, in reviewing the result of the recent elections South, speak of the President's non-interference as caused by his desire of renomination, and not from a wish to serve the best interests of the states.

Keep up your spirits, Dearie, and don't get disheartened because you cannot imbue all with your views, or govern exactly according to your standard. Those things which seem annoying or troublesome now may prove of great advantage to you in the end. Of course it was unpleasant to have your call for troops refused, but as it has turned out is it not quite as well for you personally that you did not have them? If you gain anything politically hereafter, the howl cannot be made that you did it vi et armis.

I imagine I can hear you saying "What is Blanche preaching about?" Never mind, Sweetheart, I don't often indulge in this strain. I am very well, but quite irritable—and shall be glad when another month has passed away, for several reasons, the chief of which is that you will be with us again.

For you, love from the babies and BLANCHE

Custom House, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Surveyor's Office, August 10, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: I did not write you yesterday as I was beyond the reach of the mails. Saturday evening I went with Mr. P. out to Carrolton—two or three miles beyond his "farm" which we visited—to call on a friend of his, Judge Pardu. He had a company of friends and before we knew it the last car had come in—it was excessively hot, walking in was out of the question, and we stayed overnight—and all day yesterday.

The Judge's wife is North and we had control. I speak of having control, as it was so hot we could not have been comfortable in full dress. The thermometer stood at 94° in the coolest place in the house. There was not a breath astir, and it may have been because of the quality of the heat due to the condition of the atmosphere, not one of us could mop ourself fast enough to keep dry. Our host put on his night shirt—rather I should say he exchanged his shirt for a night shirt, but soon that was clinging to him as if he had come out of the water. I refer to the night shirt to give you both an idea of the negligee manner in which we were dressed and of the excessive heat.

This day is very hot, but not equal to yesterday, as we have a slight breeze moving.

Mr. Smith received a telegram today from Lowell asking if Mr. Parker had left this city for L. P. wanted to know why they telegraphed to S. But by looking to his telegraph book he found he had telegraphed home that he would "start in a few days." Coming down to the office this morning he was discussing whether he would remain here till the 24th, when the *Democratic* State Convention will meet at Baton Rouge! I will try to start him off tomorrow night, to see his poor, sick wife. He imagines his star is in the ascendency in this political hurly burly now extant here. The Democracy will use force if the President will, as they say, keep "hands off." They flatter Grant with the idea of a third term. His brother-in-law, Casey, says, if Parker is to be believed, that Grant does want a third term, and Casey is coquetting with the Democracy and Greeley Liberals. If Grant keeps to such purposes, Republicanism must go down in the South—and he will lose all his true friends and secure the temporary countenance of men who debase him to use him. No one can see the change with more complacency than your loving husband—so far as he personally is concerned—but I pity the poor colored people of the South when that day shall come. I wish your Father was now at the helm of State—U.S. State-s.

I send you love. I am ever thinking of you, and know you are a necessity to me, if there is to be sunshine for me in this world. I am wasting the hours in which we are absent. Love to the children.

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 10, 1874

DEAR DEL: It is now about four o'clock in the morning. I am undressed, having just left bed to write you. Several times lately I have lain awake at night for a long time, thinking of the future, its uncertainties, and the ups and downs of life. This may be, and probably is, owing to my condition and the prospect of next month's sickness. Whatever the cause, I am impelled to make this request, and my mind relieved, perhaps I shall be less restless.

I want your note, Del, for five thousand dollars, bearing interest from date. This is the expended interest of what Father gave me when we were married. The whole amount, principal and interest, is not much, but I should like in case anything happens to me, to leave it, minus your third, secure for the children. As it is separate, your debts or money troubles, if you ever have any, could not affect it, and it would be better than nothing for them. I hate to ask for this, or in fact, for any money at any time, and if we had no children I never would. As it is, I feel it a duty and as it can make no difference to you, I ought not to hesitate. Do not forget or neglect this request, Del, for I could not make it a second time.

I enclose this with the letter written just before I went to bed. Do not fear that I am not well. Good night, Love.

BLANCHE

BAY VIEW, *August* 12, 1874

DEAR DEL: We are very quiet here. Paul and Percy are going to Boston in the morning to take the yacht for Newport. They will not return before the middle of next week. Father will not be here until the last of this week, so we are pretty much alone for some time. The children are luxuriating in apples. The August sweets are ripe, and of course are delightful to them. Each with a piece of apple will sit down on the window step and kick the little heels against the boards to keep time with their munching. Picture of enjoyment.

We shall go up to Lowell the last of this month, that is, in two weeks. On the children's account it would perhaps be well to delay. But it has been a very cool season, and I do not dare to stay later. Even now, I am not a slim personage to travel.

I suppose you save all the reports from Fort Atkinson and Northfield. I have not had any for a long time, and my books look very irregular.

I send you a boat, drawn by Butler. That which you may think water on the side of the boat—he says is steam and the black place is what goes "hiss hiss." It is needless for me to tell you that it is all his own work. He has had no assistance.

You tell me in your letter that by a strong effort of will you have banished the state affairs, that is, the annoying part of them, from your mind. I am happy to hear this, Dearie, for as my letters must indicate, I have been fearful that you would allow them to trouble you. We are, I think, superior to the good or evil fortune the state has power to bring to us. We should congratulate ourselves that we occupy such a favorable position.

The children join me with love and kisses for our dearest. An extra allowance from BLANCHE

JACKSON, MISS., *August* 12, 1874

DEAR BLANCHE: Parker and I came up on the car together, arriving here at about 3 a.m. He goes directly on to Lowell.

Coming to my room I found a number of letters from you. Of course I did not go to bed till I had read them. How glad I was to hear from you, and our sweet babies, and to know you continue to be well and are living in such a cool, invigorating climate.

As we were at the depot last evening a dispatch was handed me from my Adjt. Gen'l. urging my immediate return because of difficulties in Tunica Co. You doubtless have seen all about it in the papers. It appears that a Dr. Smith shot and killed one or two colored men because they sung at night in their own house when he wanted to sleep. He was arrested and bailed. The Negroes, feeling he would not be punished, re-arrested him and put him in jail. The doctor was then released by a body of armed white friends. As we have it, the Negroes then took the town. Result—all the white men for miles about—even from Memphis (Tunica Co. borders on Tenn.) took to their arms and went to overpower the Negroes. My last telegram, received a half hour since, says the whites took the town (Austin) without opposition. I suppose now they will hunt the Negroes through the swamps as they did in slavery days. Unfortunately I have no means in my power to suppress this kind of disturbance. I cannot call on the President, for I am forced to believe he will not respond favorably to my call. I was to send my Adjt. Gen'l. up there, but I have countermanded my order since receiving the telegram I refer to. I hope and believe this trouble will soon blow over.

You must not think I am fretting and worrying day by day, for such is not the case. I never was so free from any feeling of that kind—anxiety and care—so far as relates to the world beyond my wife and babies, as I am now. Such, I am sure you will say, has been the tone of my letters. Mississippi, which has commanded my thoughts and time for the last six years, has lost its power over me forever. And I profit by experience I hope. I have enough honors for a long while, and as I look to a quiet home life as the most certain source of true happiness, I have no cause to grieve over any fate, however adverse, to my political preferment this state may have in store for me. We can say quits at any time, and she will be my debtor. Then I can go somewhere where I can *grow* with the people. Here there is no growth for a Northern man. He is ever an object of hatred and oppression to the old citizens. The time I have given to this state, spent in the North at any one point, would have made an *old* citizen of me. Then, my dear wife and children cannot live here four months of the year without incurring many hazards as to health, if not life. I am content to let things rest as they are now, and be ready for any turn in the political wheel. So you must know I am lighter-hearted and freer than ever before. It has been struggle, struggle all my life—now I am content to drift along with the current, without making a stroke—and this may be because there is nothing left but to drift—and to drift I am content. Can more be asked, or expected?

I send my love. Kiss Butler and Edith for

ADELBERT

BAY VIEW, *August* 12, 1874

DEAR DEL: There was no letter for me this morning. Tomorrow may bring me a double allowance. This afternoon Mother received a telegram saying "Mrs. Webster is dead." She will go up to Lowell to remain for a day, to give some directions and advice about Hattie, who will go travelling with Aunt Lauretta and Florence, and return with them next year. Aunt L. and Florence will sail next Saturday.

Quite unexpectedly Father returned this afternoon. He will be busily engaged for the next day or two in making a statement that will hold for Mr. Beecher. He can make a lame defense if Mr. Moulton will withhold his testimony, and Mr. Tilton will be satisfied. There is great pressure brought to bear to keep matters hushed up. It seems that the Republican party in New York feels called upon to come to the rescue. Poor Tilton will be sacrificed and Beecher sustained. If Tilton is an honorable, honest man I am sorry for him. If not, why it is right enough, for he is only being dealt with as he has, or would deal with others. His wife and Beecher carrying out the doctrines which they say he has advocated.

Father went up to West Point Sunday to see Ben. George Butler went with him, and took Father's card down to the guard tent, and handing it to the officer of the guard said "Here is Gen'l. Butler's card. Can you tell me where I can find Cadet Ben-Israel Butler?" "That is my name, Sir. I will send the card to the Commandant. Cadet Butler is on duty. It will be difficult for him to leave today." "Why, Ben, I am George." "Oh, how do you do George." Ben had his leave, however, and spent two hours at the hotel with

Father. He is looking well, and is quite contented. I believe I wrote you that Father tried to get two weeks leave for him a short time ago—but the Sec. of War would not grant it.

The papers report trouble in Austin, Mississippi, and six or eight colored men killed, although the latest telegrams report that the "town is held by the colored men. Gov. Ames has been called upon for assistance, but as yet has not responded."

Troubles never come singly, you know, Sweetheart, so that this second annoyance is not to be wondered at. The thing I shall be most interested in as regards state affairs on my return to Mississippi will be the *reorganization* of the State Militia. Can it be done?

Take great care of yourself, Love. Remember the weather is warm, and this is the sickly season of the year. Love,

BLANCHE

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